THE WONDERFUL VILLAGE

REGINALD BLUNT

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THE WONDERFUL VILLAGE

A RANELAGH MASQUERADE TICKET.
Bartolozzi-Cipriani, 1776.

THE WONDERFUL VILLAGE

A FURTHER RECORD OF SOME FAMOUS FOLK AND PLACES BY CHELSEA REACH

COLLECTED BY

REGINALD BLUNT

"It was an enchanting spot, as well from the convenience of the situation (from one side almost all the noble city of London being visible, and from the other the lovely Thames, surrounded with green fields and wooded hills) as for its own beauty, being crowned with perpetual verdure."—ELLIS HEYWOOD on "More's Garden at Chelsey."

"I will tell you one thing that struck me very forcibly in London, and that was the existence of small quasi-villages in its very midst. Look at Chelsea, for instance, where our good mutual friend lives. It is a little dimple in a great whirlpool."

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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TO

THE GOOD FELLOWSHIP OF

ST. DUNSTAN'S

BLINDED YET NOT BLIND

AND LEARNING TO BE

SECOND SIGHTED,

IN ADMIRATION OF

THEIR GRIT AND COURAGE

THESE:

THE APOLOGY.

THOUGH their material had been for some time accumulating, these papers were, with one exception, written in the long evenings of last autumn; and at this stage of Armageddon such a confession requires apology, if it is to escape the instant scorn of the patriot catechist.

Who that saw it can forget the tragic humour of that ineffable picture of the harmless wizened little being shrinking into the depths of the parental arm-chair, confronted by the inevitable question of the rising generation in the years to be: "What did *you* do in the Great War?"

But, *qui s'excuse!* And the answer, after all, is only a halting one; for it admits the impeachment, and can only plead that one did what one could; and that being invalided out of the "Specials" after two good years of patrol and emergency call, and unkindly relegated to a Permanent Base billet at home for all overtime energies, it was not unnatural that those yet willing energies—poor but honest, like Helena's friends—should turn again to the writing desk and the old Chelsea Portfolios.

Could not even these, perhaps, be laid under

contribution for some small war help, or at least for some not unwelcome relief?

And so, for answer, these pages have come to be. The writing of them has given hours of release from the long insistence of war reading, war thoughts, war worries; such hours as we are all, I believe, the better for. I can only hope that the reading of them may help others to some such interludes.

So much for the relief.

And for the help, thanking whatever Gods may be for the blessed gift of eyesight enough to do my day's work and to enjoy life's colour and sunshine—when this dark November of the world shall be overpast—I have dedicated these pages, with whatever profits they may bring for me, to the help of our blinded soldiers; to the men who are ever in darkness, and of whom, in this tremendous war, their country has asked, and has been given, sacrifice the highest and most tragic that a man can make, and live.

R. B.

CHELSEA, *June*, 1918.

"*I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there is any good thing I can do, or any kindness I can show my fellow-man, LET ME DO IT NOW! Let me not defer it, nor neglect it*—for I shall not pass this way again!"

ACKNOWLEDGMENT is due to His Grace the Duke of Portland for permission to reproduce one of the Welbeck portraits of Lady Jane Cheyne, and to Mr. Richard Goulding for the copy of her letter to her brother, and of some particulars of the defence of Welbeck in which she participated; to the Chelsea Public Library Committee for leave to include Mr. W. Burgess' drawing of Orange House; to the Committee of the Free Public Museums, Liverpool, for allowing me to photograph and reproduce their portrait of Thomas Bentley, and to Messrs. J. Russell & Sons for permission to include their portrait of William De Morgan.

CHELSEA AT DAWN.

And now! a little wind and shy,
The smell of ships (that earnest of romance),
A sense of space and water, and thereby
A lamplit bridge ouching the troubled sky,
And look, O look! a tangle of silver gleams
And dusky lights, our River and all his dreams,
His dreams that never save in our deaths can die.

What miracle is happening in the air,
Charging the very texture of the gray
With something luminous and rare?
The night goes out like an ill-parcelled fire,
And, as one lights a candle, it is day.
The extinguisher, that perks it like a spire
On the little formal church, is not yet green
Across the water: but the house-tops nigher
The corner-lines, the chimneys—look how clean,
How new, how naked! See the batch of boats,
Here at the stairs, washed in the fresh sprung beam,
And those are barges that were goblin floats,
Black, hag-steered, fraught with devilry and dream!
And in the piles the water frolics clear,
The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,
And we—we can behold that could but hear
The ancient River singing as he goes,
New-mailed in morning, to the ancient Sea.

. . . . . .

Reach upon reach of burial—so they feel,
These colonies of dreams! And as we steal
Homeward together, but for the buxom breeze
Fitfully frolicking to heel
With news of dawn-drenched woods and tumbling seas,
We might—thus awed, thus lonely that we are—
Be wandering some dispeopled star,
Some world of memories and unbroken graves,
So broods the abounding Silence near and far;
Till even your footfall craves
Forgiveness of the majesty it braves.

W. E. Henley.—*London Voluntaries.*

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	THE LADIES OF THE MANOR HOUSE	1
II.	ALEXANDER THE CORRECTOR	45
III.	RANELAGH NIGHTS	83
IV.	CONTROVERSY COLLEGE	125
V.	THE ETRURIANS IN CHELSEA	145
VI.	MRS. CARLYLE AND HER LITTLE CHARLOTTE	191
VII.	EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CHELSEA IN THE NEWSPAPERS	256
VIII.	A POSTSCRIPT	293
	INDEX	307

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

RANELAGH MASQUERADE TICKET, 1776 . . *Frontispiece*
Engraved by Bartolozzi, after a drawing by Cipriani.

FACING PAGE

CHEYNE WALK. The Site of Henry VIII.'s Manor House . 6
From a photograph.

QUEEN CATHERINE PARR 16
Engraving by Meyer, from the portrait by Holbein.

LADY JANE GREY 16
Engraving by Ryall, from portrait in the Stamford collection.

LADY JANE CAVENDISH, AFTERWARDS LADY CHEYNE, daughter of William, first Duke of Newcastle . . 30
From the oil painting at Welbeck Abbey, by an unknown artist. Reproduced by permission of the Duke of Portland.

LETITIA ISABELLA LADY ROBARTES, COUNTESS OF RADNOR, AFTERWARDS LADY CHEYNE 30
Engraving by Bartolozzi, from the portrait by Sir Peter Lely.

ALEXANDER CRUDEN, M.A. 48
Engraved by T. Trotter, from the portrait from life by T. Fry.

JENNY'S WHIM BRIDGE. A West View of Chelsea Bridge . 70
Engraved by J. Lodge, from the drawing by L. Boreham.

THE ROTUNDA AT RANELAGH, with an exact representation of the Jubilee Ball as it appeared May 24, 1759 . . 84
From the engraving printed for Robert Sayer.

FACING PAGE

A NIGHT SCENE AT RANELAGH ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1752. SIR JOHN HILL CANED 92
Engraved by "Telltruth," after the drawing by Clody.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE ROTUNDA AT RANELAGH, 1751 104
From an engraving, by N. Parr, after Canaletti.

RANELAGH REGATTA BALL TICKET. 1775 . . . 110
Engraved by Bartolozzi from a drawing by Cipriani.

RANELAGH BALL TICKET. (First Design) 116
Engraved by Bartolozzi, from Cipriani's design. From the Brooke's sale.

SCENES AT RANELAGH 122
Two drawings by George Cruikshank.

CHELSEA COLLEGE 128
From the engraving by Barlow, published by Thomas Faulkner.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL. South-east Aspect . . . 144
From the drawing in aquatint by George Lynn of Chelsea.

OLD CHEYNE HOUSE, UPPER CHEYNE ROW, where Thomas Bentley probably resided 150
From a photograph.

THOMAS BENTLEY, JOSIAH WEDGWOOD'S PARTNER . . 164
From the painting by William Caddick, in the Liverpool Museum. Reproduced by permission of the Libraries, Museums, and Arts Committee, Liverpool.

ORANGE HOUSE, CHEYNE ROW, OCCUPIED BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN 172
From a drawing by William Burgess. Reproduced by permission of the Chelsea Public Library Committee.

WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN 186
From a photograph by Messrs. J. Russell & Sons. Reproduced by their permission.

FACING PAGE

JANE WELSH CARLYLE 192
From a photograph, circa 1860.

AT NO. 5 CHEYNE ROW. Fireplace in Carlyle's Attic Study, with Statuette and Portraits of Frederick the Great, etc. 224
From a photograph taken by R. Tait, 1857.

CHARLOTTE'S KITCHEN 224
From a photograph.

CHELSEA RIVERSIDE IN 1750 256
Two views engraved by Charles White, after J. B. Chatelain.

CHELSEA IN 1784 266
From a lithograph by F. Jukes, from drawing by W. Beilby.

OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE 278
From a photograph.

OLD CHELSEA CHURCH. East View of the Church of St. Luke, Chelsea, 1817 298
From the engraving after Thomas Mualton.

THE LADIES OF THE MANOR HOUSE.

THE home which Sir Thomas More built for himself by the riverside, and which was afterwards occupied by the Paulets, the Dacres, Lord Burghley, the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Arthur Gorges, Cranfield, Buckingham, Whitelocke, the second Earl of Bristol, and the first and second Dukes of Beaufort, with some others only less notable, must rightly take premier place as "The Greatest House in Chelsey," under which title Mr. Randall Davies has told its story.

But the new Manor House, which was completed by Henry VIII, as a Royal Place or Palace, about twenty years later, and a few hundred yards further down the river, has a record of ownership and tenancy almost, if not quite, as remarkable.

It is worth while, just by way of a preliminary flourish of trumpets, to set down in close column this striking succession of its occupants :—

circa

1537. King Henry VIII.
1540. The Princess Elizabeth.
1543. Queen Catherine Parr.
1547. Lady Jane Grey.

circa
1548. Lord Admiral Seymour.
1550. John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland.
1553. The Duchess of Northumberland.
1557. Lady Anne of Cleves.
1559. Ann Duchess of Somerset, the Protector's Widow.
1581. Lord Howard of Effingham, the Armada Admiral.
1592. Lady Howard, his Countess.
1603. Countess Margaret, his second wife, daughter of James Stuart, Earl of Murray.
1636. James, third Marquis of Hamilton, Master of the Horse to Charles I.
1653. The Parliament Trustees.
1657-98. Charles Cheyne, afterwards Viscount Newhaven, Lady Jane Cheyne, his wife, and Isabella Countess of Radnor, his second wife and widow.
1712. Sir Hans Sloane.

An imposing array of names, truly, for inmates of one village house, even though it were a King's!

But our idle wanderings are rather in the side-lanes and less frequented by-ways, than upon the stately high-roads of history, to which many of these names belong. So here we propose for our quiet entertainment merely certain glimpses—intimate, tragic, courtly, bounteous by turn—of some half-score of the great ladies whom these walls sheltered,

during their two full centuries of existence; vignettes, shall we say, of the Châtelaines of Chelsea.

King Henry's joyous visits to his Chancellor,—with whom he would come, unexpected, to dine, "for relaxation in pleasant stories," and "to be merry with him," walking after dinner in the garden, his arm about More's neck,—had no doubt left many pleasant memories of Chelsea upon the royal mind; and the fact that he had given that neck to the headsman's axe, and confiscated that comfortable house and beloved garden but a year before, would have weighed not one jot with his Majesty (whom sentiment never harassed), when, in 1536, he gave Mottisfont Abbey to Lord Sandys in exchange for the Manor of Chelsea, and proceeded to the building of Chelsea Place.

The chosen site was just eastward of the present Oakley Street and Albert Bridge, where now stand nine houses numbered 26 to 19 Cheyne Walk; and the building, as figured for us (on somewhat dubious authority) in Faulkner's reproduction of Hamilton's map, was a long double quadrangle of brickwork, facing the river, the front somewhat resembling that of St. James's Palace, partly of two, and in its centre portion of three storeys; the eastern front broken into bays by four tall projecting chimneys, and the wall-tops castellated. Of the house itself we can only gather a few meagre records.

The main entrance was between the centre pair of these buttressed chimneys; and above it ran a long gallery, decked, as it would seem at one time, with costly hangings of green and gold, a great Turkey carpet, and a cushioned chair of state covered in green velvet. A big walled garden extended northward and eastward behind the Manor House, with a stone fish-pond, a spacious leaden water-cistern fed from the Royal Conduit, and in later years some of Elizabeth's mulberry trees; in the northern wall, opening on to the fields beyond, was the postern gate, through which "Kateryn the Quene" was wont to admit her audacious Seymour at the hour of dawn.

Chelsea Place was probably completed in or about the year 1537, when Sir Francis Bryan, the King's much favoured courtier, who had, a year before, helped to encompass the execution of his cousin Anne Boleyn, was made keeper of the chief messuage of the Manor of Chelsea; and it would seem that Anne's small daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, whom Parliament had declared illegitimate in the interests of Henry's new wife Jane Seymour, was sent to Chelsea for her nurture soon after her mother's death; and thus, as a child of four, began her many Chelsea associations. If Elizabeth really began her tutelage under the nurture of Bryan and his lady Philippa, at Chelsea, she had a typically Tudor guardian. For Sir Francis

was Henry's boon companion and permanent favourite, dissolute beyond rivalry ; a fine soldier, whom Surrey knighted for his hardihood and gallantry in France ; a very "vicar of hell," as Cromwell called him, in his diplomatic dealings, and particularly in his treatment of his cousin Anne, the little Princess' ill-fated mother ; and a poet of passionate sonnets and fine literary taste.

According to Wriothesley it was at Chelsea Church that King Henry secretly married Jane Seymour, the very day after Anne Boleyn's beheadal (the broad kingly breast being still untrammelled by sentiment). But the new Manor House was hardly then begun ; and its royal builder had disposed of three more wives before it was assigned, seven years later, as part of her jointure, to his sixth and final bride, Catherine Parr.

This was in 1543 ; and on King Henry's death, four years after, his widowed Queen took up her residence at Chelsea Place—if indeed she had not previously done so. Catherine only survived her royal spouse by nineteen months ; but those Chelsea and Hanworth months were surely the most tragic and eventful of her short and chequered life ; eventful, since they saw her clandestine wooing by an old lover, almost before her King was buried ; her secret marriage amid the buzz of scandal ; the mad carryings on of her daring and unprincipled husband with her young ward the Princess Elizabeth ; his

harsh and callous treatment of herself; her bitter breach with him; and finally her death in childbed; tragic too, as the love of good women for unworthy men must always be.

For Catherine was a good woman, and, I should think, quite a lovable one as well; and Seymour, who was a handsome, daring, and ambitious scamp, —"a man," says Latimer, "furthest from the fear of God that ever I knew or heard of in England,"— had made love to her before her marriage to the King, and knew that she was his for the asking, if a match with Elizabeth was not to be contrived.

The story of Chelsea Manor House, in the year that followed Henry VIII's death, as revealed in glimpses from the Burleigh and other papers, is full of curious interest.

Much of it is told in Haynes' and Tytler's collections of State Papers, and a good deal has been garnered in Mr. L'Estrange's delightful book "The Village of Palaces," published nearly forty years ago; but as these are not easily available to-day, it may be of interest to recapitulate its outlines here, with some additions from other sources.

The King's death befel on 28th January, 1547; and it seems probable that Seymour's marriage with Catherine took place secretly in the April or May following.

She is described as having been a genuine West-

CHEYNE WALK. THE SITE OF HENRY VIII'S MANOR.

moreland beauty; petite in form, of a clear blooming complexion, brilliantly fair, with hazel eyes and hair of a golden auburn, banded Madonna fashion about her little head, and framing exquisitely her small and delicate features.

The Queen widow lived in great state at Chelsea, which was doubtless an attraction to her ambitious suitor; whilst on her part at least there seems to have been a very genuine if misplaced devotion. Her letters give quaint evidence of this; she tells him she had promised to write once a fortnight, but excuses an earlier epistle as "the weakes be shorter at Chelsey than in other places"; and she confesses that her mind "was fully bent the other time she was at liberty to marry him before any man she knew."

At first she had stipulated for "two years" of royal widowhood, which by no means suited Seymour's plans, who suggested substituting "months"; on which she writes: "Whereas ye charge me with a promise written with my own hand to change the two years into two months, I think ye have no such plain sentence written with my hand; I know not whether ye be a paraphryser or not; if ye be learned in that science it is possible ye may of one word make a whole sentence, and yet not at all times after the true meaning of the writer"—a pretty bit of feminine sophistry, which does not seem to have delayed the wedding for a day. But

the Queen's chief concern—and very rightly, for this was a somewhat risky voyage on which she was embarking—was that Seymour should strive to gain the consent, or at least the acquiescence in the match, of as many as possible of the Council and the Court. She herself had got the boy King to write advising her to accept the Lord Admiral's suit; to which she had judiciously replied (in June, when it would seem that they had already been married some time!) expressing her utmost willingness dutifully to gratify his Majesty's wish.

To the same intent Seymour had written to the Princess Mary, begging her intercession with the Queen on his behalf, and had received a reply so admirably phrased that we must quote a part :—

"If it were for my nearest kinsman and dearest friend alive, of all other creatures in the world it standeth least with my poor honour to be a medler in this matter, considering whose wife her Grace was of late; and beside that, if she be minded to grant your suit, my letters shall do you but small pleasure. On the other side, if the remembrance of the King's Majesty my Father (whose soul God pardon) will not suffer her to grant your suit, I am nothing able to persuade her to forget the loss of him who is yet very ripe in mine own remembrance. . . . Think none unkindness of me, though I refuse to be a medler anyways in this matter, assuring you that—wooing matters set apart where-

in I, being a maid, am nothing conning, if otherways it shall be in my little power to do you pleasure I shall be as glad to do it as you to require it, both for his blood's sake that ye be of, and also for the gentleness that I have always found in you."

After the Queen's clandestine wedding had taken place, we find her arranging for Seymour to visit her, without suspect, at dawn (merely passing Chelsea, as he averred, on his way to pay the Bishop of London an early call!) when "your porteress may wait at the gate to the fields for you"; but of course these stealthy assignations became known in time, and Catherine could ill brook the jealous scandal that ensued. Seymour's brother, the Protector, who knew that Thomas was the abler man, and loved him none the better for it, and who was jealously and bitterly opposed to the match, so enraged her, when he visited Chelsea, that she writes: "It was fortunate we were so much distant, for I suppose, else, I should have bitten him"; whilst Lady Somerset, his wife, tackling Seymour about his visits to the Queen, "made me change colour, who, like a false wench, took me with the manner." So the marriage had perforce to be acknowledged before very long; but the Queen, whose piety, education, and accomplishments were unquestioned, was allowed to resume charge of the Princess Elizabeth, already in her fifteenth year.

The coming of this slim, chestnut-haired girl, clever, frolicsome, and attractive, into the equivocal atmosphere of Chelsea Place, brought further entanglement into its web of intrigue.

For Seymour was an insatiable and handsome gallant as well as a very clever schemer; and though he had become the Queen's bridegroom but a few months before, he began a flirtation with the Princess (whom he had previously suggested to the Council as his wife, but without success); and these advances—at first playful, and probably rather enjoyed by Elizabeth, whom Throckmorton describes as "disposed to mirth in company," and who had no particular affection for her stepmother—gradually assumed a more serious and dangerous aspect. According to the evidence of Mrs. Ashley, her governess, there was a good deal of boisterous romping about the house, with chasings and spankings, and moonlight excursions on the river. At first the Queen lent the protection of her presence to some of these escapades; but when it came to tickling bouts at dawn, to frocks torn to shreds, and to the Princess seeking shelter in the furthest recesses of her big bed from the amorous advances of this irrepressible gallant in dressing-gown and slippers, Kate Ashley (though a very good friend of Seymour's) had to remonstrate more seriously; and the Queen, scandalised at last by the audacity of her husband, of whose imperfections, for all her

affection, she was very well aware, made haste to arrange for the removal of the Princess and her retinue from Chelsea to Cheston (Cheshunt), whither she was conveyed, with Mistress Ashley, at Whitsuntide, 1548; thus putting an end to what Tytler has called this "sort of semibarbarous feudal flirtation." From thence Henry's diplomatic young daughter wrote the Queen an astutely dutiful letter: "Although I could not be plentiful in giving thanks for the manifold kindness received at your Majesty's hands at my departure, yet I am something to be borne withal, for truly I was replete with sorrow to depart from your Highness, especially leaving you undoubtful of health; and although I answered but little, I weighed more deeper when you said you would warn me of all evils that you should hear of me."

Exactly what the attitude of the Princess towards Seymour was, during this fateful year, it is not easy to decide, since the evidence both of Mrs. Ashley and Sir Robert Tyrwhit, who was sent by the Council to worm out all he could from Elizabeth, is obviously suspect. The governess had undoubtedly favoured Seymour's scheme to marry Elizabeth; and Tyrwhit was suborned to compromise him; "I do see it in her face she is guilty," he reports, but "I do assure your grace she hath a very good wit, and nothing is gotten of her but by great policy. At the reading of Mistress Ashley's

letter," he adds, "she was much abashed and half breathless or she could read it to an end"; displaying the greatest anxiety to know how much she had confessed.

Elizabeth's own letter to the Lord Protector, however, when these scheming busybodies had raised a horrible cloud of scandal about her fair name, is refreshingly direct and unequivocal: "Master Tyrwhit and others," she writes, "have told me that there goeth rumours abroad which be greatly both against my honour and honesty (which above all other things I esteem) which be these; that I am in the Tower, and with child by the Lord Admiral. My Lord, these are shameful slanders, for the which, beside the great desire I have to see the King's Majesty, I shall most heartily desire your Lordship that I may come to the Court after your first determination, that I may show myself there as I am. Written in haste from Atfelde this 28 January, Your assured friend to my little power, Elizabeth."

Such an accusation as this was never seriously believed; but that the Princess (who after all was only fifteen) had given ground for scandal by her indiscretion and girlish infatuation for an unscrupulous schemer, is not to be questioned.

Miss Strickland goes so far as to say: "There can be no doubt that Elizabeth had been entangled in the snares of a deep and enduring passion for

Seymour—passion that had rendered her regardless of every consideration of pride, caution, and ambition, and forgetful of the obstacle which nature itself had imposed to a union between the daughter of Anne Boleyn and a brother of Jane Seymour."

It does not seem to me that, making allowance for her years, her self-possessed character, and the manners of her times, one need go quite so far as this; but it cannot be doubted that the Admiral, who possessed many attractions, "with much wit, if very little judgement" (as she summed him up on the day of his execution), had exercised for her a somewhat remarkable fascination; of which, indeed, she gave further evidence when Seymour renewed his efforts to marry her after the Queen's death.

But Seymour, I think, regarded the great ladies of his time chiefly as diplomatic pawns to be used as his ambitious occasions might dictate. When Lady Jane Grey was a member of his household, he is found projecting a marriage between her and the young King Edward; whilst, for himself, besides Elizabeth and Queen Catherine, he is ready at different periods of his career to negotiate a wedding with Norfolk's daughter, the widowed Duchess of Richmond, with the Princess Mary, and even with Anne of Cleves!

The Princess Elizabeth was not the only girl of the blood royal at Chelsea Place. Thither, at the age of nine, came a very studious and learned little

maiden, whom one always thinks of as habited in black, with a book in her hand; perhaps the most pathetic girl figure in all history, the Lady Jane Grey. Treated by her parents with harsh severity, her wardship sold by her father to Seymour, one can imagine that this extraordinarily learned little lady found Chelsea Place a haven of refuge under the care of Queen Catherine, herself an accomplished and well-read woman. Here she could study Plato and Demosthenes to her heart's content, and satisfy the most exacting of tutors by her mastery of Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and her studies in at least three Oriental languages; here she could sing and play the virginals (attainments which Elizabeth practised but despised), and strain her eyes over exquisite embroidery.

One likes to think, and can well believe, that Chelsea gave at least one quiet happy year to that storm-tossed and wickedly mishandled life; but the scenes in its brief course which chiefly haunt one's memory are mostly blurred with tears.

The home at Broadgate, where was neither love nor sympathy; the severity of tutors (though her work won Ascham's touching admiration), the lack of companionship and healthy recreation; the harsh tyranny of parents and their sordid scheming for her wardship and marriage; these had been the traits of her childhood. Then, as one may imagine, came a little brief sunshine at Chelsea, where the

Queen gave her "holsom instruction" and sympathy in her religious convictions; whilst one delights to record that Seymour, the villain of the piece, treated her with tender and most kindly regard, which she repaid with warm affection. He speaks of himself as "her haulfe Father and more"; and she writes to thank him for his "gentylle letters" and his great goodness towards her from time to time, as a loving and kind father who had heaped so many benefits upon her.

Making due allowance for the conventional insincerities of correspondence, and for political reasons which may have influenced Seymour in his desire to keep the Lady Jane in his hands, it yet seems that their regard for each other was mutual and sincere; and the villain's part is thereby made real by the touch of humanity and affection.

And then, about this tender, pitiable plaything of destiny, the sombre clouds gathered darkly again.

We see her, the child of eleven, standing in her black weeds as chief mourner at the funeral of Queen Catherine; and living on awhile with Seymour, till fickle fortune's workings culminated in his committal to the Tower; we fancy her watching his brave but hopeless fight for fair trial and for life; we picture her foreboding grief when, on 20th March, 1549, on Tower Hill, the headsman's axe descended on his luckless neck.

And then, four years later, we watch destiny closing cruelly about herself, with the hateful marriage to young Guildford Dudley; and his father's mad insistence, two months later, on her assumption of the dead Edward's crown. The nine days' Queen is proclaimed, deserted, arraigned, committed, sentenced; and so, at last, still full of simple fortitude, still calm in unshaken devotion to her faith, still in her habit of black and with her book in her hand, meeting on her way, by a final stroke of cruelty, her husband's headless corpse, she, too, passes, unshaken, to the block.

But these tragic memories have carried us far from Chelsea Place, whither we must return to close the story of its first royal châtelaine.

There is not much more to be told. The episode of the Princess Elizabeth had helped the fond little Queen to take the measure of her husband; and Seymour, for whom, as he had protested in a letter a few months back, "the weeks in default of her company were three days longer in every of them than they were under the plannettes of Chelsey," had revealed himself as a hot-blooded and ambitious intriguer, prepared to use all about him as pawns in a desperate gambit for power. The enmity of the Protector towards his brother, justified as it may have been, and the vindictive jealousy of Lady Somerset, who disputed the Queen's precedence after her marriage with Seymour, added much to

Queen Catherine Parr.

Lady Jane Grey.

TWO QUEENS AT CHELSEA MANOR HOUSE.

her anxieties and unhappiness. For her impending motherhood—to which Elizabeth had probably referred in speaking of her "undoubtfulness of health"—the Queen went in the summer of 1548 to Sudeley, where her husband had made elaborate preparations for the event; and here on the 29th of August, "the lyttel knave" to whom she had naïvely referred in her letters to him, was born. But the little knave was a girl; and Somerset, who still cherished some personal affection for his brother, though he dealt very faithfully with his political delinquencies, wrote a charming letter of congratulation on the happy arrival of "so pretie a daughter," and the Queen's escape from danger. This felicitation, unhappily, was premature; for puerperal fever set in a few days later, and Catherine died, in the thirty-seventh year of her age, on 5th September. In her fever, when the end was near, there was, according to Lady Tyrwhit, a strange little scene.

"I am not well handled," cried the poor Queen; "those that be about me careth not for me, but standeth laughing at my grief." "Why, Sweetheart, I would you no hurt," Seymour answered, and lay down on the bed by her side, trying to soothe her excitement. "No, my Lord, I think so," she answered; then, immediately in his ear, "but, my Lord, you have given me very shrewd taunts." Lady Tyrwhit adds: "those words she spoke with

good memory, very sharply and earnestly, for her mind was sore unquieted." They were overheard, it seems, by those about the Queen, and from them probably originated the story which afterwards circulated, and is often quoted, that her death was "not without suspicion of poison" at her husband's hands. But in the absence of all other evidence, so vile a suggestion may be safely discarded. Seymour no doubt was, on occasion, unscrupulous enough; but he was not, one imagines, that particular kind of brute.

"If any one," he wrote, in an angry letter, "should go about to speak ill of the Queen he would take his fist of their ears from the best to the lowest, and would not spare the Lord Protector's Grace." And we are told that, on her very deathbed, the Queen signed her will, leaving everything she possessed to her husband, and "wishing it were a 1000 times more."

Whatever our judgment of his life, for Seymour's end we can hardly refuse indignant pity. Fair and full trial was denied him, for the Council did not intend that he should have any chance of escape. His own brother signed the warrant for his execution, and afterwards told Elizabeth that if the Council had allowed Seymour to speak with him after the sentence, he would never have suffered. But the interview was prevented, and he went to his death, as the Chronicler tells us, "irksomely, dangerously, and horribly."

Soon after Queen Catherine's death, John, Duke of Northumberland, had obtained from King Edward the grant of Chelsea Place in exchange for the Manor of Tunbridge; and there Jane, his splendid Duchess, spent a good deal of her time till her death here in 1554. One thinks of this princely Chelsea châtelaine chiefly in association with her children, whose names and effigies, thirteen in number, were inscribed upon her fine altar tomb in Chelsea Old Church. These included John and Edward, Earls of Warwick; Robert, Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite; Guildford, the ill-fated husband of Lady Jane Grey; Catherine, the wife of the third Earl of Huntingdon, heir-presumptive to the crown, and president of the North; and Mary, the grandmother of Sir Philip Sidney; truly a somewhat memorable progeny.

But of the life of the great Duchess herself at Chelsea we find little record, save that she succeeded in getting a re-grant of the Manor, after her husband's attainder and the consequent confiscation of his properties, and lived on here for eighteen months after his execution, holding great state and with much magnificence of retinue, furnishings, and wardrobe, of which latter Queen Mary was not ashamed to take possession, though a part was subsequently restored to her.

Having vehemently protested in her will against any elaborate funeral, "for to the worms will I go,

and I had ever a thousand foldes my debts to be paid and the poor to be given unto, than any pomp to be showed unto my wretched carkes," her Grace was accorded princely obsequies, with heralds, torches, and her waxen effigy beneath a canopy; and her altar tomb in the south-east corner of the More Chapel in our old Church, though sadly mutilated and made into a pew, gives evidence of rich groining and stately workmanship.

"The King and Queen's Majestys' Palace at Chelsey" claims yet a fourth and final queenly occupant; for here, after the demise of the Duchess of Northumberland, came poor, ill-favoured, ungainly Anne of Cleves, Henry's forsaken spouse; here, on 16th July, 1557, she died; and hence, with royal pomp and a retinue of a hundred of her servants bearing torches, she was taken by land to her tomb, beneath a cloth of gold, in Westminster Abbey. One likes to think that the plain, gentle, ill-used, yet forgiving Anne found peace and contentment at last at Chelsea. She may have heard something of its quiet charm from Elizabeth, with whom, as Princess, she had ridden to the coronation of Queen Mary, and sat by her side at the ensuing banquet.

Strange and kaleidoscopic, indeed, were the changes and chances of those Tudor days, as we touch them here and there from this one little corner of Chelsea; and find, two years after the

death of Henry's Flanders Anne, that another Ann, the widow of Seymour's brother the Protector, the daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope of Sudbury, whom we have already seen for a moment as the proud and jealous sister-in-law of Queen Catherine Parr, is ensconced at Chelsea Place, once the home of her envied rival, and, later, of her husband's bitter foe, Northumberland.

To this haughty and disdainful noblewoman it was that the knight-errant Surrey addressed his courtly "Ode on a Lady who Refused to Dance with Him"; but, very great lady as she was, she had to suffer imprisonment with her husband in 1551; and after his execution she did not disdain to marry his steward, Frances Newdegate. She was over sixty when she came to live at Chelsea, and she survived for nearly thirty years thereafter —time enough to learn much, and to forget much; but of her residence at the Manor I know little indeed, save that she paid rental to Queen Elizabeth £13 6s. 8d. at the Exchequer; that her lease included "houseboot, hedgeboot, and hayboot of the premisses," whatever they may be, and that it was she who presented Dr. Thomas Browne, poet and head master of Westminster School, to the Rectory of Chelsea.

The Duchess of Somerset, dying in 1588, was succeeded, four years later, in possession of Chelsea Manor by another notable woman, namely, Katherine

Lady Howard, Countess of Nottingham, and wife of the second Earl and Lord High Admiral, who had probably held the Manor House on lease from Lady Somerset since 1581. The great Howard of Effingham, victor of the Armada, counsellor and chamberlain of Elizabeth, colleague, in command, of Essex and of Raleigh, was ever highly favoured by his Sovereign, who, according to Fuller, appreciated his "proper person" quite as much as his naval victories, "valuing a jewel the more for a fair case"; and the Lord Admiral and his Countess entertained Her Majesty frequently at Chelsea Place.

Of these visits of Elizabeth to her early home by the Chelsea river-side it is indeed deplorable that there are only the most meagre and unsatisfying records. From the parish registers, which mention payments to the bell-ringers "when the Queen came to dine with my Lord Admirall at Chelsey," and other perfunctory chronicles, the dates of a dozen visits can be identified; but beyond some feeble testimony that she "found everything to her liking" in the Admiral's menage, the rest is silence; and we can but ponder, quite unguided, as to how the courtly old seaman entertained his dread Sovereign in this house of her childhood; how far she recalled the strange and rather embarrassing memories of forty years ago; how much she remembered of the chambers and the gardens, how much of the wanton

frolic, the laughter, the quarrels, and the dangers through which, in those days of her budding womanhood, she had passed here. But there is none to tell us; and we are left to the poor wealth of our own imaginings, or to the sorry possibility that Her Majesty had forgotten all about it.

The one story connecting our Chelsea Countess of Nottingham with the Queen—the story of the ring given by Elizabeth to Essex, is too well known to bear repetition here; that it is too apochryphal shall not be testified, for we love and revere good myths! If the boy, to whom Essex is said to have thrown the ring from his prison window, took it to Lady Nottingham instead of to Lady Scrope, her sister, it may well have been to Chelsea that it was brought. But the Countess died at Arundel House, in February, 1603; so Chelsea must lay no claim to the deathbed shaking and "most fearfull curses" with which Her Majesty sent poor Katherine, upon her confession about the ring, to a higher tribunal. Our Countess, however, though she died unpardoned, had her revenge; for upon the news of her death her royal Mistress "wept extremely, and shewed an uncommon concern"; and falling into a deep melancholy, herself died within a month; the widower Admiral being amongst her closest attendants till the last, and feeding her with broth from a spoon.

Howard, who was getting near his seventieth

year, is said to have taken his wife's death "exceeding grievously, mourning in sad earnest," though he had to put off his "doole" to attend the Queen, who could not bear the sight of black attire. But the Lord High Admiral had never lacked courage; and he very shortly braved matrimony again with Lady Margaret Stuart, great grand-daughter of the Regent Murray; who bore him a son and a daughter at Chelsea, lived with him till his death at the ripe age of eighty-six, and, surviving him, was wedded to William, Viscount Monson of Castlemaine.

This second match of hers was not a very happy one; for Monson was a poor dissolute creature, and in later years, more by ill luck than good guidance, one of Charles' regicides; and accordingly, after the Restoration, he was excepted from pardon, degraded from his title, and sentenced to be dragged from Tyburn through the city with a halter round his neck. This ignominy was most uncomfortably continued every year, on the anniversary of King Charles' sentence, though his lordship petitioned his Peers to remit the ceremony, declaring that he had only sat at the King's trial in order, if possible, to prevent "that horrid murder." Lady Margaret, however, was happily dead and buried in Chelsea Church in 1639, long before these undignified occurrences began.

Charles I's attached (though perhaps never

whole-heartedly loyal) Master of the Horse, James, Marquis and, later, Duke of Hamilton, seems to have been the next actual occupant of Chelsea Place—which he enlarged by a western addition, afterwards separated and known as Winchester House—and to have "enjoyed his liberty and pleasure at his own house at Chelsy," in the intervals of fighting the King's battles; till defeat at Preston brought him also to the block; after which his brother William took possession, but was fain to mortgage the Manor to the impecunious Lord Monson above mentioned; and shortly after Duke William's death following a wound received at the battle of Worcester, in 1651, the Parliamentary Trustees, acting, as it would seem, in conjunction with his heirs, conveyed the Manor House and property to Charles Cheyne, who was already "of Chelsey, Middlesex, Gentleman," in 1657; having been living with Lady Jane, his wife for some years previously, as seems probable, at Blacklands House, which stood about where Lennox Gardens now are.

Charles Cheyne was a kindly and excellent country squire of Drayton Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, the son of Francis Cheyne of Chesham Bois—how dignified are these old French place-names!—and Anne, Sir William Fleetwood's daughter. The attraction to Chelsea was probably on his wife's side, for her great-aunt, the Countess of Shrewsbury, was living there till 1643; and in-

deed I think we do Cheyne no injustice if, here at any rate, we look upon him chiefly as the husband of Lady Jane.

She, our Lady Bountiful of Chelsea, came of a fine good stock; for her father was William Cavendish, First Duke of Newcastle, son of Sir Charles Cavendish of Welbeck, and the brave and devoted supporter, both in purse and person, of Charles I; a great gentleman, a fine soldier, something of a poet, and a splendid horseman. He it was of whom Clarendon spoke as fitter to break Pegasus for a menage than to mount him on the steeps of Parnassus.

He, too, it was who entertained His Majesty so royally at Welbeck in 1633, at a cost of £20,000, Ben Jonson writing the Masques; who became governor to the young Prince of Wales, and made him "the handsomest and most comely horseman in the world"; who repeatedly raised troops, entirely at his own charges, to fight the King's battles in Scotland and the North; who fought his way through Yorkshire and won the whole county by the victory of Adwalton Moor; and who, after many more hard battles, was finally involved in the defeat, fighting desperately as a volunteer, at Marston Moor, on that fatal evening which might have ended very differently, if the impetuous Prince Rupert had listened to Newcastle's warning.

Disgusted with such dire mishandling, the Duke

and some eighty followers took ship for Holland, where he spent sixteen years of voluntary exile; during which, amid fluctuating fortunes, he wrote and published that splendid folio, "Le Methode et Invention de dresser les Chevaux," Antwerp, 1658, which amongst many fine prints by Diepenbeke, contains portraits of "Monsieur Cheyne et Madame Jeanne sa femme."

Just a month after the battle of Marston Moor, the Earl of Manchester and his forces besieged Welbeck House, which was gallantly held for her father by Lady Jane and her two sisters, with 200 men. These three girls and their little force stood siege for several days before surrendering, and only yielded then on honourable terms, the soldiers and a broken troop of horse being allowed to march away with their arms and one piece of ordnance. Rushworth says that "the care of the House was left to Colonel Thorney, but the Marquis of Newcastle's daughters, the Lord Witherington's children and others were suffered to continue there"; and John Vicars, in "The Burning Bush Not Consumed," adds: "This place was taken without any great noise, nothing appearing there but friendship and civility when the House was surrendered," the ladies and children being left, with others "in a very peaceable manner without any great disturbance to themselves or their families there." Adam Littleton, however, who knew Lady

Cheyne well in after years at Chelsea, and may have heard the story of the siege from her own lips, has stated that Lady Jane and her sisters were somewhat roughly treated—"not barbarously, but much short of due civilities"—by their captor; for whom, at the Restoration, she generously begged clemency. They had contrived to bury the silver-plate in the brew-house, but this was discovered in the following year, and an inventory of it is still amongst the relics at Welbeck, with an undertaking by May or John Jamott and Colonel J. Freschevile that the same should be restored to Lady Jane and Lady Frances Cavendish, except so much of the worst sort as should amount in value to £600, after the rate of 5s. to the ounce, agreed to be disbursed for the use of the garrison. Lady Jane also "by her care and industry managed to save some few hangings and the pictures by Van Dyke at Welbeck and Bolsover."

The whole story of the siege at Welbeck is rather obscure; and if, as Mr. Goulding points out, Colonel Thorney was Lady Jane's "captor," she could hardly have pleaded clemency for him at the Restoration, since he fell in battle at Preston in 1648.

The banished Duke, her father, who had spent a princely fortune in the King's service, was reduced to dire straits of poverty during his exile at Rotterdam and Antwerp, and was forced to pawn his

wife's jewels, to incur heavy debts, and to send his adoring Duchess over to England in order to raise such small allowances as could be got from his confiscated estates; and in these evil days his eldest daughter, our Chelsea Lady Jane, again came to the rescue, and "did all what lay in her power to relieve my Lord their father, and sent him some supplies of money at several times when he was in banishment, of their own estate; for the Lady Cheney sold some few jewels which my Lord her father had left her, and some chamber plate which she had from her grandmother (Lady Ogle) and sent over the money to my Lord, besides £1000 of her portion."

The wife, whose jewels had to pay debts at Rotterdam, was Margaret, Lady Jane's stepmother, the Duke's second spouse; that remarkable lady whose writings have been often and perhaps somewhat unfairly ridiculed, and whose copy of "Nature's Pictures Drawn by Fancies Pencil" in the British Museum contains that artlessly vivacious life of herself which was suppressed in later editions, but afterwards reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges.

This rare original volume, printed in 1656, which I was examining the other day, also possesses the print of the family portraits by Cronet, engraved by Diepenbeke, and many notes in her ladyship's manuscript, pointing out parts of the songs and verses which were written for her by the Duke.

"Of all the riders of Pegasus," says Clarendon, "perhaps there have not been a more fantastic couple than his grace and his faithful duchess, who was never off her pillion." Though Pepys laughed at her "antics," and Evelyn refers to her as "a mighty pretender to learning, poetry, and philosophy," there is a breezy unlettered freshness about some of her writing which is rather attractive, and her idolatry of her husband, whose life she wrote, is transparently unaffected eulogy.

There is, by the way, a rather adroit letter from Charles Cheyne to his wife's stepmother, in which he says: "Who means to improve, madam, by your discoveries, must study them alone, and, freeing themselves of the pains of grammar rules, tedious methods, and the fallacies of improved maxims, may arrive early at Truths, may be able to discourse Things, not senseless distinctions."

Lady Jane Cavendish married Charles Cheyne in 1654, ten years after her father's exile; and if it be true that it was with a part of her dowry that he purchased the Manor of Chelsea, it is probable that by that time the Duke, her father, was able to obtain some substantial allowances from his estates, though he only secured partial restitution of these at the Restoration.

Lady Cheyne lived for fourteen years at Chelsea Place with her husband. For such small record of her days here as remains to us we are indebted

Lady Jane Cavendish.

Letitia Lady Robartes.

CHARLES CHEYNE'S FIRST AND SECOND WIVES.

almost entirely to the funeral sermon preached over her remains by Dr. Adam Littleton in Old Chelsea Church on All Saints Day, 1669.

It is, of course, an interesting panegyric, delivered before the patron to whom he owed his living, and upon the benefactress to whom he and his church were deeply indebted. But it is more than this; for Littleton was a man of wide learning, the compiler of the well-known Latin dictionary, and the chosen successor to Dr. Busby as head of Westminster School; he is spoken of as an excellent preacher, of singular humanity and sweetness of manners, and of blameless and religious life; and one can well believe that, as his tribute indicates, he had seen and conversed a good deal with Lady Cheyne.

He speaks of her as a lady of noble breeding, of great courage and loyalty, and of most steadfast piety; indeed, "if she had any quarrel with this place it was the multitude of formal visits which she could not avoid receiving from London, and returning, which took off her time from spiritual exercises." He dilates on her patience and magnanimity in all the disasters of her loyal family—the loss of my Lord's army, his leaving England, his, and her brother's, banishment and proscription, and the seizure of all their fortunes, besides her own personal sufferings. He tells us how "she had resolved to match with no family which had

ill-treated her King and father, and had chosen one of ancient and noble descent with whose principles and fortune she persuaded herself of content; and she found that persuasion did not deceive her."

That she was devoted to her husband we have other evidence; and I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Richard Goulding for the following transcript of one of her letters to her brother, Lord Mansfield, preserved with a few other memorials of her, at Welbeck Abbey.

"*To The Right Hoble. My Deare Brother, Lord Viscount Mansfield, these*

"29 *of Aprell* 1656

"My deare Brother,

"I could not in my last thank you for your most affectionat letter, receaueing it affter the sending of mine, therfore in this acsept, I beseech you, my thanks for your affectionat ones to mee, & kind acseptance of those you receaue from my deare Husband, & truly you can not please mee better then in letting mee know that his Expressions in his letters pleases you & my deare sister, to whom I present my humble & affectionat seruice, the like would my deare Husband if hee ware come home, but as yet hee is not. I expect him the latter end of this weeke, in the meane time I have his letters, & did I not know myself Maried I should think by what hee writs that hee was still a woer, which puts mee in mind

of your woords, for you tould mee it would bee allwayes so, beeing the nature of the person. His beeing absent, I take liberty by Proxsey to present you both with his humble seruice & the true affection of

"A most ffaithfull Loueing and oblidged Sister,

"J. CHEYNE."

"I did not forget to present your affection to my sister Bridgwater & your seruice to my Lord & your loue to my sweet Nepheues, & Neece; my sister Bullingbrooke will within a ffortnight bee in toun, & in order to your affectionat inquirey of my health wherin my sister is pleased to joyne hers, I can not but let you know I am not so well as fformerly, beeing more sick at nights, but in the dayes I am very well."

Lady Jane's health does not seem to have been robust; and latterly she became subject to epileptic fits, from which on 8th October, 1669, she expired; and we echo Adam Littleton's funeral prayer that "having been a little and gently chastised by Thee, we doubt not she is now greatly rewarded."

Chelsea Old Church was originally a much smaller edifice than the present one; "built," says Bowack, our earliest historian, "of flint and rough stone confusedly heaped together." The rapid growth of the village in the first half of the seventeenth century rendered its repair and enlargement

imperative; and this was undertaken by the parishioners in 1667, when the whole western end and the old shattered tower were pulled down, the north and south aisles extended a considerable length westward, and a new square brick tower, some 80 feet high, erected; in which was hung "a good ring of six bells, by the great bounty of the noble and worthy inhabitants."

Bowack adds that the whole roof, lead, timber, etc., thereto belonging, was rebuilt at the sole cost of the Lady Jane Cheyne; and it is perhaps to this benefaction that Littleton refers in his sermon when the restoration was in progress:—

"How willing she was to oblige all persons, how ready to do all good offices, how meek, and humble, and charitable, and familiarly courteous to neighbours and all others, be fame; let envy itself speak. Of her charity to this place I question but one shall see in a short time some fair testimonies noted."

Mr. Davies, in his "Chelsea Old Church," has given a full description of the stately monument which her husband erected to her memory against the wall of the north aisle; together with some correspondence about its execution in Rome, which proves that the sculptor was Antonio Raggi, and the architect, not "the celebrated Bernini" as Bowack and Faulkner stated, but, in all probability, his son Paolo. Cheyne drafted a straight-

forward inscription for the monument, which he sent to Dr. Littleton, deprecating "embroidery, but rather a few words of such value as you think suitable"; but the learned Rector was fain to render it in Latin, and to add some laborious superlatives before he deemed it fit to be painted on the back of the tomb; where her husband's good simple English would have been much more appropriate. To our ears, Cheyne's "As she lived so she departed this life, patiently and piously," has a truer ring than Littleton's "Pietissimæ & Sanctissimæ Heroinæ, Conjugis Dilectissimæ Desideratissimæ, de quâ nihil unquam doluit nisi de Mortua"; but we could hardly expect the author of the great Latin dictionary, and the expectant successor of Dr. Busby, to agree with us as to that.

After reading many pages of the good Doctor's too eloquent panegyric of this most excellent Lady, one turns with froward and unseemly relief to some little entries in Charles Cheyne's cash-book, which Mr. Davies has extracted for us; and finds with delight such trivial and mundane entries as the following :—

"Spent at ye White Horse wth Mr. Rugworth and Uncle Fleet. 6/.

Spent at the Mag Pye att Leveretts Feast. 12/.

Spent at Swinden's wth ye Chelsey Club. 19/6.

Lost at Bowles at Swinden's ——.

Given to a porter y^t^ brought wine from ye Dog. 1/.

Lost to Mr. Laurence at Back Gamon. 3/."

These trifling memoranda are refreshingly human and welcome; for though we do willing homage to the pious owners of great virtues, most of us find the recital of those virtues the dullest imaginable reading. For Lady Jane Cheyne, of all our Châtelaines of the Manor, we have the profoundest respect; but by the time we have finished his Funeral Oration we wish Dr. Littleton at Jericho—or Westminster School!

One hoped that there were other records than the Rector's of this excellent dear Lady; but I have failed of finding any. There are three portraits of her at Welbeck, of which I am permitted to reproduce the best, by an unknown artist. It is said that she closely resembled her father in instinct, character, and features; and he, we know, was a very gallant and handsome gentleman; and that she took special delight in his "excellent composures" and left a considerable stock of her own in writing. But none of these were given to the world; and her only chronicled book is a little vellum quarto manuscript, containing lists of her "Waring clothes" and "Linings," her "Child-bed linen"; a "true perticler of her juells," and an entry of the christening of her child by Dr. Jeremy Taylor.

Amongst her jewellery—much of it probably inherited from her grandmother, Lady Ogle—was a necklace of 36 pearls, valued even in those days at £725; and "a pair of lockets, wherein is 18 great diamonds, and 16 little ones; the price £342."

We are sometimes tempted towards the grin sardonic when we read or hear of the remarriage of spouses who had professed eternal devotion to their dears departed. But it is rather a cheap jibe, after all. For to many good people the estate of matrimony is a habit, a condition which has become so entirely second nature that they simply cannot get along without it; and their only fault is in uttering protestations which for them, however they may feel at the moment, are *contra naturam*.

Charles Cheyne, we will suppose, was one of these. At any rate he chose for a second wife a lady who was in every way a great contrast to his first. Letitia Isabella Lady Robartes, Countess of Radnor, was a Chelsea neighbour, living at Danvers House, not far from that of Sir Thomas More. She had been the second wife of Charles II's Lord Privy Seal; that "old snarling troublesome peevish fellow," as Anthony Hamilton describes him, who had the effrontery to love this beautiful young wife to distraction, and to object to sharing her with the Duke of York or anyone else.

Hamilton describes Lady Robartes in the zenith

of her glory as "strikingly beautiful, yet, notwithstanding the brightness of the finest complexion, with all the bloom of youth, and with every requisite for inspiring desire, she nevertheless was not attractive."

He says that she perceived His Royal Highness's attachment to her, and seemed as if she was inclined to be grateful ; and he believes, as we might expect of him, that the Duke would probably have been successful, but that "the old fellow," her husband, could never be persuaded to be made a cuckold, and whipped her off to the fastnesses of Wales till such time as the royal Duke's affections "had undergone a change in this particular, and his eyes and wishes were turned towards Miss Brook," who was next on the list of his attachments.

The morose and selfish old nobleman, Letitia's husband, who, "to complete her misery, was a perpetual attendant on her person," was at length forced to relinquish his unseemly guardianship when the testy old fellow died at Chelsea in 1685, at the age of seventy-nine.

His lovely widow (Pepys calls her "a great beauty indeed") lived on at Danvers House, where His Majesty and the Duchess of Portsmouth had more than once been entertained at "a very sumptuous treat," till our widower Charles Cheyne, who disagreed with Hamilton's verdict that "she had nothing moving or enticing," persuaded her to

transfer her affections and person to himself and the Manor House.

Cheyne had been created Viscount Newhaven and Lord Cheyne in 1681; and here he lived on with his new Lady of the Manor till 1698, when, as he had long since willed, he was laid to rest in the vault in the chancel of Chelsea Church beside his first wife. Letitia Isabella, his beautiful viscountess, survived him sixteen years before she too was buried by his side on 15th July, 1714; having apparently spent her second widowhood at Radnor House, belonging to the Manor, at the corner of Flood Street (or Robinson's Lane) and Paradise Row.

William, Lord Newhaven's eldest son and heir by our Lady Jane, did not attain his title till he was an elderly man; and of his ladies of the Manor (for he, too, was twice married) I know very little, except that the first was a Chelsea woman, Mistress Elizabeth Thomas, and the second Madame Gertrude Pierrepoint, a sister of the third Duke of Kingston. According to the inscription on William Lord Cheyne's tomb at Drayton Beauchamp, he and this second spouse "lived together forty and eight years in wedlock in a constant emulation of acts of kindness and friendship towards each other (the only strife they ever knew); her social virtues added lustre to her birth, her piety and charity were precepts to the world." But this doesn't

take us far, as epitaphs go; and, indeed, I fancy that the second Lord Cheyne was much more of a country squire than a courtier, and preferred Drayton woods to Chelsea Place, and the Chess to the Thames. For in 1712, on being named Lord Lieutenant of Bucks, he sold Chelsea Manor to Sir Hans Sloane, and spent the evening of his life at Beauchamp, "beloved for hospitality, respected for integrity, the last of that ancient and noble family," whose name, happily, will be ever associated with Chelsea, while Cheyne Walk and Cheyne Row remain to us; though some misguided people have perversely insisted in deriving these appropriate place names from the Chelsea *china* manufactory!

With the Cheyne ladies our glimpses of the Châtelaines of Chelsea Place come to an end. For Sir Hans Sloane was past eighty when he came to live in the Manor House in 1742, and his wife, Elizabeth Langley, daughter of a city alderman, who had brought him a fortune from Jamaica, was buried in Chelsea Churchyard eight years before. He brought no ladies to the Manor House, unless they were mummies or specimens in spirits; but we do well to remember, since ladies are our theme, that his two daughters married, the one a Stanley and the other a Cadogan; and that it is their descendants who inherit the present manor estates of Chelsea.

But not, alas, its Manor House. Sir Hans had intended, and had elaborately provided in his will, that the nation should buy his great collections for £20,000, and keep them in Chelsea Place as a public museum for ever. But Parliament was parsimonious (a virtue always exercised upon museums, galleries, and libraries); and antiquarians, perhaps, —since the horse was not a gift—were inclined to look it rather critically in the mouth. Eventually, after many debates and meetings of Trustees—of which Horace Walpole, who was one of them, has left some amusing records—it was decided to remove the collection to Montague House, where, in conjunction with the King's Library and the Harleian MSS., it formed the foundation of the British Museum.

The Great House, thus stripped and deserted in contravention of Sir Hans Sloane's Will, did not long survive; for within seven years of his death the new row of houses on its site was built and occupied, though Winchester House, its western extension, was not demolished till seventy years later.

Pitiful indeed it is that a place so rich in high historical association should have been handed without protest to destruction. But those were ruthless days in matters such as these, and Mr. Thackeray Turner and his S.P.A.B. would have had but few subscribers; even Sir Hans Sloane, doyen of antiquarians, was a terrible old house-

breaker; and one by one the great Chelsea Places, Gorges House, Danvers House, Shrewsbury House, Beaufort House, Henry's Manor House, Winchester House, Monmouth House, fell to the pickaxe of the speculative landlord.

Cheyne Walk, verily from end to end, is haunted ground; so much so, indeed, that the poor ghosts, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, seem a little to have lost their bearings.

Edmund Howard, Sir Hans Sloane's gardener and factotum (whose story I have told elsewhere), was warned to expect ghostly visitors when he was sent to lodge alone in the gloomy isolation of Beaufort House. The home of More and the Buckinghams might well have furnished him with guests from the shades; but to Howard came none but "a young woman in the middle of the room, which was very large, clothed elegantly all in white, and very comely to behold," and "as I sat up in my bed (or thought so) I was much astonished how she came there, being sure I made all the doors fast before I went to rest." Howard, having no use for ghosts, "reasoned much with himself till the room was all dark," and he was sure it was a dream.

But it may have been one of our ladies of the Manor, who had a little lost her way.

For Mr. Haweis, who for many years occupied Queen's House, No. 16 Cheyne Walk, once sent me a budget of strange particulars about it, declar-

ing that "Catharine Parr used to walk there; and a little boy would wander about, followed by a young girl who was always looking for him; they used to cross the dining room," though personally he never saw or heard them.

Catherine Parr, poor soul, if this be true, was also a knight-errant, a little off the mark; for Queen's House, or Tudor House, as it was called in earlier days, was not built till 1717, and was not on the site of Henry's Manor House; and even the tradition that it was built by Wren for that later Queen Catherine, of Braganza, has had to go the way of other cherished myths.

Save for some vaulted cellarage in the basements of one or two of the Cheyne Walk houses on its site, no vestige remains to us of Henry's Manor House.

These pleasant old houses have their own life and later stories to tell us; and it is only when one passes through to their open spaces behind, which were all a part of "The Great Garden" of the Manor, that one can get the least touch of Tudor remembrance.

In the garden of No. 26, for instance, which I was visiting again the other day, one's backward imaginings can wander at large. For this, at any rate, has been a garden for nearly four hundred years; over this grass the little Elizabeth's child feet pattered; these mulberry trees may well be descendants of those she loved.

Along its western side runs a long wall, in parts as much as 13 feet high, a good deal of which is unquestionably of Tudor brickwork. Part of it may have formed the side wall of the court of Winchester House, Duke Hamilton's addition to the Manor. At the north end of this garden had long stood a great greenhouse, possibly a survival of the romantic gardening achievements of the Rev. Thomas Clare, a century ago. This had just been pulled down when I paid my visit, and a squad of busy little scouts were sorting and stacking up its debris. The demolition of its back wall revealed a big pier of brickwork in which still remained embedded the great iron hinge pins of an ancient gate. The chance of my coming, just at this moment of its discovery, gave imagination its opportunity.

For might not this have been the very postern gateway to the fields where little "Kateryn the Quene" stood, in that April dawn, waiting to admit her lover?

ALEXANDER THE CORRECTOR.

CRUDEN'S "Concordance" is a household familiar, and has held its place on the reference shelf of every library for nearly two centuries; yet how many of those who know and use the book have had the curiosity to devote an hour to the pitiable and rather moving story of its author's life?

I suppose the alienists would have diagnosed the case of Alexander Cruden as one of periodic Delusional Insanity—Paranoia of the religious—perhaps also of the erotic—divisions; that difficult class of more or less crazy folk, the eccentrics and the cranks, whom my old Scotch doctor loved to dilate upon (with very rolling r's) as "borderland cases". Cruden's life—with one deplorable episode in which Chelsea is alone concerned—may first be briefly sketched.

Alexander Cruden was born in Aberdeen in 1701, and educated first at the Grammar School, and afterwards at Marischal College; to which, at his death, he did not forget to make a grateful bequest. He took his M.A. degree, and had intended entering the Church; but a severe love

disappointment interfered with this purpose, and seems to have resulted in the first development of mental derangement, for which it was thought necessary to confine him for some time at a Scottish asylum. He gradually recovered mental health, and in 1729 took employment with the tenth Earl of Derby as a kind of amanuensis and secretary. Here, however, his insistence on the strictly literal pronunciation of French brought about his discharge; an indignity which naturally incensed him to such a degree that he proceeded forthwith to London, and after laborious study of the French tongue, as more usually pronounced, he returned to Knowsley with a demand for restitution or a year's salary; but the Earl—who was by that time possibly more interested in Manx leases than French literature—peremptorily declined his further services.

Cruden, thus curtly dismissed, returned to London, and took up work as a press-corrector, himself opening a bookseller's shop in the Royal Exchange in 1732. He obtained appointment as Bookseller to Queen Caroline in 1735, and began the "Concordance" in the following year. Dedicated to Her Majesty, the great work was completed and published in 1737; but the Queen died a few days after Cruden had presented his book to the Royal Patroness, and he was thus robbed of the acknowledgment upon which he had counted.

It may well be that the brain fatigue of this laborious work, which was carried through in little more than a year, followed by the disappointment of his hopes of recognition and reward, had their effect upon the unstable equilibrium of poor Cruden's mind. It was, at any rate, in the following March (1737-8) that his second confinement in a private madhouse at Bethnal Green took place, about which some particulars must be given in connection with the subsequent imprisonment at Chelsea, which occurred fifteen years later.

During this period, after his escape from Bethnal Green, Cruden continued his work as a press-corrector; and gradually developed those harmless eccentricities and hallucinations to which no doubt he had long been more or less subject, but which the senseless brutalities of his confinement had naturally aggravated and confirmed. A man of most devoted piety and strongly religious character (though possibly not without some minor lapses of human frailty) he conceived himself to have been divinely commissioned to the Reformation of the People, and in particular for the repression of Sabbath breaking and profane language. He took upon himself the style and title of "Alexander the Corrector"; and he tells us that in 1738 an eminent London Minister foretold that the Corrector would be "a great man, prosperous and exalted as a Joseph"; whilst another prophet, of the same year,

foresaw him as "Sir Alexander Cruden, twice Lord Mayor of London and Member of Parliament for the said City."

It must be acknowledged that in all sincerity, and with an invincible persistency that failure after failure could never daunt, he set himself to verify—indeed to justify—these ambitious forecasts. But what makes the pitiful story so quaintly attractive, and redeems it, as it seems to me, from all taint of mere swollen-headed megalomania, is his constant insistence that he was merely the instrument of an over-ruling Providence; that what he did was "set home upon his mind in prayer"; that "he was willing to be as humble or as exalted as God pleased"; and that "it sometimes hath come to pass that a private soldier hath been honored to have a great hand in gaining the battle." God, he says, in His own time and way, will deliver him from the false aspersions thrown on his character; and seeing God hath not been pleased to deprive him of his understanding, no man in the world, if he can help it, shall be able to ruin his character in that respect. His confinements and afflictions were emblematical and typical of something good and great designed by Providence for him; he desires to be entirely resigned to the will of God, to do his duty, and to refer all events to God.

His serenity is imperturbable. During his Chelsea confinement Mr. MacCulloch, the Haymarket

ALEXANDER CRUDEN, M.A.

surgeon, opened a vein and took twelve ounces of blood from him ; after which a drunken ostler, who was in charge of him, strapped him into a strait-waistcoat in bed so tightly that the lanced arm opened and bled very seriously ; but Cruden, after he had persuaded another inmate to tie it up, "gave thanks to God that he had not bled to death ; God always took care of the Corrector."

In the thick of his great lawsuit in Westminster Hall, when he sued the principal agents of his Chelsea confinement, "he went with a sweet composure of mind to Oliver's Coffee House, and discharged what was due for the entertainment of the witnesses." When, after the most strenuous canvassing efforts amongst the livery and aldermen, he failed to be elected for the City, "he was very chearful and contented, and not at all affected at the loss of his election. God's time is always the best time." Having, once more, failed in King's Bench to get his criminal case against the mad-house people reheard, "being a lover of meekness and peace, the Corrector is heartily tired with law adventures ; for he thinks that law is a sort of war that is never to be entered upon without a real necessity" ; a conclusion at which he might with great advantage to himself have arrived at an earlier period in these deplorable proceedings. Even during his second tremendous love-siege of the adorable "Princess Elisabetha," though his per-

severance, in face of every imaginable rebuff, was as "extraordinary" as his methods of attack upon the lady's heart, he is at length constrained "to submit to the severe mortification of being denied the great personal blessing of being favoured with the dear lady; for we are bound to make God's glory the end of our actions, and to part with life, or anything, if it be for the advancement of His Kingdom. But" —and here the devout lover once more takes the bit cheerily in his teeth—"it is the opinion of the Corrector that God in His gracious Providence *will* favour him with both these blessings in His own time, which is always the best time, namely of being Corrector of the People and the Companion of the amiable Mrs. Whitaker. It hath been said that the Corrector's life hath been a life of wonders, and that the end will be glorious."

Alexander's third and last confinement as a lunatic, of which we are to give some account later, occurred at Chelsea in 1753; and it was in the following year that "with a sweet serenity of mind" as he says in his letter to Lord Holderness, he applied, as a citizen and livery man of the company of Stationers, to be nominated as representative of the City of London at the ensuing election. The Bishop whom he approached for support received him very well, and said that he had used his "Concordance" of the Bible for many years; but "was of opinion that the Corrector had not strength

enough to carry his election, unless divine Providence eminently appeared for him ; which the Corrector readily acknowledged." It appears that on the hustings, before the poll began, Sir Crisp Gascoyne demanded Cruden's qualification of £300 a year ; to which our Corrector adroitly replied "that he had considered that matter, but that he was not now to descend to particulars, it not being the proper time for it."

Sheriff Chitty, however, who presided, seems to have thought otherwise ; and Alexander, "intending to be resolute but not obstinate, told him that he was willing that he should be the *Corrector of the Corrector*" ; and thereupon declined the poll, and retired from Guildhall to the more congenial seclusion of North's Coffee House.

It was in this same year, just before the City election, that Cruden made a determined effort to assist Providence in the verification of the prophecy as regards his knighthood. From the 2nd of April till the 17th, he attended the King's levy daily, and his own accounts of his efforts to buttonhole lords-in-waiting and other court dignitaries are irresistibly diverting. Lord Poulet, whose exodus to his chariot he had artfully awaited, "spoke civilly to him, for being goutish in his feet he could not run away from the Corrector as others were afterwards apt to do." A lord-in-waiting to whom he delivered the pamphlet of his "Adventures," for presentation

to His Majesty, excused himself from the task by saying he did not understand it; and suggested that the presentation should be delayed till the following week, when another lord of the bedchamber would be in waiting.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he at length succeeded in delivering a copy, was so nonplussed that he could only ask our Corrector whether his real name was Alexander. Lord Hyndford, having also refused the royal presentation, was informed that he ought to do the duties of his office, and that the Corrector expects a *categorical answer* upon any application, and whatever the answer be, he receives it with meekness. From the Lord-Chamberlain's office he was sent to Lord Holderness, and by him referred to the Lord-Chancellor.

At length he waited personally outside Lord Holderness' house, having been informed by the porter that his master was out. His Lordship, however, soon appeared at the door, and—presumably not being "goutish" at the moment—succeeded in setting out in his coach for Chiswick before our Corrector could waylay him. "The Porter being convicted of lying, the Corrector rebuked him for that sinful practice; but he answered that lying was his trade. A wicked unchristian trade!" Finally, on Tuesday, 16th April, he went to Court at noon, and just before the King appeared, Lord Delawar came into the outer room

and stared at the Corrector; but nobody speaking out, he took no notice. He had, earlier in the morning, written a letter "to a personage of the highest rank," expounding his desires for knighthood, and had taken care to have it forwarded in a proper manner. It appears that the letter to The Personage was duly delivered; but the Corrector fairly informs us that though "written with becoming great respect it was without flattery or dissimulation; and if anything was disliked, it was a little expostulation." At any rate no royal sword descended upon his left shoulder; and Alexander, "perceiving that he was not likely at present to succeed in obtaining the honour of knighthood," departed with his usual cheeriness to prosecute his City candidature.

But the career of the Corrector was not, after all, to be entirely without honour or recognition.

In 1755 he paid a visit to Oxford, and was received with "a loud clap" when he took his seat on the Vice Chancellor's left at Commemoration; whilst others of the learned welcomed him with kindness and respect. To Cambridge, which he afterwards visited, he addressed an "Admonition" on the due observance of Sabbath; and here he was indeed knighted with much mock ceremony by Miss Vertue and other gay spirits, paying his fees in kisses to the ladies; a frolic which it is to be feared he took too seriously.

He paid other provincial visits, addressing similar Admonitions to Windsor, Eton, etc., and appointing Miss Taylor, "the celebrated beauty," as his Deputy Corrector at Cambridge, and four Westminster School boys for a similar distinction in town. It is to be hoped that they carried out their duties as cheerily at least, if not as seriously, as himself.

The story of poor Cruden's hopeless addresses to "Mrs. Whitaker," Sir Thomas Abney's daughter Elizabeth, as narrated by himself in the third part of his "Adventures," is too long for repetition here, and, it must be admitted, might provoke us to many unseemly and irreverent smiles. The lady, who never appears to have given her suitor the slightest encouragement, was pursued with unrelenting vigour as his "predestinated spouse." He addressed the most voluminous and pathetic letters to her; and when these were forbidden, he sent her Memorials, Remembrancers, and Correctors; Declarations of War, Paper Bullets, Praying Bills, Printed Bullets, Prayers; pursued her to "Silesia," to Bath, to Bristol, to Exeter. She was left in no doubt that Providence intended her to be Mrs. Cruden, and that, while God loved a cheerful giver, she must be on her guard against becoming a "Demurrer," since "everything is beautiful in its season, and it hath been said of Alexander, not by his own sex, that he would be-

have in such an affectionate manner to a wife that he deserves any woman in England." She was, by his direction, prayed for in church during her absence, and thanksgiving offered for her gracious preservation on her return; and indeed the Corrector's indefatigable attentions became so intolerable that a "verbal battle" eventually ensued between her footmen and the persistent lover, who is even said to have been finally repulsed by an ignominious treatment to "the blanket"; and the poor rejected suitor is at length driven to "submit and wait God's time," dreading only "being left to his own weak imaginations."

In 1754 he was again engaged by the famous Woodfall, printer of the "Public Advertiser" and of the Junius letters (himself in later years a resident in Chelsea) as a press-corrector; and hence onwards it would seem that Cruden's eccentricities took at least a much quieter and less stormy course. "God's time," perhaps, was at length beginning to dawn for the poor troubled soul and restless brain.

In 1761 he succeeded, after infinite and unwearying exertions, in rescuing from the gallows a seaman who had, though not perhaps guiltily, uttered a forged will; and it was in pursuance of this effort that the second edition of the "Concordance" was dedicated to the Earl of Halifax, who was first Lord of the Admiralty. He also became

a regular visitor at Newgate Prison, and laboured with much zeal to ameliorate the lot of some of its unhappy inmates; though here it is to be feared that the criminal environment of those he sought to succour was too strong for such ministration as he could offer; and the books he brought for his prisoners were parted with in exchange for ardent spirits.

The second edition of the "Concordance" was issued in 1761, and brought him £500; and a further £300 was paid him when the third edition was reached in 1769. In this year he revisited his native town of Aberdeen, and there is a touch of humour in his presentation, to a conceited young minister whom he encountered there, of a tract entitled "The Mother's Catechism dedicated to the young and ignorant."

A year or so later—on All Saints' Day, 1770—Cruden was found kneeling in the attitude of prayer, his hands clasped on the back of a chair, at his lodgings in Camden Passage, Islington—dead. He was buried in the cemetery of the Dissenters' Chapel in Deadman's Place, Southwark, now a part of Barclay & Perkins' Brewery; having just reached his seventieth year when he died thus suddenly.

The story of Alexander Cruden's confinement in two London madhouses is told in two pamphlets written by himself. The evidence is thus entirely

one-sided, except in so far as it is corroborated by the proceedings at the subsequent trial; but it is so detailed and circumstantial, and reported with such exactitude of times, dates, names, and places, and with such entire absence of rancour or vindictiveness —indeed with so frequent a desire to do justice to any ameliorating features that occurred—that it has been generally, and one cannot but think justly, accepted as in the main an accurate statement of facts.

The earlier pamphlet, recounting the confinement at Bethnal Green, is entitled :—

"*The London Citizen Exceedingly Injured*, or a British Inquisition Display'd in the Account of an Unparallel'd Case of a Citizen of London, Bookseller to the late QUEEN, who was in a most unjust and arbitrary manner sent on the 23rd March, 1737/8 by one Robert Wightman of Edinburgh a mere stranger to a Private Madhouse. Containing: I. An account of the said Citizen's barbarous treatment in Wright's private madhouse on Bethnal Green for nine weeks and six days, and of his rational and patient behaviour whilst Chained, Handcuffed, Straitwaistcoated, and Imprisoned in the said Madhouse where he probably would have been continued or died under his confinement if he had not most providentially made his escape; in which he was taken up by the Constable and Watchman being supposed to be a Felon but was

unchained and set at liberty by Sir John Barnard the then Lord Mayor," etc., etc.

Brethren pray for us that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men.—2 Thess. iii. 1, 2. 1739.

It appears, from this account, that Cruden was paying his addresses to the widow of a Piccadilly cornchandler; and that, having played with his affections and tiring of his attentions, she got Wightman and two other confederates to attack him as a lunatic. A great scuffle at his lodgings ensued, during which "a bloody butcher by the cellar window disfigured Mr. Cruden's face with several blows" and would have killed him, had not others intervened to rescue him from "this diabolical butcher." Mr. Cruden was "amazed at this uncommon treatment, and asked whether they were all become madmen." Doctors were fetched to attend him, and two days later he was decoyed into a coach and taken to Wright's private madhouse on Bethnal Green, to the end that if not already mad, he should become so. Here, a most barbarous system of treatment began, well calculated to unhinge the sanest reason. Cruden was chained by the leg to his bedstead foot, day and night at first, and always at night; his wrists being either handcuffed or straitwaistcoated. His hands being thus either padlocked behind his back, or tied up in the long crossed sleeves of the waistcoat,

he had to feed himself like a dog, as best he could; and he could only get into bed by entering at the foot and wriggling his body up. His friends, who tried to visit him, were kept out by various excuses, whilst Dr. Monro, the paid physician to the house, seeing that he could hardly be detained there as insane, tried to persuade Cruden to sign a letter promising that he would not blame any of them for anything that had happened; and undertaking, on receipt of this, to come himself and carry his patient back to his lodging near Hyde Park Corner. But Cruden declined any such pardon, and his ill-treatment continued. Wightman did his best to get hold of his shop accounts and business affairs. His warder Davis, before rechaining him after dinner, "gave the prisoner a blow on the face which almost beat out his eye, and much disfigured his face, of which he was not recovered for some weeks"; but Wright's wife, on seeing this, transferred him to the custody of Anna Thomson, a former patient, who did her poor best to alleviate his lot. The diary continues similar recitals till—

"*Friday, May* 5. The Prisoner, being chained night and day, rose betimes to write a letter to the Governors of Bethlehem [to which his captors were arranging to have him transferred]. The letter to the said Governors was as moving and affecting a letter as could be penned, for he was perhaps more afraid of Bethlehem than of Death, and this

letter could not fail to make an impression on men of Humanity and Natural Compassion. He sent on purpose for Hollowel about noon to shave him, and with much ado persuaded him to conceal the packet of letters in his Breeches and carry it to the Penny Post on Bethnal Green, which came safe to Sergeant Cruden, who took care of the enclosed.

"*Saturday.* The prisoner, being still chained night and day to his bedstead in this hot season, and being alarmed with being sent to Bethlehem, happily projected to cut the bedstead through with a knife with which he eats his victuals. He made some progress in it this day.

"*May* 28. Made his own bed himself, very early, to conceal his design.

"*Monday* 29. Again used his knife upon the bedstead.

"30*th.* Being still chained, wrote a letter to Sergeant Cruden to send him a hand saw, doubting of the strength of the knife ; but providentially did not deliver this letter to his woman keeper, for if he had it had certainly fallen into Wright's wife's hands, and so his escape had been prevented. Therefore he went to work again, prayed hard and wrought hard till his shirt was almost as wet as if dipt in water ; and as if he had received more than Common Vigour and Strength he finished the great operation about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Upon which he kneeled down and returned God thanks. He prayed at night that he might awake seasonably for his escape, and slept some hours as soundly as ever he did in his life; committing this affair to God, who had never left nor forsaken him.

"*Wednesday, May* 31*st.* The Prisoner's Birthday, he awoke early, performed his devotions, held his chain in his hand, still fastened to his leg, and deliberately got out at the Window into the Garden; mounted the Garden wall with much difficulty, lost one of his slippers, and jumped down into the back way just before the clocks struck two."

Making his way as best he could in the direction of Mile End in the dark, the slipperless foot, of course, got badly cut; but when further progress seemed almost beyond him, he met a kindly soldier who helped him to hobble on, till they fell in with a watchman and constable, who took him in charge to Aldgate Watch House. Here he was ordered to appear before the Lord Mayor at Grocer's Hall at eleven o'clock; but in the meanwhile was permitted to refresh and hearten himself by five hours' rest at North's Coffee House, Guildhall.

At eleven he went to Grocer's Hall, still dragging his chains; and there the poor wretch came face to face with Wightman, the keeper of the mad-

house, who had tracked him thither, and had already been before his Lordship to secure his re-arrest.

The case was called on. Cruden at once and characteristically insisted that his chains, which had been illegally put on should be legally removed; and this the constable was ordered to do. The facts were heard, and then Wightman made a desperate effort to get his patient handed back to the tender mercies of Bethnal Green.

Cruden, almost in despair, fell on his knees before the court, and begged most earnestly not to be delivered into the hands of cruel Wightman; and then, moved as it would seem by a sudden blaze of indignation at the infamy of the whole business, he stood erect and told his Lordship plainly that he would pursue him, or the greatest subject in England, to the bitter end, if they should send him to a madhouse when he was not mad.

The evident sincerity of his appeal, or, it may have been, the unsavoury keenness of Wightman to get him back, turned the scale. The Lord Mayor ordered his release, and within an hour or two he was safely lodged at Mr. Morgan's house near Hyde Park, where Mrs. Morgan set to work to dress the injured foot.

Wightman, Dr. Monro, and their confrères were not, however, to be lightly baulked of their prey; and proceedings were shortly afterwards again

begun for sending Cruden to Bethlehem. Before this "Blind Bench" as he called it, Alexander had the temerity to go and argue his case in person; but the decision for his further incarceration was carried, and poor Cruden "became pensive"; secured his windows and doors, prepared for a siege, and prayed most earnestly that their designs might be frustrated. Eventually, on 7th July, Doctors Alexander Stewart, William Stukely, and Robert Innes, after examination, certified him "in good health and order, and that it is a most injurious and unaccountable thing to propose to send him to Bethlehem." A public deputation on his case met in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and "concluded that he had been exceedingly injured, and that Wightman was a great criminal by law and every way." The said Wightman, however, still pursued his efforts to re-imprison him; and Cruden very inadvisedly proceeded to prosecute him for loss of reputation and credit and long cruel sufferings, laying damages at £10,000; namely, "false imprisonment for nine weeks and six days at five pounds an hour, being £8280, and the assault and other damages at £1720," just to make a nice round sum of it!

The trial is described at great length, and interspersed with a vast amount of humorous and characteristic comment, in the second part of Cruden's pamphlet, "The London Citizen Exceedingly In-

jured." It took place, after many vicissitudes and postponements, at the Court of Common Pleas in July, 1739. The defendants pleaded not guilty, and Cruden's three counsel called various witnesses to his sanity and ill-treatment. The other side produced a short letter from Mr. Cruden, Senior, to Wightman, thanking him for what he had done, and saying that his son had been confined in Scotland under a disorder eight to ten years ago (it was really about eighteen years previously) and had been well ever since.

This rather cruel letter (upon the facts of which Cruden himself places a much modified impression, for what it may be worth) seems to have decided the case against him. The judge summed up in favour of the defendants, declaring that there was no evidence of evil intention ; and the jury, by his direction, found for them at once. Cruden took his defeat not altogether unhandsomely ; and concludes his pamphlet with lengthy disquisitions on his work as a bookseller and writer of the "Concordance," together with a recital of other cases of the vindictive confinement of sane men.

There is, of course, plentiful evidence of the existence of such cases, and Chelsea seems to have harboured more than one of these private madhouses, which were no doubt very lucrative concerns. In an old newspaper file of 1763 I find that Dr. Turlington, his keeper, and four others

were tried and found guilty of illegally confining and detaining Elizabeth Hawley in a madhouse at Chelsea; and the report concludes with a strong protest against the infamies of these uncontrolled establishments. Poor William Collins, the poet of the Oriental Eclogues and some faultless Odes, who "loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters," was for some time an inmate of one of these Chelsea asylums, though where he was confined I do not know.

The story of Cruden's confinement at Chelsea is related by him in a sixpenny pamphlet "printed for the author by Richard Baldwin at the Rose in Paternoster Row, 1754," and entitled—

"*The Adventures of Alexander the Corrector* wherein is given An Account of his being unjustly sent to Chelsea and of his bad usage during the time of his Chelsea Campaign which continued seventeen days from the Twelfth to the Twenty Ninth of September 1753, With an account of the Chelsea Academies or the Private Places for the confinement of such as are supposed to be deprived of the exercise of their Reason; &c., &c."

From this it would appear that the trouble began—or at least culminated—in a fracas in Southampton Buildings, where our Corrector had been rebuking some soldiers for profane swearing. "One young man appeared in time of battle

with a shovel or spade in his hand and was guilty of swearing in the presence of Alexander, which so greatly offended him that, contrary to his usual custom, he took his shovel and corrected him with some severity." The Corrector gave and received several blows, and "the battle is thought to have continued about an hour," before he retired to his lodging in Wild Court. "Injudicious creatures" who had watched the affray, decided to send for Cruden's sister, Mrs. Wild, who lived at Langley.

A council of war was held next day, and it was agreed with Mrs. Wild's consent, to send him to a house at Chelsea kept by one Inskip, nephew of Mr. Duffield, who kept the "two great Chelsea Academies." Inskip and a tutor from the great Academy came at five o'clock the next morning, seized Cruden in bed, clothed him in a strait-waistcoat, took possession of his keys, watch, and money, and carried him off in a coach to the house, which was "two doors beyond The Three Jolly Butchers in Little Chelsea."

The name of Little Chelsea was given to a detached hamlet, consisting of a couple of farms and a few houses dotted along the road to Fulham, at the north-western boundary of the main river-side village of Great Chelsea; and it would appear, if Cruden's account is to be trusted, that more than one of these Chelsea Academies, to

which reference is often made in eighteenth century literature, were nothing more nor less than private lunatic asylums, the keepers and attendants being designated "tutors," and the patients "boarders." Duffield's house, of which Inskip's seems to have been an annexe, was, according to Bowack, "a regular handsome house with a noble courtyard and good gardens, built by Mr. Mart." It stood just to the eastward of Lord Shaftesbury's house, the site of which is now occupied by St. George's Workhouse ; just westward of Lord Wharton's park—now Elm Park Gardens. Tutor Inskip, who had charge of poor Cruden, was an ignorant and brutal creature, who drank and swore at his prisoner, bound him most unmercifully, night after night, to his bed in the strait-waistcoat, struck him on the breast when he cried out with pain, and very nearly smothered him with a pillow on more than one occasion. Inskip, or one of his myrmidons, slept on the side of Cruden's bed, and another man in the same room ; and the heat and torment of the tightly strapped waistcoat made sleep impossible for the wretched Corrector, who was beaten, or all but suffocated, if he cried out "Alas, alas!"

At length the ill-usage of an ostler who was deputed to attend him drove Cruden to vow that he would neither eat nor drink anything but water till he was rid of this barbarous attendant ; and

for four days he kept this hunger strike, two of the tutors forcibly feeding him "in such a passionate manner that he was afraid they would have choked him; for it came out at his nose several times." On the third day of his abstinence a surgeon, "an entire stranger," came in and took twelve ounces of blood from his arm; and it was on the night after this that (as already recorded) the straps of the strait-waistcoat were tied so tightly to the bedstead that the wound in the lanced arm reopened and he nearly bled to death.

Even Inskip appeared "somewhat affected" when told next morning what had happened; and thereafter the strait-waistcoat was given up, the ostler was removed, and the hunger strike, which, "by the goodness of God was no grievance," ended in "a good supper of cold mutton pye."

On the following day, when Dr. Monro, who seems to have been retained as medical officer to the Inskip Academy, visited the Corrector, they conversed in a familiar manner, Cruden begging the Doctor to prescribe at once all the physic he was destined to swallow, and telling him he did not like the Chelsea Academy for a habitation; upon which the physician left in a great hurry, being by no means anxious so soon to part company with a good lodger and boarder, who, even when not on hunger strike, "did not

occasion great expence, for he had commonly part of the family breakfast and dinner, and for supper generally a tost of bread and butter or some such thing, and small beer."

One would gather that Cruden's gentleness and almost ineradicable good temper (we do not forget the incident of the shovel) at last had its influence on the strange staff of Inskip's "Academy," for we find him by degrees permitted to walk in the garden and take charge there of Mrs. Inskip's baby daughter; to dine in the parlour; to receive some visitors, and even to walk to Great Chelsea, though attended by Inskip and the ostler as guard.

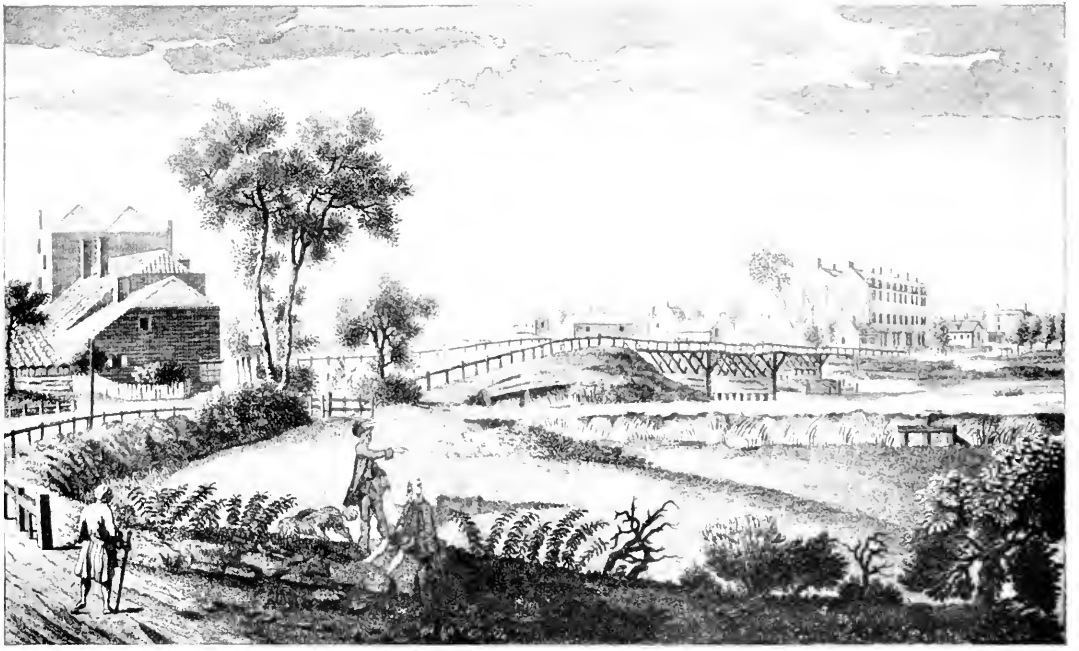
Doctor Monro visited him again, and though evidently inclined to try and obtain proofs of insanity from his conversation, Cruden found him "a valuable gentleman though not much versed in divinity"; but "he liked him the better because he heard he was neither a Jacobite nor an adulterer, as was reported of a certain mad doctor."

A few days later Alexander, having received a visit from a friendly linen draper of Tower Hill, walked back with him (under escort) to the Whim, —Jenny's Whim, a well-known tavern near the bridge by old Chelsea waterworks—where "the Corrector drank a little Dorchester Ale and afterwards the Company had a little punch; Alexander took one glass of it and no more, and afterwards drank water." His visitor protested that Cruden

was very well, and that in all their conversation he could find nothing amiss.

On his return Mrs. Inskip paid him a visit and praised his behaviour and politeness; she was lent half a crown to buy writing materials. Next day his sister Mrs. Wild and a lady friend came to see him and they appear to have arranged for his release on the following day; Dr. Monro consenting, after some further prescriptions and an assurance that it had been no dishonour for Alexander to stay in such a house; Cruden, however, insisted that it was "a place of humiliation." Inskip was also forced to consent, though he did not relish losing his boarder; and on the following morning Mrs. Wild arrived with his friend the linen draper, and having paid Inskip, the three "decamped," walking to Great Chelsea, where they took a boat by river to the Old Swan, whence his sister conveyed him to a lodging in Upper Moorfields, which she had taken for him; thus ending what Alexander always refers to as his "Chelsea-Campaign."

It is, perhaps, in the proceedings which arose out of this last confinement that poor Cruden's aberrations of intellect were most characteristically exhibited. The man had a passionate regard for justice, combined with unflagging persistency and a certain ingrained litigiousness which seems often to accompany ill-balanced intelligence. "He was so happy," he tells us, "to have always a good



THE BRIDGE NEAR JENNY'S WHIM TAVERN.

cause and a good conscience ; for if he was convinced of doing a real injury to anyone, he would readily and of his own accord beg pardon and make satisfaction ; for he is careful not to embark in a bad cause, and always to be zealous in an eminently good one, and to pray with constancy for divine direction. The Corrector desires to do no injury to any man, but to correct bold criminals to the terror of others to commit the like, for the future. And these blind wrong-headed creatures will perhaps some time or other say that they that touch the Corrector touch a thistle that hurts themselves."

Justice—abstract and elusive—was, one must admit, on his side. His sister, Mrs. Wild, had had him illegally seized and imprisoned ; and had afterwards, in conjunction with one or two others concerned in the Chelsea confinement, tried hard to get him permanently shut up in St. Luke's, Cruden's dreaded "Bedlam."

Inskip, the keeper of the Chelsea madhouse, had ill-treated him barbarously and unnecessarily. Dr. Monro, who was said to take twenty guineas a week at least in fees from the "Chelsea Academies," had countenanced his ill-usage, had bled, purged, and bathed him, and then merely tried to entangle him in his talk. Justice demanded that these people should be brought to book, for their own good, for the necessary rehabilitation of his character and in order to bring publicity to

bear upon these illegal and uncontrolled private asylums.

Poor Cruden thought that, at any rate as regards his sister, he could apply the necessary correction himself; and he wrote to her, proposing that she "who by a word of her mouth confined the Corrector for seventeen days under the guard of the Chelsea-myrmidons," should herself undergo forty-eight hours' imprisonment at Newgate, and pay a fine of £10. This salutary chastisement he pressed upon her earnestly and repeatedly, both in letters and personal interviews, "with a loving spirit and temper of mind." Reparation there must be, but he was willing to make it as easy as possible, "out of my compassion for my dear sister, for whom I have a great love." She should, unlike himself, be in every way well used, and, upon intercession, the time might be lessened a few hours; if Newgate was unhealthy she might go to Reading gaol, and might be attended by her maid; but go she must.

Mrs. Wild, however, was most unaccountably obdurate; she wept, she protested, she pretended to consider acquiescence, she sent her husband to make terms; but our Corrector was as adamant, and would only offer twice forty-eight hours in the Tower and the sum of £15, instead of £10, by way of alternative. Mrs. Wild had the assurance to reply, "Hold your tongue, else I'll

send you to the old place"; and Cruden proceeded to take out writs against his sister, her husband, Inskip, and three others, "that they did make an assault upon the Corrector and violently seize him in his bed at five o'clock in the morning and him did evilly treat and imprison; and him contrary to the laws and customs of England against his will did detain; his letters and messages did stop and intercept and him from the assistance comfort and conversation of his friends and acquaintance did keep obstruct and hinder and cords and strait-waistcoat did put upon him and did confine the plaintif for the space of seventeen days and six hours. By reason of which the plaintif is much injured in his reputation, calling and business and his constitution health and strength were much weakened, that his life was in great danger;" and the damages were laid at £10,000.

This extraordinary trial is very fully recorded in "the second part of The Adventures of Alexander the Corrector, Giving an Account of a memorable, or rather monstrous, Battle fought, or rather not fought, in Westminster Hall February 20 1754; wherein it plainly appeared that Alexander's Generals did not do their Duty but acted as the Dutch did in deserting his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland at the Battle of Fontenoy, &c., &c. Interspersed with suitable Reflexions. Printed for the Author and sold by Mr. Cooper

at the Globe in Pater Noster Row. 1754. Price Sixpence."

We cannot attempt even to do summary justice to the report of this trial, which occupies thirty-six closely printed pages. Cruden's flow of language is inexhaustible, and his "reflexions" are prolific, though always apropos.

The defendants pleaded not guilty of the trespass, but justified the assault and imprisonment by affirming that the plaintiff was mad. Cruden appears to have employed three counsel, against his opponents' two; he describes the trial in "emblematical and military stile," dubbing his counsel "Generals" but only admitting those for the criminal defendants to the rank of "Corporal" as they were excluded by their "great assurance and many falsities from the rank of Gentlemen or Commissioned Officers."

The defendant's counsel, by some incomprehensible arrangement which Alexander considered most barefaced and monstrous, began their case first; "Corporal Garrulus," referring to Cruden's previous confinements, suggested that liquor was the cause of his disorder, and that he was only affected at the change of the moon; and he called four witnesses, namely Bonner, a compositor in Wild's Court; Mrs. Northam, his landlady; Thomas Bradbury, an old acquaintance; and John Monro, the mad doctor. Bonner said that he had found Cruden obstinate in temper, insisting on trifles as

important, pretty litigious when opposed, unsettled in business, and having a remarkable look in his eyes—all of which testimony we may be inclined to credit, without considering it conclusive evidence of insanity.

Mrs. Northam, at whose rooms in Southampton Buildings the Corrector had taken lodging on the day before the tragic affray, described him as having "behaved very well and with a great deal of good manners," till in a moment of merriment with a lady guest in the afternoon he had asked for her gloves, and she had left his room, he following her; whereupon "a mob rising in the street, and Ryel, a Chelsea footman, being saucy and impertinent, the emblematical battle began; who gave the first blow is not certain; she saw blows given and received on both sides." Alexander here protests that if all who have to fight a necessary battle are to be sent to Chelsea, what would become of princes and even monarchs themselves! But we are constrained to admit that Mrs. Northam's account does not seem to tally exactly with that previously given by our Corrector.

Mr. Thomas Bradbury's evidence was to the effect that he had never seen any signs of disorder in the plaintiff's conversation till 10th September, the date of the affray; but that he had drunk plentifully on occasions, when he had dined or supped with him, and had toasted "Mrs. Whitaker"; that

he was a person he had a great love for; and that he was always welcome at his house.

If one may be permitted—following our Corrector's invariable habit—to interpolate a personal comment on this evidence, one would be inclined to surmise that Mr. Bradbury's reference to strong drink may furnish a possible clue to more than one of poor Cruden's "emblematical battles." He himself says that "if there were any infirmities" his old friend by all the rules of hospitality ought to have covered them. Other little references in the "Adventures" indicate a discriminating appreciation of the qualities of home-brewed ale and of Portugal wine; and Chalmers, at the close of his biography, hints that the improvement in the Corrector's health in the latter years of his troubled life was probably in some measure due to greater care in his mode of living; one can imagine that the effects of "two glasses of wine and a little glass of wine and water" upon a brain so sensitively balanced as his, may have been much greater than he himself could, in the earlier days, have suspected.

Dr. John Monro, the last witness for the defence, seems to have given a "suspicious opinion" of his patient's sanity; but as he did not visit him till three days after his arrival, Cruden remarks that his evidence was simply based on what Inskip told him, as he did not dare to say but that the Corrector "behaved well and used him as a man

of sanity and good manners would have done all the time of the campaign."

This concluding the defendants' evidence, the judge, according to Cruden, was inclined to close the case and direct the jury to find for them ; but Alexander insisted on his witnesses being heard ; and called nine of his friends, printing-office and lodgings acquaintances, who testified to his excellent press-correction work, unblemished character, and generally sane and sensible behaviour.

To the Corrector's great disgust, however, his "Generals" at this juncture "did not so much as move their tongues, the weapon used in this sort of battle." He thereupon himself began to address the jury, but was prevented by judge "Dionysius" from making his speech ; which, however, he prints in full in the pamphlet, "having writ the substance of it that morning."

We thus have the advantage, which was denied to Westminster Hall, of an able and moving address in the Corrector's best vein.

Beginning by a plea for the importance of a case whereon depended the usefulness and prosperity of a loyal subject, or his dishonour and disgrace, he claims that if St. Paul was allowed to speak for himself before a heathen judge, a Christian judge and an English jury could hardly refuse him the same privilege. A lunatic was a person without understanding or memory. Could such an one

have written the full journal of his actions, many weeks afterwards? Did not even Dr. Monro, whose natural bias to encourage his own business would make him prone to suspicion, acknowledge his rational and connected conversation? After some scathing references to the limited capacities and prescriptions of mad doctors, a modest allusion to the "Concordance," "one of the most useful books printed for many years," and a quotation as to the necessity of reparation from "the great civilian Puffendorf," he claims a verdict in his favour, asserting that even on the supposition of insanity, his confinement without the order of two or more justices was illegal by the statute of the twelfth of Queen Anne, and entitled him to their verdict.

"The plaintif hath had the reputation of a man of uncommon meekness and integrity, and never gave any proofs of his being deprived of his understanding; and therefore, seeing God hath not been pleased to deprive him of it, no man in the world, if he can help it, shall be able to ruin his character in that respect."

In "abstract Justice" poor Cruden's unspoken appeal seems sane enough, and reasonable enough. But law, as we all know, is a very different affair, and much more inscrutable. The judge, addressing himself to the jury, said: "This is a cause between Mr. Cruden, plaintif, and Wild and others, defendants. You have heard the evidence on both

sides. You are to bring in your verdict for the defendants"; which the submissive jury did, without going out of court.

Poor Cruden! One cannot help feeling a good deal of commiseration with him, however much one may realise that there was another aspect of his story.

"The Corrector went afterwards to his room, and read, and prayed and cried an hour or two," is his naïve chronicle. He tried to take out a writ of error; he called on "Dionysius," his judge; he reproached his deserter "Generals," who told him that "law-affairs were not his province, and he must consider that a disorder is but like a fit of sickness," to which he stoutly rejoined "God hath not been pleased to deprive me of my reason, and the King's Bench shall not." Other troubles followed. The "Gentleman's Magazine" refused to print his "Adventures," which they had agreed to publish; the "Monthly Review" declined to apologise for mis-statements, and asked if they were to expect chastisement with a spade; his landlady gave him a week's notice; his sister behaved ill to him. But Alexander's fund of cheery complacency and "inward peace" was inexhaustible; and after some encouraging visits to the Bishop of Worcester, a "noble lord in Arlington Street," and a "duke, the ambassador of a protestant prince," to whom he presented copies of the "Adventures," he seems soon

to have recovered his happy equanimity, convinced that "his confinement and afflictions were emblematical and typical of something good and great designed by Providence for him in God's good time and way."

Here then we may well leave the story of Alexander the Corrector, which has already spun itself too lengthily from the somewhat slender tag of a Chelsea episode.

Of the personality of the author of the "Concordance" a few memoranda may be added which help to make up a likeness not without something lovable and quaintly attractive.

The portrait by Fry, which sometimes fronts the title-page of his great book, shows what Chalmers has confirmed as "a very winning countenance," and the evidence of his friends testified to a gentle and gracious manner, and a nature full of kindness and courtesy. One of the recorded actions of his later years was the rescue of a poor girl of the streets upon whom he took compassion, and whom he brought home and kept in his service until his death.

A very characteristic trait was his intense hatred for John Wilkes, whose "North Briton" contributions he may possibly have press-corrected. In the careers of the two men there are curious points of similarity; both were connected with the press;

both engaged in heavy and ambitious lawsuits, and figured prominently at King's Bench; both were candidates for the representation of the City; both suffered imprisonment, though of very different character; both held high belief in their power of fascination to obtain the good graces of a lady; both aspired to be Lord Mayor of London, in which one succeeded and the other ignominiously failed.

But in spite of—rather perhaps because of—these strange meeting points, their characters were fundamentally antagonistic; and it can well be understood that Wilkes, member of the vicious fraternity of Medmenham Abbey, Wilkes the exuberant *bon-viveur*, the scandalous libeller, the obscene essayist, the duellist, the outlaw, Wilkes, the successful but insincere protagonist of public freedom which poor Cruden had so pitifully failed to champion, may well have moved the clean-souled pious-minded author of the "Concordance" to half-envious hatred. It is recorded of our Corrector that he was in the habit of carrying—besides a pocket full of catechisms and copies of the fourth commandment—a large damp sponge with which he methodically erased the number 45—Wilkes' notorious "North Briton" reprint—wherever he found it chalked on doors and shutters; using it also for "the destruction of those inscriptions offensive to decency and good morals which so frequently disgrace the walls of the metropolis."

We smile, of course. Yet it is, I think, a smile full of pity and quite without derision. And we glance back, not wholly unmoved perhaps, at that last scene in the poor lodging at Camden Passage which shows us the lifeless figure of the Corrector, still kneeling, hands clasped upon the chair at his morning devotions; the restless brain released at length from the long burthen of its self-appointed task, and the poor tired body freed from the frailty of the flesh and the haunting terror of the mad-house; swiftly and mercifully taken, without illness or decay, "in God's time, which is the best time."

RANELAGH NIGHTS.

Here all the Loves and all the Graces smile.
E'en pedant Learning smoothes her wrinkled brow,
E'en Johnson strains his neck and tries to bow.
. . . Meanwhile in Ranelagh behold a Fane
Which even the Thunderer might not disdain.
Here, night by night, thy Priests in mystic round
With weary footsteps print the hallow'd ground.
All ranks revolving in their several spheres,
Kings, Nobles, Commoners, and Irish Peers.
. . . And now no single fools for notice call,
For see that groupe, the epitome of all!
They first explained immortal Chatham's thesis,
"The more we owe, the more our wealth increases."
Compress the waist, the hips and breast extend
Till, like the hour-glass, swoll'n at either end,
The emblematic fair appears to chide
Our waste of time and minutes misapplied.
To them, sole arbiters of taste and wit,
Cooks, Antiquarians, Taylors, Bards submit.

—From "Ranelagh, A Poem," 1777.

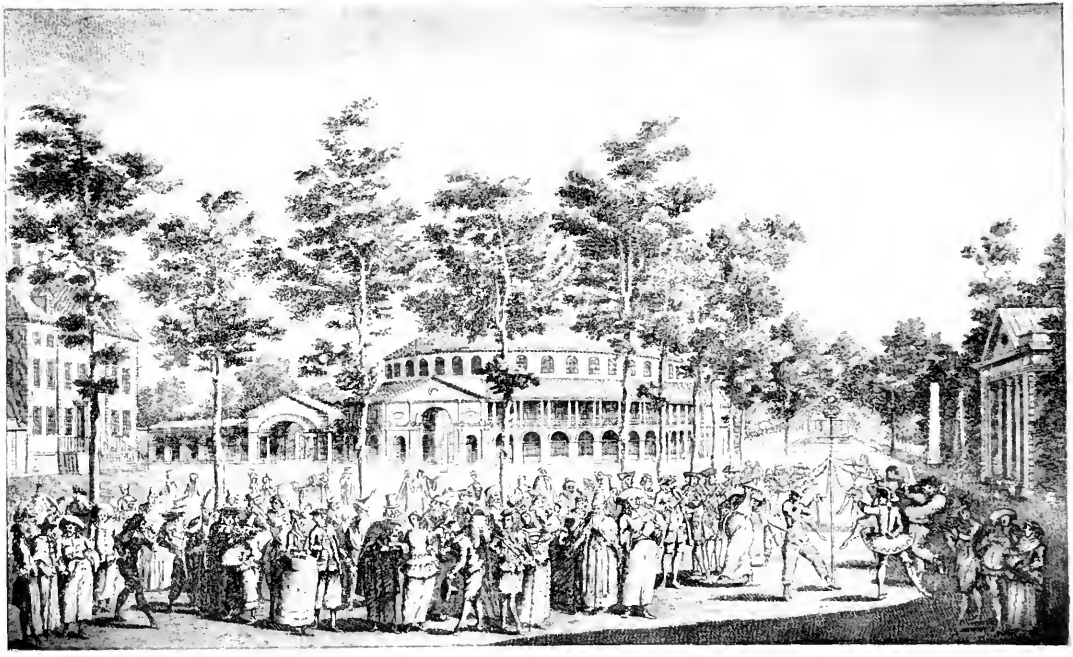
When I read about Ranelagh, I am always a little surprised that its vogue should have lasted, as it did, for over half a century.[1]

[1] Mr. Warwick Wroth, in his interesting account of the "London Pleasure Gardens," says "more than a hundred and

It was out of the town, and approached by a road notoriously unsafe, for which the proprietors had to maintain a nightly "Horse Patrole." Apart from the Rotunda, its inherent attractions were few, and its Gardens very formal and not very extensive. It was a fashionable and indeed made some efforts to be an exclusive resort; and one imagines fashion as essentially transient and fickle. Yet it survived, season after season, with varying fortunes but with considerable vitality, to the end of the eighteenth century; and was the scene of at least two bright entertainments in the nineteenth, before its portals were finally closed on 8th July, 1803. Such a record, in those days, when London was a much more definite city, when artificial light was primitive, moving about difficult and unsafe, and spectacular amusement limited in many ways, gives a special interest to the story of the Pleasure Gardens round London in general, and of Ranelagh, for me, in particular.

Descriptions of the place, more or less detailed and more or less flamboyant, are to be found in almost all the eighteenth century guides and surveys of London and its environs; one of the most circumstantial, perhaps, being in "The Ambulator

sixty years," but this is obviously a mistake. The Rotunda was built in 1741, and the place was closed in 1803, having been little visited during the previous ten years.



RANELAGH ROTUNDA AND GARDEN.
Jubilee Ball, May 24, 1759.

or the Stranger's Companion in a Tour Round London, 1774."

Views of the Gardens, of the Exterior and Interior of the Rotunda, of the Chinese House on the Canal and of the Company at Breakfast or Masquerade, are also plentiful, both plain and (all too gorgeously) coloured. Horace Walpole, Fanny Burney, Smollett, and other contemporaries have recorded or epitomised some of the great evenings at Ranelagh. The picture of the place, indeed, has been left to us in fullest outline by the pen and pencil of those who had often visited and could well depict and describe it ; but eighteenth century prints and documents, less readily available, add many details and characteristic touches which help to fill in the canvas with movement, colour, and reality ; and some of these it may be worth while to string together here by way of completing the delineament of a very famous place of pleasure.

With John Rocque's great Plan of London and Westminster in front of one the position of the Gardens is exactly located, and it seems clear that the only carriage road from town to Ranelagh, in 1761, was that which branched off from the main road to Pimlico from Hyde Park Corner, a little below the King's Private Road. This carriage way, with a hedge on one side and a bank and ditch on the other, traversed the Five Fields, that notorious

haunt of footpads and highwaymen, about on the line of the present Ebury Street, and proceeded by Five Fields Row and Jews Row to Chelsea Hospital, whence the river-side and Cheyne Walk were reached by Paradise Row. At Jews Row, an avenue leading off on the left, called Wilderness Row, brought you to the entrance to Ranelagh House, built for himself about 1690, by Lord Ranelagh, Paymaster-General of the Forces, conveniently close to the veteran's great hospital, where his offices were. It must have been a charming house, "not large but very convenient," all the rooms wainscoted with Norway oak, all the chimneys adorned with carvings, and the staircase with paintings by Noble. It was here that in August, 1715, Lord Ranelagh's daughter, Lady Catherine Jones, entertained George I. and a very distinguished river party, for whom Handel, with an orchestra of fifty in one of the City barges, conducted his exquisite "Water Music."

Apparently the upkeep, lighting, and protection of the Five Fields Road were left to the proprietors of Ranelagh ; and one may gather from the frequent mention in their advertisements of the Horse Patrole, the additional lamps provided, the repair of the road, etc., that getting to and from Ranelagh was occasionally an uncomfortable and rather risky undertaking ; whilst owing to the crowd of coaches and chairs, delays and dust were plentiful.

In later years, and in fine weather, the approach by barge or wherry to Ranelagh steps at the bottom of the Gardens, must have been infinitely pleasanter, and was largely made use of; and the more so, perhaps, as the Patrole itself appears, on occasion, to have been much more liberal in its potations than was in accord with good guidance.

The road-entrance was through Ranelagh House, and down some steps into the Garden; but for wet weather a covered corridor was constructed from the house to the Rotunda portico, which could thus be reached, dry shod.

Admission prices varied from a shilling, during the day-time, to two guineas for the masquerade tickets; but the usual charge was half a crown, which included tea or coffee, rolls and butter; and on ordinary nights these seem to have been the only refreshment available.

The Rotunda has been compared to the Pantheon at Rome, the Albert Hall, and the British Museum Reading Room; but what, of course, differentiated it from any of these was the great central octagonal group of the roof-supporting columns, in which the orchestra was at first housed, but which was afterwards converted into a huge four-faced fireplace—a very welcome institution for wet and chilly evenings, or at the Ranelagh Breakfasts, when, in early spring, "a hot blazing red cloth bench by the fire" was the coveted place.

Entering from the dimly lighted corridor, one can imagine that the first glimpse of the Rotunda was memorable, on one of its gala nights. Lighted by a thousand wax candles suspended in bell chandeliers from the ceiling, warmed by the mighty central brazier, echoing to the music of Festing's orchestra, or the noisier interludes of the "Horns and Drums," the great circular area bore its revolving crowd of gay humanity, swishing endlessly to and fro over the rush-matted floor, and surrounded by groups and festive supper parties filling the fifty-two encircling boxes—each of which had its door giving direct access to the Gardens—perhaps even overflowing into the corresponding tier above, which was reached by stairways from the four porticoes.

In these great pillared entrances the flower girls used to congregate and proffer to the gentlemen "a gift for your fair"; and some one has recounted the consternation of a wealthy but not extravagant Nabob, who, arriving with some ladies, gave a girl sixpence for three roses, and was greeted by "God bless your honour, they are half a crown a piece at this season!"

Refreshments obtainable in the Rotunda varied according to the scale of the evening's entertainment. Tea and coffee, rolls and butter were always procurable, and were, I think, as a rule included in the price of the admission ticket; whilst on more

ceremonious occasions according to the advertisements: "The Company are desired to come early. The doors will be opened at six. The Amphitheatre will be lighted with Wax. There will be Horse Patrole and additional Lights on the Road. The best French and other Wines with variety of Sweetmeats are provided for the Sideboard and Beaufets, which will be opened at eleven and shut up at two."

The concerts at Ranelagh, with a garden promenade to the accompaniment of horns and clarinets "between the Acts," were the standing entertainment of the place. In the earlier years they took place at noon, in conjunction with public breakfastings; but these were prohibited by the magistrates as tending to seduce the city apprentices from their counting houses; and the evening hours of 6.30 or 7 o'clock thereafter adopted.

The elegant and vivacious Dr. Burney, who did not himself disdain to take the post of organist at Ranelagh, speaks of Festing as a popular and successful conductor, though himself a poor musician, and mentions Caporale the 'cellist and other leaders of the orchestra.

Arne's pastoral, "Acis and Galatea," and Thornton's burlesque, "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," a skit on certain foreign music, which won Dr. Johnson's approval, were given at special performances; Handel composed music for the fireworks; Mozart, at the age of eight, played his own compositions here on

harpsichord and organ ; and "Comus' Court," the "Ephesian Matron," and the "Recruiting Sergeant" were popular performances. Tenducci, Dibdin, and Beard were among the principal singers ; and we find many of Mr. Beard's favourite Ranelagh ballads printed, with their music, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and other periodicals ; "Fair Hebe," "Hobbinol," "Maiden of Twenty," "Sing Tantararara, Masks all," and similarly appropriate ditties, which had been "received with great applause."

I had always regarded the industrious author of the "History of Music," Fanny Burney's father, as a respected and amiable professor, and the composer of some esteemed Church Music, who sold his daughter to Queen Charlotte for £200 a year ; and I confess it was with something of a shock that I discovered him orchestrating the burlesque Ode for "the salt-box, marrow bones, cleavers, hum-strum, hurdy-gurdy" and other obscure and unusual instruments ; but Mr. Beard made a great success of the salt-box song ; "while Skeggs played on the broomstick as bassoon," thus adding to the gaiety of nations and even diverting Samuel Johnson, for whom Ranelagh provided "an expansion and gay sensation never experienced anywhere else."

So far it must be conceded that our entertainment is, at least, harmless enough ; and indeed Ranelagh, on its programme, never presented any-

thing which could have alarmed an Evelina; who, indeed, voted it dull.

But Fashion having adopted the place as her pet resort, it became necessary for her votaries as well as her leaders to see and be seen there; and it was hardly to be supposed that the young bucks and bloods of the day would be indefinitely satisfied with Mr. Beard's romantic ballads, or even with orchestral antics upon the salt-box and the humstrum. Their high spirits were irrepressible, and found vent in ogling the ladies, in poking their inquisitive noses under every bonnet, and in chaffing the worthy citizens, whose wives insisted on their wearing swords, but who did not know how to carry them in a crowd.

I was reading Lord Monson's memoir of George Elers the other day, and came across a typical Ranelagh incident, recorded by Elers of a military friend who was evidently eighteenth century "hot stuff," to use appropriate twentieth century diction.

Aston, he tells us, was walking one evening in the Rotunda with some men of fashion, when they met FitzGerald, whose accent and queer, unfashionable appearance caught the mischievous eye of Aston. The latter bowed low to him each time they met, inquiring with much solicitude how he left all his friends in Ireland. The Irishman, nonplussed, stopped and stared, declaring upon his conscience that he had never set eyes on this gentleman

before ; upon which his companions enlightened him that he was being quizzed by Harvey Aston.

FitzGerald, naturally enraged, became "saucy," and showed fight ; whereupon Aston gave him a most dreadful beating, and finally held him aloft towards the lights for inspection, and remarked that "he would do." The big Irishman of course called him out ; and in the ensuing duel shot Aston through both cheeks, carrying away one of his double teeth ; upon which he facetiously observed that "now *he* would do."

Another unrehearsed episode occurred on the evening of 6th May, 1752, and was the subject of two clever cartoons, "A Night Scene at Ranelagh" and "Le Malade Imaginaire," which adorn my Chelsea portfolio. That prolific charlatan, Dr. John Hill, who was inclined to call himself Sir John—the clever quack who attacked Fielding, Garrick, and others, and was the subject of Christopher Stuart's "Hilliad"—underwent a caning in the Rotunda at the hands of another Irishman named Brown whom he afterwards sued for damages. The eminent physicians called in appear to have been unable to discover any damages, save possibly to his professional reputation, if he had any ; which Garrick's epigram would incline us to doubt :—

> For physic and farces his equal there scarce is,
> His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.

A NIGHT SCENE AT RANELAGH.

Sir John Hill caned.

Horace Walpole, who was of course a frequent visitor, writes from Chelsea in July, 1742: "I carried Sir Robert the other night to Ranelagh for the first time—my uncle's prudence or fear would never let him go before. It was pretty full, and all its fulness flocked round us; we walked with a train at our heels like two chairmen going to fight, but they were extremely civil and did not say the least impertinence. I think he grows popular already."

Apart from occasional and unexpected little incidents such as these, or a lively fracas among the flunkeys and gentlemen's gentlemen who hung about the porticoes (till a separate "amphitheatre" was allotted for their use), it is to be confessed that ordinary Ranelagh nights were inclined to be dull, and that a good many of its visitors, besides Evelina and Captain Mirvan, had the temerity to say so.

We English, I suppose, entertain ourselves, as the Scots are said to joke, "wi' deeficulty". Climate, British phlegm, abhorrence of abandon, class intolerance, innate objection to making fools of ourselves, except in liquor, obstinate reluctance to letting ourselves go—all these things are apt to dash the success of alfresco amusement; and the roofed Rotunda, intended to obviate some at least of our insular drawbacks, was voted too hot or too cold, too stuffy or too round, and only served to "put the lid on" its patrons' boredom.

Foreign visitors, of course, were relentlessly dragged to these celebrated Pleasure Gardens, to be shown how gay and frolicsome we British could be; and they have not failed to render faithful account—when they had politely suppressed their yawns.

Monsieur Monnet, writing in 1749, says, for instance: "Renelagh, Vauxhall, Maribone; on s'ennuie dans le premier avec de la mauvaise musique, du thé et du beurre; dans le second on s'enrhume; dans le dernier on s'enivre et on s'endoit."

Others made unkind references to "the eternal circle, following one another's tails like asses in a mill"; to Dante's purgatory; to the Bread and Butter Manufactory; to the hot water called tea, and the scarcity of an advertised supper.

But here I may as well transcribe from another French contemporary chronicler, an impression that has at least made an effort to be honestly appreciative, though it ends upon a note of rather chilly candour:—

"We had no sooner quitted the Park but we found ourselves in a road full of people, illuminated with lamps on each side. The Dust was the only inconvenience, but in half an hour we found ourselves at a Gate where Money was demanded, and paid, for our admittance; and immediately my eyes were struck with a large building of an orbicular figure, with a row of windows round the attic story,

through which it seemed to be liberally illuminated within; and altogether presented to the eye such an image as a man of a whimsical imagination would not scruple to call a Giant's Lanthorn.

"Into this enchanted Place we entered with more haste than ceremony; and at the first glance I, for my part, found myself dumb with surprize and astonishment, in the middle of a vast Amphitheatre; for structure Roman, for decorations of paint and gildings, gay as the Asiatic; four grand portals in the manner of the ancient arches, and four times twelve boxes in a double row, with suitable pilasters between, form the whole interior of this wonderful fabrick; save that, in the middle a magnificent Orchestre arises to the roof; from which depend several large branches which contain a great number of candles, enclosed in chrystal glasses at once to light and adorn this spacious rotund.

"Groupes of well-dressed persons were dispersed in the boxes; numbers covered the area; all manner of refreshments were within call; and Music of all kinds echoed, tho' not intelligibly, from every one of those elegant retreats, whither Pleasure seemed to beckon her wanton followers. . . .

"I have acknowledged myself charm'd at my entrance; you will wonder therefore when I tell you that satiety followed; in five minutes I was familiar

with the whole and every part, in the five next, indifference took place, in five more my eyes grew dazzled, my head grew giddy, and all night I dreamed of *Vanity Fair*."

And that little note of unsatisfied expectation, bordering on boredom, is audible again and again in the rather perfunctory gaiety of the records of Ranelagh. Cremorne Gardens—Chelsea's nineteenth century effort in the same direction—never aspired to be fashionable in the Ranelean sense. It was a much more vulgar resort, and in consequence, at its best, much jollier.

There would seem to have been a certain amount of more or less impromptu dancing during the regular Ranelagh evenings. So, at least, one gathers from the following reminiscences of the Gardens included by Robert Gleig, the chaplain of the Royal Hospital and author of "The Subaltern," in his book on the "Traditions of Chelsea College":—

"An evening at Ranelagh was accounted by the noblest and the fairest of England's sons and daughters one of the most agreeable interludes in a life, whether of business or pleasure. . . . Drawn round a stack of solid chimneys, which formed a centre to the pile, and in some degree supported it, the Rotunda was distributed internally, into two circles, both of them filled up with boxes, on either side of a broad avenue; and both exhibiting, at measured

intervals, their orchestras for the accommodation of musicians; for music and dancing were the sports of the hour, of which the latter was pursued exclusively within an open space round which the inner circle ran; where, gazed at by crowds of well-dressed people of all ranks, the beau and belle of their day showed off their graceful figures in a minuet. Meanwhile, serenaded by a dozen bands, groups of pedestrians promenaded round and round each charmed ring till the sound of a bell gave notice that some favourite singer was about to perform; or weariness, or the recognition of friends in one of the side boxes, drew them away to some new and more agreeable occupation. Neither were such as preferred the cool airs of heaven to the heated atmosphere of the Rotunda without their resources. From the branches of the trees that shaded every walk, festoons of coloured lamps hung down; and beneath their canopy, bright eyes made answer to the tale which is seldom told with more effect than in the intervals of music and dancing. . . .

"The hour of assembly was from eight to nine o'clock, that of departure about eleven or twelve, while land and water alike furnished a highway to such as made 'Pleasure's Temple' their point of attraction. They, whose habits induced them to adhere to the solid earth, passed from Piccadilly or St. James' Park through open fields, and were set

down, opposite to the Chelsea Bun House, before a fine old Elizabethan mansion of which not a fragment now (1837) remains. . . .

"Meanwhile the bosom of the Thames was covered with barges and wherries, all of them laden with the most distinguished fashionables of the day; and all steering their course from Westminster-stairs, the ordinary point of embarkation, to a quay or landing place below the Rotunda, to which an avenue of sycamores communicated. The avenue still remains, but both Rotunda and quay are gone, and with them habits of life which, whether for good or for evil, brought the higher classes more frequently than they come now into contact, during their hours of relaxation and amusement, with the classes beneath them."

Opinions varied as to the effect of this democratic melange. Rogers' description suggests a somewhat depressing sobriety in which "persons of inferior rank mingled with the nobility, and were so quiet that you could hear the whish of the ladies' dresses as they walked round the Rotunda."

But from other accounts it is pretty evident that such decorous dulness was by no means invariable, and that at later hours, when "burgundy and champaign" had encouraged the "military sparks and city coxcombs," much livelier scenes might be witnessed. "Nymphs in loose and antick robes," and forward young ladies with "cocked

hat and the masculine air" would, "Amazon like, attack their gallants"; and frolics ensued in which, as Fanny Burney records of Vauxhall, "there is such squealing and squalling, and all the lamps are broke, and all the women run scimper scamper."

Walpole says of Ranelagh and Vauxhall that "one produces scandal and t'other a drunken quarrel"; and in his vivacious account of the Venetian Fête in 1749 he wickedly remarks, "when you entered you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*."

The entertainments, however, for which Ranelagh became distinctively famous, and with which its name will always be associated, were the Ridottos, Bals Parés, or Masquerades, as they were successively entitled; and the attraction of these was, of course, the freedom and anonymity supposed to be conferred by the wearing of masks and fancy dress.

The programmes, hours, and details of these evenings varied more or less from season to season, but the main features—plentiful music, lavish illumination, droll costumes, a liberal supper solid and liquid, a little dancing, some songs, and a good deal of promiscuous flirtation, "quizzing," and mild buffoonery—remained much the same, year after year; and the following not altogether uncritical account of one which took place in

June, 1776, extracted from the "Town and Country Magazine" of the following month, may serve as a sample of many descriptions, more or less similar, to be found in the journals of the period.

"As the masquerade ball given at Ranelagh by the clubs at the Savoir Vivre, Almack's, Boodle's, Saunderson's, and the Thatched House (June 14) was quite out of the common road, I have sent you the following intelligence upon that head."

After a long list of the notabilities present, which included the Dukes and Duchesses of Cumberland, Devonshire, Manchester, and Gordon, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lord Lyttelton, Lord and Lady Grosvenor, Lord George Gordon, etc., etc., and about 1600 masks, the account proceeds :—

"The same gentlemen managed this masquerade as were the marshals of the Regatta last summer, and as there were many objections to the entertainment of that evening, they had evidently taken infinite pains to afford perfect satisfaction on Friday. As soon as the Company entered they were conducted through the garden to a covered colonade extending from the beginning of the canal to the extremity of it ; the pillars of which were transparent, and the enclosed side ornamented with looking glasses. This erection cost the managers one thousand pounds, and they were doubtless led to imagine it would

express grandeur, while it afforded accommodation to those who chose either to walk or dance. Their imagination, however, much deceived them ; the erection, for want of an opposite of equal size, on the other side of the canal, was awkward and ungraceful in point of external effect ; from its narrowness it was inconvenient, and there was little or no room for dancing ; and from the dimness of the light shot through the transparent columns it resembled a long lane of darkness visible.

"After the various masks had played at Will o' the Wisp in this comfortless colonade for two hours, the doors of the rotunda were thrown open ; the company were all assembled in about twenty minutes, and when the tables were filled the whole, from the upper boxes, exhibited one of the grandest spectacles that can possibly be imagined. The organ loft resembled a beautiful greenhouse, emitting the most fragrant odours from a numerous collection of myrtles, orange trees, and other exotics. The sides of the rotunda were handsomely illuminated, and the orchestra was filled with an excellent band of music, who played different tunes during supper ; in one of the balconies also was placed a band of kettledrums and trumpets, with some men playing upon Turkish cymbals, instruments resembling a brace of brass saucepan covers, and which made a most harsh and disagreeable

noise. On the ground floor stood a triple circular range of tables very elegantly and plentifully covered with almost every eatable now in season, and various sorts of confectionary, all of them exceeding good except the jellies, which tasted as if they had been made in an untinned stewpan. There were fruits of different kinds, and in order to have good wine there lay upon each table several engraved cards intimating what liquors were to be had, and that Mr. David Grant of Hatton Street served the Madeira, Port, Lisbon, Claret, Burgundy, and Champaign, and Monsieur de la Tour, the old Hock.

"It must be acknowledged even on this occasion that the evening exhibited a scene of splendid dulness rather than brilliant wit or genuine humour. There were very few characters, and those not extraordinarily well supported. The most remarkable was Sir Moses Sampson, a Jew broker in a ribbon and star, who wore a large oilskin bag on which his money-lending profession was described in letters of gold."

Then follow descriptions of various other characters, with copies of the verses they handed about; these included a fat butcher, a German officer, a Zummersetshire tike, who had something to say, either sense or nonsense, to every person present; three witches; an Irish friar, a Billy Barton; a French hairdresser; a female

Teddy-doll; a maccaroni harlequin, a mungo, a milkmaid, several haymakers, a great number of flower and fruit girls, but not one sailor.

"About half after one, several persons got admittance by stealth, and came in different shapes, some disguised in dirty shirts and others totally undisguised, till they speedily disguised themselves in liquor. This sort of semblance several of the female votaries to Venus made a shift to assume before they went;—by the bye the managers should have kept out these ladies, and not suffered them to slur their entertainment by their dissolute and shameless behaviour.

"The ticket was a whole-length figure of Venus rising out of the sea, ornamented with two cupids archly looking at each other through a couple of grotesque masks. The drawing was by Cipriani, the engraving Bartolozzi's. . . . A band of 20 country dance players in masquerade were placed in the transparent temple."

From this and from many other accounts of, and allusions to, the Ranelagh Masquerades, one gathers that they, at least, were distinguished by a "certain liveliness."

Costumes made up in extravagant latitude what they may have lacked in longitude. The lovely Elizabeth Chudleigh is said to have appeared as Iphigenia, and to have lost, in the course of what Mrs. Carter called a "tumultury" evening, most,

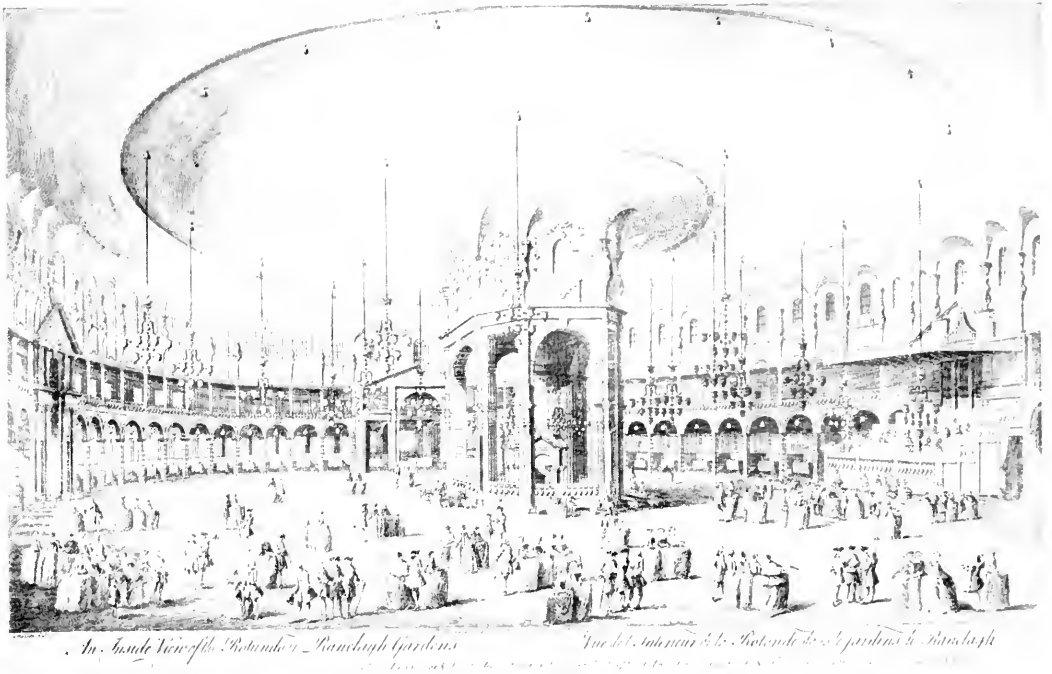
if not all, of the sacrificial garment in which she began it. The licence of the mask claimed unrestricted privilege. "The Rambler,"[1] challenged by his Flirtilla to write in vindication of masquerades, describes them as "an entertainment, which in an instant gives confidence to the timorous, and kindles ardour in the cold; an entertainment where the vigilance of jealousy has so often been eluded, and the virgin is set free from the necessity of languishing in silence; where all the out-works of chastity are at once demolished; where the heart is laid open without a blush; where bashfulness may survive virtue, and no wish is crushed under the frown of modesty. Far weaker influence than Flirtilla's might gain over an advocate for such amusements."

It is hardly to be imagined that "such goings on" could continue without serious perturbation of Mrs. Grundy's dovecotes, and indeed without considerable protests, civil and religious.

Bishops inhibited, parsons preached scathing sermons, grand juries made annual presentments, serious folk held up deploring hands.

Yet we find excellent and highly respectable good people like Samuel Rogers, Mrs. Montagu, Lyttelton, Mrs. Carter, and Dr. Burney—to say nothing of Royalties, Dukes, Duchesses, and Horace Walpole, and all the leaders of society,

[1] No. 10.



INSIDE THE RANELAGH ROTUNDA, 1751.

going to the Rotunda again and again, and writing amusing accounts of their visits. At Ranelagh, I suppose, as at other famous places, one was apt to find what one went to look for.

Amongst the most interesting relics of this (rather futile, it is to be feared) outburst of outraged respectability, are two scarce tracts which I chanced to pick up a few years ago, but which I have never since come across or seen quoted.

The first of these which is not, I think, in the British Museum, is entitled "Jubilee Masquerade Balls at Ranelagh Gardens, a Bad Return for The Merciful Deliverance from the late Earthquakes," and was printed for W. Owen at Homer's Head, near Temple Bar, 1750.

It contains a Presentment of the Grand Jury of Middlesex in 1729, to the Court of King's Bench, against the masquerade (following a previous one presented in 1722-3 denouncing Ridottos as Common Nuisances to the Public and miseries of Lewdness, Extravagancies, and Immorality) "which will if not seasonably prevented, as it has already very much debauched, in a short time absolutely ruin his Majesty's best Subjects."

After this come extracts from a sermon and letter of the Bishop of London, who protests that the masquerades "rob virtue of its last refuge, Shame," and have turned Lent "which was appointed for serious reflections and Humiliation of Body and

Spirit, into a time of Mirth and Jollity, of Music, Dancing, and Riotous Living."

Next follows a copy of the peccant Ranelagh poster :—

"BY PARTICULAR DESIRE.

"THE BALL that was intended to be at Ranelagh-House Yesterday, is put off till Wednesday next, the 25th Instant: Which will be after the Venetian Manner, In the Day-time, With much greater Variety than was at the last Jubilee.

The Doors and Sideboards for Tea and Coffee open at Four o'Clock, the other Sideboards open at Seven, and shut up at Eleven.

Tickets will be delivered on Monday next, at White's Chocolate-House, St. James's-street, at Ranelagh House, and no-where else,

At One Guinea each.

No Person admitted but in Habits.

A sufficient Guard will be within and without the House and Gardens, to prevent all disorders and Indecencies, and to oblige Persons guilty immediately to quit the Place.

A proper Guard will be likewise on the Roads.

Note, Tis chang'd to the above Day, on account of the Rehearsal at St. Paul's for the Sons of the Clergy, being on Tuesday the 24th Instant.

"Some zealous Person" (the pamphleteer proceeds), "warm'd I presume, against this Insolence, so soon after a Deliverance from a Judgment that might have destroyed these Two Cities in a few Moments, printed and posted up the following Paper upon the Churches in London and Westminster, and sent them to many Persons of Distinction in Church and State; a Copy of which follows:—

"Whereas a most impudent Advertisement has been printed in the Daily Papers, tending to the dishonour of God, and a Scandal to these Two Cities (which have been so lately threatened with deserved Destruction by the Great Governor of the World); viz.

'That a Jubilee-Masquerade-Ball,
in the Venetian Dress, on Tuesday next,
in Easter Week, will be exhibited, in the
Face of the Sun, with New Improvements,
at Ranelagh Gardens, in the Italian Manner.'

"We are assured, that all People, who have any sense left of Religion, or common Decency, are fully determined to shew their Abhorrence and Detestation, in the most public manner, against All that are audacious enough to presume to go to such an illegal and Wicked Assembly: And, tho' they may imagine themselves concealed by being Mask'd, proper care will be taken to oblige them to shew their Faces; and then their Names,

and Places of Abode, will be publicly exposed to the World.

"*N.B.*—Masquerades are against the Black Act, and were presented in the King's Reign by the Grand Jury of Middlesex, composed of Gentlemen of the Greatest Worth and Dignity.

"It is not to be presumed, that the Governor of Chelsea College, or any of his Majesty's Forces, will be suffered to protect Persons going to or returning from an illegal Assembly: And it is expected that the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, assisted by the Justices of Peace, and their Civil Officers will attend in the Roads leading to Ranelagh Gardens, to keep the Peace of the City of Westminster; and to seize or disperse, all Persons that shall be found going in MASKS, and bring them to such Punishment as the Law in that Case directs.

"And at the same time this public Notice is given to all Persons, of whatsoever Rank or Quality, who shall hereafter, in Defiance of the Laws of God and their Country, presume to play at any Game on the Lord's Day (which the God of Heaven has commanded to be kept holy, and for the Profanation of which so many Judgments were inflicted on the Jewish Nation), will have their Names, and Places of Abode, printed, and posted up in all Public Places in London and Westminster.

"*N.B.*—If such Wickednesses are permitted, the

next Shock of an Earthquake may well be dreaded. Let all Hands unite (as the Bishop of London advises) to Stem the Torrent of Wickedness, and put some Stop to the glaring Impieties hitherto committed with Impunity.

"It is therefore proper to warn all Persons that have any common Decency or Regard for themselves left, not to venture to go to Ranelagh Gardens that Day, lest in their Way to it they may meet with a Treatment they little expect; for though I am, and always shall be, an Enemy to Riots and Commotions of any kind, yet I will not be answerable for the Resentment of the lower kind of People, which no Guards ought to protect them from: And when these Offenders in Masquerade are unmasked, examined, and sent Home again; the Mob (as it will be called) will soon disperse. Sure the Invalids of Chelsea Hospital may be better employed than in guarding the Roads upon that occasion.—What the Advertisement means by assuring the Masks, that they shall be safely guarded to and from Ranelagh Gardens I cannot conceive: It is very audacious and assuming, and I will venture to say, This is a Promise they cannot perform.—Humanity has led me to give this Notice to many unwary young People of both Sexes, who may be led by a foolish Fashion, to venture being put into a Fright, that may be fatal to their tender Constitutions, and the Consequences of which they will not easily forget."

The other pamphlet is headed "The Ranelean Religion, displayed in a Letter from a Hottentot of Distinction now in London to his friend at the Cape of Good Hope. Printed for W. Webb, near Temple Bar, 1750," and is a most satirical and shocking indictment, from which, as a curiosity of ephemeral literature, I may be excused for quoting at some length.

The Hottentot, addressing his friend, from London, says "there are as many Religions as faces there, but two in particular seem to divide the Nation, one being the old one called Christianity, for which in reality nobody cares a rush; its Temples are empty, Dust and Cobwebs overrun their walls; and its votaries, sick of contending over its Rites, seem now determined to forget it, in favour of the new Worship of Pleasure."

This new Cult strikes the Hottentot as so gay, so jovial and grand, that he is "convinced it will ravish the heart of his great Emperor. Its Professors are so sincere and virtuous that they spend all their time in its Temples; and their worship consists in feasting, dancing, singing, and playing upon all manner of instruments; and solacing freely with the finest willingest and kindest women in the world.

"Their chief Temples are Ranelagh (from whence the Sect takes their Names), Vaux-Hall, Mary le Bon, Cuper's, Sadler's Wells, etc. There are fine

THE RANELAGH REGATTA BALL TICKET, 1775.

Groves and Temples dedicated to this jovial God and illuminated where dark with a meriad of Lamps and Tapers, so that you would think thyself in Paradice."

The Distinguished Hottentot encloses for his friend's enlightenment a true copy of their Book of Rites and Ceremonies, for presentation to their august Hottentot Emperor; and this forms the remainder of the pamphlet.

It begins with a recital of "Reasons for abolishing Christianity; Altering the Liturgy of the Church of England, and substituting the Religion and Liturgy of the new reform'd Church of Ranelagh."

"Whereas, so far back as the Reign of King Edward the Sixth of glorious memory an uniform order of Common Prayer and of Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England was established by Act of Parliament. . . . And Whereas experience hath taught us in so long a period of time that the said religion and Book of Common Prayer hath been so far from producing the effects proposed by their Institution that it is manifest to all the world that the practice of the said Religion hath been totally forgot. . . . And Whereas by long experience and practice we have found the Religion of Ranelagh and the worship of the God *Pleasure*, much more easy to practise and much more agreeable to the general sense of the polite

world. . . . Therefore we, the Priests, Proselytes, Clergy, Musicians, and general body of the Laity of the Church of Ranelagh do by our own authority make null void and of none effect the said obsolete religion, and have substituted in its place the Religion of Ranelagh, and the Ritual hereunto annexed."

The preamble proceeds to appoint the revenues of the Old Churches for the maintenance of the new Priests and Priestesses, Poets, Songsters, Musicians, Tumblers, Merry Andrews, Players, and other the holy officers in the Temple of Ranelagh, providing always that such existing Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests as are willing to qualify themselves for service in the Temple of our jolly deity may be preferred to such offices, *cæteris paribus*, before other candidates!

"The Order for Evening Prayer, Daily throughout the Summer Season," which follows, is an outrageous full-length parody of the Prayer Book version; in which Power, Riches, and Pleasure are substituted for the Trinity; and the Sentences, Confession, Absolution, Creed, Collects, Litany, and Prayers are all adapted to their worship.

A few samples will be enough to indicate the quality of what—considering that it is presumably put forth in defence of true religion and virtue—is a somewhat amazing satire; and I cite some extracts from them here as an indication of the

lengths and depths to which religious zeal (for one can hardly impute any other motive to its anonymous author) was prepared to descend in its onslaught upon the leading Pleasure Garden of the day.

"*Sentences.* When the wise man turneth away from his own Interest, and the man of Pleasure forgetteth the delight of his soul, say unto thyself that miracles are not ceas'd, and let the people fear and tremble, even as with the shock of an earthquake.

"Dearly beloved Brethren, Pleasure whom we worship moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess the manifold obligations we owe to his power. Etc.

"*General Confession.* O mighty and most bewitching Pleasure, we have err'd and stray'd from thy ways like lost sheep; we have followed too much the devices and desires of our consciences, and have been deluded by our Fathers and Mothers; we have offended against thy pious laws; and there is no Health in us, but all is Paint patches and hypocrisy. . . . Etc.

"*Absolution.* Almighty riches, father of our Idol Pleasure, who taketh no delight in the melancholy of his votaries and hath given power and commandment to his ministers to cheer the hearts of his People, being impenitent, with the sprightly sound of our instruments. . . . Etc.

"*Prayers.* Give us wealth sufficient to defray the expenses of our daily Pleasures; let our debts be paid unto us better than we pay those to whom we are indebted: lead us not into Poverty, but deliver us from all Duns of Men and Conscience. . . . Etc.

"Lighten, we beseech thee, the dark lanes leading from thy Temple; protect us from ditches, robberies, and pickpockets, and all other perils and dangers of the night, for the love of mirth and Pleasure for whose sake we daily expose ourselves. . . . Etc."

The Creed of the Raneleans is really too impious for quotation.

The Litany prays, *inter alia*, "From all Piety and Understanding; from the assaults of a Conscience and from Court Disgrace; from Knowledge and Humility, Humanity and the plague of a charitable disposition; from Chastity and frozen virtue; from false cards, impotence, and contrition. *Libera nos Domine.*

"That it may please thee to establish thy jolly religion, to tolerate our assemblies, and wink at our breach of the laws; to preserve our youth and beauty and fine cloaths, to endow us with a nice palate, a good ear, and just taste for the Pleasures of this age, and to forgive us all our prayers; *we beseech thee to hear us.* Etc."

The ten Ranelean Commandments, rehearsed by the Priest standing aloft in the orchestra, enjoin

upon the worshipper that he shall deck himself, his son and his daughter, in gorgeous apparel; shall swear vainly, to fill up the gaps in polite conversation; that he shall keep the Sabbath as becomes a man of fashion, eat, sleep, slander, and play cards; shall honour his father and mother so that they may give him plenty of the good things of this life; shall do no murder except for a trifle, and when his honour calls on him to fight a duel; shall not steal trifles, but only things of value that may be a comfort in time of need; and shall not be ashamed to covet his neighbour's house, his place or post, his wife, his maid, or anything that is his, provided it seem goodly, for it is written: thou shalt love thyself.

The Commandments duly rehearsed,

"The Priest, Priestess, Choristers, and the players upon Instruments shall play the Anthem; for example:—

> Let us drink and be merry, Dance, joke and rejoice
> With claret and sherry, Theorbo and Voice, etc., etc.

and then read a lesson from the new Book called 'Tom Jones,' or in that called 'The History of Mr. Lovell,' or in any other approved canonical book; and sing songs in praise of Beauty, except on such days as the Ordinary shall appoint a Ball or Masquerade which shall begin at this part of the Service." At that one may well take leave of this

strange ebullition of outraged propriety, only wondering whether the taste of the Ranelagh habitués could really have been much more vicious than that which in such a cause could find it possible to parody a Service, the beauty and associations of which alone might have been imagined to protect it from such profanity.

Of the wickednesses of Ranelagh it would, of course, be the idlest prudery to avoid mention, seeing how unblushingly they were canvassed in contemporary writings; but one may try and strike some sort of balance between Lydia Melford, who found herself "in Paradise" there, and Asmodeo, who thought it could give points to Hell; between Dr. Johnson, who found it a place of innocent recreation, and George Selwyn, who on hearing that one of the waiters had been committed to prison, reflected on "the horrid idea he'll give of us to those fellows in Newgate."

In "Ranelagh House, A Satire in Prose in the manner of Le Sage," to whose shade it is dedicated (1747) we have Asmodeo of "Le Diable Boiteux" conducting Philomides, a gentleman of sprightly wit, to the Gallery of the Rotunda, and giving him a racy description of a few of the principal characters promenading below; in which, of course, the society scandals of the moment are satirically disclosed. At the close of this running chronicle, Heidegger, the manager of the Mas-

THE RANELAGH REGATTA BALL TICKET.
First Design.

querades, is described as "a Devil disguised in a human shape. I wonder he did not change his face as well as the rest of his body, but that still retains its primitive Diabolicalness. He is called *Belial* in Hell, and is one of the shrewdest of Philo's subjects. It is reckon'd that he has been more successful in corrupting mankind than any Devil that ever appeared upon earth to do mischief."

Like other public resorts Ranelagh became, undoubtedly, a place of assignation, and was frequented openly by the assignors and assignees of either sex; but though by no means always successfully, the authorities seem to have made efforts to maintain decorous behaviour, and to keep out offensively disreputable characters. Further than this it would be inadvisable to go, and the more so in face of another rather remarkable pamphlet which I came across, the other day, in the British Museum Library. It is entitled "Dame Ranelagh's Remonstrance in behalf of herself and her sisters, humbly addressed to the G—d J—y of the C—y of M—x, 1750." This precious document rehearses in detail the various charges made against Ranelagh for offences against public morality; including the final indictment "that our Jubilee Masquerade, which has drawn down your indignation on us, was a hanging out the flag for a general expedition in favour of cuckoldom"; and then takes one's

breath away by fully and frankly *admitting them all!*

This ingenuous and disarming avowal is followed up by various pleas in extenuation of sentence; to the effect that some such institutions were "necessary evils" in all great cities; that their very publicity was a safeguard; that their existence tended to preserve the homes of the metropolis from "the invasion of cuckold makers"; and that they also served to clear the churches of those nuisances who only went there to see and to be seen. "The churches are now become unnecessary," this apologist has the effrontery to plead, "and they have no occasion to appear there above once a quarter, just to show a new suit of cloaths, or now and then on a Sunday—when they don't take physic—for the amusement of laughing at the parson, or such of their sober neighbours as they can't have an opportunity of pulling to pieces elsewhere." Places such as Ranelagh also have their value "as a sea chart, to warn youth of the rocks and eddies 'mid which they sail towards matrimony."

Even the mask has its good point "not for pretending to hide blushes, but to conceal the inability to blush"; an aspect which really renders hypocrisy laudable and "much to be recommended to the politicians"! This rather ingenious and diverting little tract, which makes a bold attempt

to carry the war into the enemy's country, is signed "Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Marybone, etc., etc.," and with it we may very well leave this phase of our subject.

Mr. Wroth, in his interesting records of the London Pleasure Gardens, has collected many particulars of the Ranelagh Concerts, Balls, and Masquerades; and to his pages, and Mr. Beaver's and other Chelsea Memorials, inquiring readers must be referred for details of the Jubilee Masquerade of 1749, which Horace Walpole pronounced "the best understood and prettiest spectacle I ever saw"; of the Ridotto of 1769, with its Sea-horse stuck full of lamps, floating on the canal, its nymphs and illuminations and unforthcoming supper; of the Regatta Ball of 1775, when the Thames became a floating fair, with spectators numbered by the hundred thousand, and Mrs. Cornelys' seven hundred guinea supper again failed to realise expectations, but a band of 240 instrumentalists made the Rotunda re-echo to their strains; of the great Mount Etna exhibitions of 1792, when the crater poured forth dreadful lava to the accompaniment of "a compilation of Gluck, Haydn, Giardini, and Handel"; and of the two elegant and final dances given there, in 1802 by Boodle's, and in 1803, in commemoration of the Knights of the Bath Installation.

But before closing these discursive jottings we

ought to leave for a few moments the somewhat jaded atmosphere of the Rotunda, in which we have lingered too long, and breathe the fresh air of the Gardens and the river-side below.

Making our exit by the western portico, one entered an avenue of lime-trees, and found, on one's right, the temple of Neptune, "an octagon kind of building lined with striped linen of the different coloured flags of the Navy, with light pillars near the centre, ornamented with streamers of the same kind, and lustres hanging between each"; which was used for dancing on masquerade nights. Passing down the avenue, one reached the canal, a long strip of water with row-boats and gondolas, in the centre of which was erected a curious building with trellised balustrade, figured columns, and a red roof, "in the Chinese taste, invented by Mr. William Jones" the architect of the Rotunda. This was entered by a gangway over the water, but does not seem to have been appropriated to any particular purpose, save for occasional use as a band-stand. East of the canal, and between the Rotunda and the river, was a formal garden of flower beds and grass plots intersected by diagonal paths, hedged with yew and shaded by elms; and in the centre of this was originally a circular pond, afterwards filled in. To the left of this again, and leading directly from the south side of Ranelagh House towards the river, was a broad

gravel walk with grass plots on either side, shaded by a double row of elms, and lighted at night by lamps fixed in the tree trunks, some of the irons of which may still be seen in this gnarled avenue, the sole remains of the famous old Garden.

At the end of this very popular walk stood a small circular temple "dedicated to Pan," and incidentally doubtless, to the worship of his Nymphs.

And westward, half-way between this shrine and the end of the canal, was in later years the great Mount Etna erection, which was also utilised in various guises for the set pieces of the firework displays.

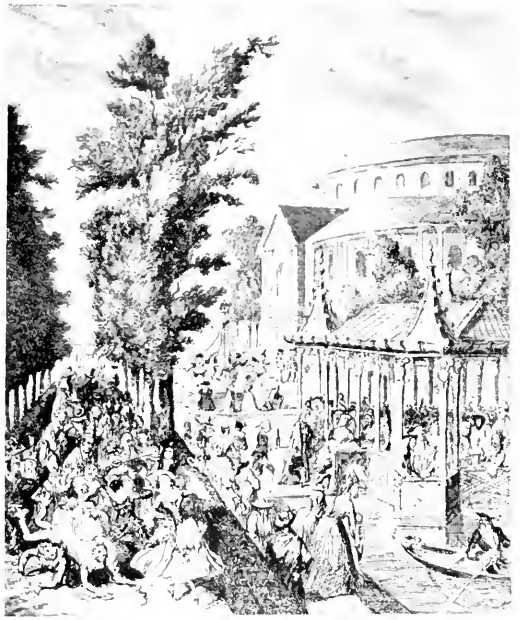
These were a very prominent feature of Ranelagh nights, especially in the later years of the century; and we have glowing accounts in which smoke thickens and flames vomit forth with "prodigious eruptions and tremendous explosions."

But British weather, as Mr. Brock could tell us, makes of firework displays a very precarious entertainment; and the Ranelagh set pieces, even when accompanied by "the fire music by a band in the Gardens (during firing), composed by Mr. Handel," were sometimes damped to a fizzle. Balloon ascents by Garnerin, Aerostatic Pyramids, Divers, Booths and Dresden China Shops, Transparent Pictures, Courts of Comus, displays of Fencing by the ambiguous Chevalier D'Eon, Regattas and Shooting Matches were other forms of outdoor

spectacle; but, on the whole, the patrons of Ranelagh preferred, save in very hot weather, the masks and melodies, the coffee and rolls, the candle-light and sentimental ditties of the Rotunda. The last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history is painted by the portentously reflective Sir Richard Phillips in his "Morning's Walk from London to Kew"[1]: "On entering Chelsea I was naturally led to enquire for the scite of the once gay Ranelagh! I passed up the avenue of trees which I remember often to have seen blocked up with carriages. At its extremity I looked for the Rotunda and its surrounding buildings, but as I could not see them I concluded that I had acquired but an imperfect idea of the place in my nocturnal visits! I went forward, on an open space, but still could discover no Ranelagh! At length, on a spot covered with nettles, thistles, and other rank weeds, I met a working man who in answer to my inquiries told me that he saw I was a stranger or I should have known that Ranelagh had been pulled down, and that I was then standing on the scite of the Rotunda!

"Reader, imagine my feelings, for I cannot analyze them! This vile place, I exclaimed, the scite of the once enchanting Ranelagh! It cannot be; the same eyes were never destined to see such a metamorphosis! All was desolation! A few in-

[1] Written about 1810.



TWO RANELAGH SKETCHES.
By George Cruikshank.

equalities appeared in the ground, indicative of some former building, and holes filled with muddy water shewed the foundation walls—but the rest of the space, making about two acres, was covered with clusters of tall nettles, thistles, and docks!

"On a more accurate survey, I traced the circular foundation of the Rotunda, and at some distance discovered the broken arches of some cellars, once filled with the choicest wines, but now with dirty water! Further on were marks against a garden wall indicating that the water boilers for tea and coffee had once been heated there! I traced, too, the scite of the orchestra where I had often been ravished by the finest performance of vocal and instrumental music! My imagination brought the objects before me; I fancied I could still hear an air of Mara's; I turned my eye aside, and what a contrast appeared! No glittering lights! No brilliant happy company! No peals of laughter from thronged boxes! No chorus of a hundred instruments and voices! All was death-like stillness! Is such, I exclaimed, the end of human splendour? Yes truly, all is vanity, and here is a striking example. . . . Here, but seven years have flown away and I was myself one of three thousand of the gayest mortals ever assembled, in one of the gayest scenes which the art of man could devise—aye on this very spot—yet the whole is now

changed into the dismal scene of desolation before me. . . . I moved pensively from a spot which, exciting such solemn and affecting emotions, had diminished the vigour of my frame by exhausting my nervous energies."

Sir Richard's exhausted energies were, however, able to keep him going for another 370 pages, on the road to Kew; and there he has the better of us, for we are stopping here.

CONTROVERSY COLLEGE.

This stately structure, Royall in designe
Yea more, for mighty reasons most Divine,
(W^ch^ Sovraign's, Senat's, Synod's wisedom too
Did vote, promote, and sort the Kingdome woo)
Els not malignd soe. Had it its end?
Vowes, Heresies to choake, Truth to defend.
Beehive, a Trojan Horse, you may it call
Heaven's fire to Church and State for happy Wall.
Hell's hate, Rome's horror, of our poyson'd tymes,
The best of antidotes to purge the crymes,
Shal't sink? O Shame! May't shine yet to God's glory
And sound the Parliament's œternall story.

—Lines under "The Modell of Chelsey Colledge as it was Intended to be built."

THERE are still some old Chelsea folk alive—there were plenty in my youth, including the Pensioners themselves—who speak of the Royal Hospital as "The College"; though perhaps they—and indeed many others more erudite—would be hard put to it to tell you why.

Let us shortly set down the story.

The pious institution of "King James' Colledge at Chelsey" was primarily due to the initiative of

Dr. Matthew Sutcliffe, Major Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Dean of Exeter from 1588 onwards. The time was one of storm and stress for the reformed Church of England, not only from the active machinations of the Papists, but perhaps even more from the wild fanaticism of many theological quacks, whose sudden liberation from Roman thraldom drove them into various and dangerous excesses.

The good Dean conceived that a firmer basis of religious stability might be laid by the establishment of a college for the study of theology based purely on the Bible, and for the development of a sound school of divinity. Henry Prince of Wales, the student of Magdalen and the generous friend of Raleigh, to whom Sutcliffe unfolded his plan, gave it warm approval and support, and his royal father, whom the Dean next approached, lent an approving ear, promising practical help as well as cordial patronage.

If James I. was a fool, he was, by reputation, "the wisest fool in Christendom"; and it is very intelligible that in his self-imposed rôle of the Grand Conciliator, who should so trim a course between incompatible causes as to uphold the "divine right" at all hazards, he should support a foundation likely to keep fanatics, whether Papist, Calvinist, or Presbyterian, at mutually destructive loggerheads.

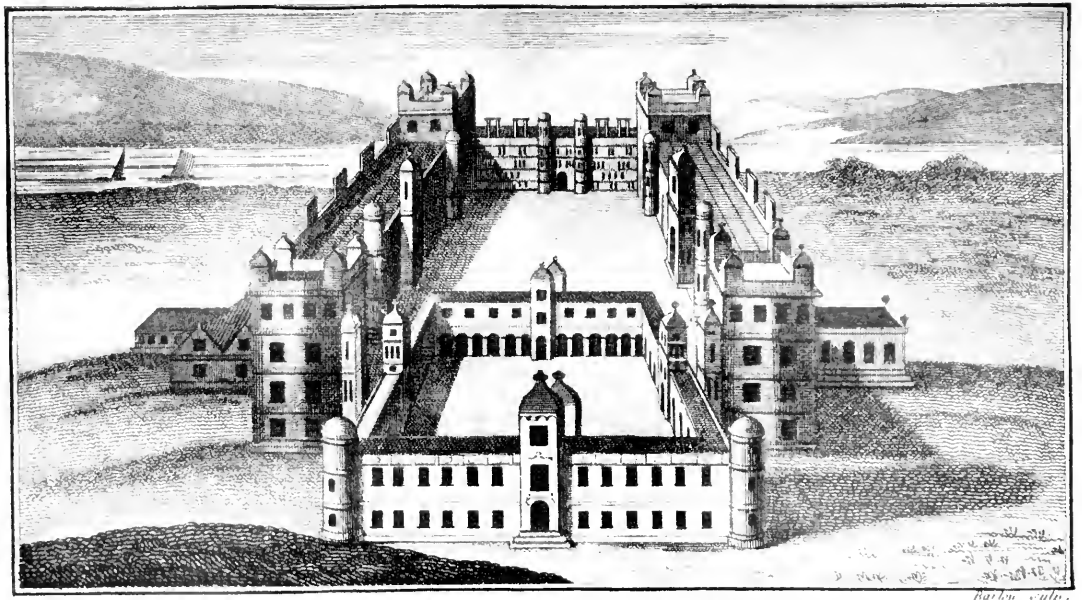
At any rate it is in evidence that King James swallowed Dean Sutcliffe's scheme whole, and "hastened to assure him of all the support which the royal countenance could afford."

Filled with high encouragement, the learned doctor proceeded to look about for a site; and "having in mind his College should be outside the town itself, yet near enough for convenient visitation and converse," it was not unnatural that his eyes should turn towards Chelsea; and here we accordingly find him in treaty with the Earl of Nottingham—the old Lord Admiral, victor of the Armada, who was then in possession of the Manor of Chelsea—for a plot of land eastward from the Manor and near the river, known as "Thame Shot," of which the Earl, or rather his second Countess, held a lease for life. This was assigned to Sutcliffe at an annual rent of £7 10s., the reversion of the land itself being bestowed by the King (in his Letters Patent of 1610) upon the College; and the King himself laid the foundation stone on 8th May, 1609, giving as his personal contribution "all the timber thereunto, which was to be fetched out of Windsor Forest." The royal generosity (though not carriage paid) did not stop here, for His Majesty went so far as to revive "for the better handling of religious controversy" the ancient tribute of "King's Silver," a poll-tax payable on taking the oath of allegiance and supremacy,

which he ordered to be "yearly enforced as a safeguard against popery," the profits being devoted towards the erection of his College at Chelsea; though whether this remarkable imposition was ever really collected is not clear. The King's vicarious munificence went even further, for an Act of Parliament was obtained, empowering the Provost and Nineteen Fellows of the College to use a common seal, as a Corporation, and to receive contributions "from his Majesty or any of his loving subjects, not exceeding in the whole the yearly value of three thousand pounds."

One cannot resist interpolating a special word of loyal admiration for His Majesty's paternal solicitude in thus fixing the *maximum* to his own and his loving subjects' generosity.

Thus amply endowed by his King with royal parchment and corporate seal, it was now for the good Dean of Exeter to do his bit, if the phrase be allowed; and it must be confessed that his contribution was even more substantial, if much less distinguished than his Sovereign's; for he not only began the building of His Majesty's College at his own expense, but bestowed upon it his Devonshire farms at Staverton, Haberton, Churchton, and Stone rivers, worth £300 a year. Here, at any rate, was concrete, practical generosity from a man honestly interested, though by no means wealthy; "and although," as Fuller says, "his endowments



KING JAMES COLLEDGE AT CHELSEY.

CONTROVERSY COLLEGE.
As originally planned.

would scarce make the Pot of Pottage seethe for the Sons of the Prophets, yet what feast would it have made in his private family if continued therein."

The plans of the College were on a very large and substantial scale, consisting of two quadrangles of buildings, the smaller of which was to be surrounded by a piazza on its inner sides; but it does not appear that more than about one-eighth part was ever completed.

In a later "Survey of all that Capital Messuage commonly called Chelsey Colledge of the foundation of the said King James of England . . . parcell of the possessions of Charles Stuart late King of England made and taken by us whose names are hereunto subscribed in the month of May, 1652, by virtue of a Commission to us directed," etc., I find the building on Thame Shott described as "built of brick and covered with tyle, having large gutters of lead with spouts for the passage of the water, consisting of an Entry, a Kitchen, Two Buttrys, Two Larders, a Hall, and Two Large Parlours wainscoted, with a closet in each of the said parlours below stairs. In the second Story ffoure faire Chambers wainscoted, Two Withdrawing Roomes and ffoure Closetts. In the third Story ffoure large Chambers wainscoted, Two Withdrawing Roomes and ffoure Closetts. And over them all, being a foureth Story, a very large gallery having at

each end a little roome with turrets over them, covered with slate. The Length East to West 130 ft., breadth North to South 33 ft. A Yarde encompassed with a brick wall with a kitchen, stables, and lofts, a walled garden with a row of elmes and a walled and fenced yard to the North."

It does not, however, follow that even as much as this of the College buildings was completed at the outset. The King's loving subjects do not seem to have been moved by his royal precept and countenance to any considerable donations, and poor Sutcliffe had to make his bricks out of the straw of kingly patronage and the clay of his own properties. Still James again came to the rescue in his own particular fashion, giving his royal assent to an Act by which the College was to be empowered, for its own benefit, "to bring fresh streams of water by engine from Hackney Marsh to the city of London"; but the promise of this quaint combination of theology and water was dashed by the success, in 1613, of Hugh Myddleton's "New River" scheme.

However, a start was made in the fraction of the mighty pile which Sutcliffe's money and the King's zeal had succeeded in completing; and the first list of three deans, fourteen fellows, and two historians who were "faithfully and learnedly to record and publish to posterity all memorable passages in Church and Commonwealth," and of

whom one was the great Camden of the "Britannia," with the Dean of Exeter for their Provost, was duly constituted and approved by His Majesty.

Of their proceedings, unfortunately, we have no surviving record; but if they realised their good Provost's injunctions "for the practice of sound learning against the pedantry, sophistries, and novelties of the jesuits and others the pope's factors and followers; and against the treachery of pelagians and arminians and others that draw towards popery and Babylonian slavery," by methods of controversial discourse, they must have had some wildly exciting sessions.

In 1616, the good Matthew Sutcliffe's purse being drained dry, King James yet once again renewed his princely generosity in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, directing him, through the bishops of his province, to stir up all their clergy to liberal contributions.

The letters were duly sent; the building was described as "begun and well proceeding"; and a host of good reasons for their pious generosity was marshalled in categorical array. But "slow and small were the sums brought in"; the collections passed through many hands, each of which mulcted the amount by a liberal commission, so that old Fuller is moved to wish that "such money may rot all their suits that wear them till they make true restitution"; little indeed reached the College

bursary; and "finally the building stopped and went not forward."

The Lord Mayor was next ordered to deal with his Aldermen to the same intent; but appears to have had no better success than the Archbishop with his clergy, save in the way of collectors' commissions; and henceforth "Failure" is writ large across the sad story of King James' seminary at Chelsea, which Laud had unkindly christened "Controversy College."

Fuller quotes abundant reasons (as voluminous as the Archbishop's on the other side) for the absence of success; "the common fatality which usually attends noble undertakings; the untimely death of Prince Henry, our principal hope; the large, loose, and lax nature thereof; the original means founded on the fluid and inconstant element (unstable as water); the rent of a New River; remissness of prelates; jealousy of the Universities, two breasts, Cambridge and Oxford, being counted sufficient for England to suckle all her children with; suspicion of some patriots and commoners in parliament that this College would be too much courtier; its being begun in a bad time, when the world swarmed with prowling projectors and necessitous courtiers; and some great Churchmen who were the more backward because Dr. Sutcliffe was so forward."

It is never very difficult to find reasons for a

failure, and we might easily add others, even to the above comprehensive collection. The years went on, and the fragment of a College continued a very precarious and half-starved existence. The King, its royal founder, expired in 1625; and Matthew Sutcliffe, who had spent all he possessed upon it, had given it his library, his furniture, his share in the "Great Neptune," and most of his estate, died four years later, bequeathing to his darling institution, by a stroke of supreme irony, a lawsuit for a legacy. The Court of Chancery decreed the restitution of his farm property, left to the College, to more rightful heirs; and, to pile Pelion on Ossa, Dr. Featley, his successor as Provost, was faced with a further dispute with Lord Monson (who had married the Earl of Nottingham's widow) over the lease of the College lands themselves.

"At this present," says Fuller, whose humour is irrepressible, "it hath but little of the case and nothing of the jewel for which it was intended; almost rotten before ripe, and ruinous before it was finished. It stands bleak like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, having plenty of pleasant water (the Thames) near it and store of wholesome air about it, but very little of the necessary element of earth belonging unto it. . . . All I will add is this; as this College was intended for controversies, so now there is a controversy about the College; costly suits being

lately commenced about the title of the very ground whereon it is situated."

Its cup of bitterness, however, was not even yet quite full. In 1636, so little was its title to existence recognised that Sir Francis Kynaston, the poet and schoolmaster, who was regent of an academy for sprigs of the nobility in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, known as the Museum Minervæ, petitioned the King to be allowed to transfer his school into the College premises, as a place of retirement during the plague; and His Majesty's consent was actually given, and only withdrawn after a vigorous protest from Dr. Featley to his Archbishop, against being turned out of his own College!

Provost Featley himself, *horribile dictu*, fell under suspicion of Popery a few years later, and had to fly for his life; but after many sad vicissitudes, including inhibition and imprisonment, he was permitted to return to his poor College, where he died in 1645. Meanwhile a further step in its degradation took place, for the City of Westminster applied for, and apparently was granted, its use as a pesthouse.

It is a pitiful and moving history, of which the end is not yet; for the fates ordain that the tragic train of human error once laid—even in bricks and mortar—shall move on inevitably to its appointed close.

Thame Shott (a shot, I think, is simply a more

or less rectangular strip of land) had been for a thousand years and more just the rich river-side meadow which the Dean of Exeter leased from the Lord High Admiral's widow; ever since, indeed, Cæsar's legions camped there, after fording the river and defeating the British on these very fields, as every good Chelsean stoutly believes they did. The over-brimming Thames had now and then given its soil a fresh alluvial dressing; the slow white cattle had grazed over its lush pasture; the drumming snipe had mated and bred among its tussocks, season after season through the centuries; and later, perhaps, the men of the Chelsea salmon fishery had dried their nets here, and staked their shot in the gravelly reach of the river just below.

But, once King James and Matthew Sutcliffe had broken into the quiet meadowland with their controversial picks and shovels, its ancient peace was for ever gone; and "the brickwork and the tyles, the fair chambers and wainscoted withdrawing roomes" which had ousted the grass and the buttercups, were themselves doomed to scene after scene of restless exploitation, till they collapsed into ruin and decay.

Charles I. had evinced no special interest in his predecessor's hobby-house; and it was hardly to be expected that the "fanatics" of the Commonwealth would treat its sad case with much forbearance. They charged a Commission (whose report has

been already quoted) to inquire into the state and tenure of the College and its lands; and the Commissioners duly concluded that by the discontinuance of its corporation, the royal foundation was determined; and that the premises, being no longer employed to the uses for which they were given, the place "might be conceived to be in the present possession of the Commonwealth." Q.E.D.

It was next, accordingly, seized and used as a prison; where we find, amongst others, "the Scots officers taken at Worcester"; and an order of 24th December, 1651, directs that "Major Andrew Carr and Captain James Keith, now prisoners in Chelsea College, be permitted to go to Scotland for four or five months on their parole, on behalf of the rest of the prisoners in Chelsea College, to fetch them some relief from their friends, for their better accommodation and subsistence during their imprisonment here."

Two years later, seven boat-loads of Dutch prisoners were sent to Chelsea; but finding the place already crowded by the Scotsmen, they had to be accommodated in huts erected round the walls.

There were not wanting, even in these days of its long tribulation, some zealous souls who were moved to make an effort for the resuscitation of the College to its original purposes. In "a briefe Declaration of some motives forcible to excite good

Christians' zeale to a voluntary and liberall contribution," printed by E. P. for Nicholas Bourne, we read, for instance :—

"The worke we confess hath hitherto proceeded slowly; and no marvel, seeing great workes are not easily achieved. Noah's Ark, God's Tabernacle and Temple, and famous Schooles and Colledges, albeit founded by Kings and great men, were long in building; and doe we wonder that this Colledge is not yet finished? As for those that draw back in this service, let them mark the words of our Saviour: He that is not with me is against me. . . . Curse ye Meroz, saith the Angell, for they came not up to the help of the Lord. . . .

"Only, for satisfaction of those that desire to know why this Colledge is erected at Chelsey, and not in one of the Universities, this we thought fit to adde, that this place was thought most fit to obtain intelligence from forrain parts, to receive directions from our superiors, to consult with men of best experience, to print books and to disperse them, and lastly to obtain the favour of the State and Citie."

Samuel Hartlib, Milton's Polish friend, also wrote repeatedly to similar effect, and hinted that Dr. Wilkinson, the Rector of Chelsea, who was at that time Provost of the College, was enjoying a comfortable sinecure and "bagging the revenue."

In 1651, John Dury in "The Reformed Spirituall

Husbandman" wrote a humble memorandum concerning a "Correspondence with Forreigne Protestants on all things belonging to the Communion of Saints"; and advocated in particular that "the patent of Chelsey College should be renewed and confirmed by Parliament, with means to maintain more Fellows not only to oppose Popery but to maintain an Evangelical Intelligence and Brotherly Correspondency with Foreign Divines."

In 1662, again, John Darley, Rector of Northull in Cornwall, published a pamphlet, dedicated to King Charles II., and entitled "The Glory of Chelsey Colledge Revived"; explaining, in his epistle to the reader, that it was written "partly to clear the innocency of Dr. Featley, the late Provost, somewhat blotted by Dr. Fuller's pen, proceeding rather from an error of judgment than will.

"It is great pitty" (he quotes Dr. Joseph Hall as saying) "that the late Chelseyan project was suffered so foully to fall to the ground. Middleton's Aquæduct from Ware to London spoiled the water project of Chelsey College; the design for repairing of Paul's Church likewise quite eclipsed and damped the building; but, above all, the untimely death of Prince Henry, who was the stately Elm by which the Vine of Chelsey College did hope to rise and spread. . . . To say nothing concerning its calamity in the extent of the late fury, the abuses, the abominations in the Desolation, it becoming

as a cage of (*Horresco reputans*) unclean birds, a prostibulum for whores, a stable for horses, &c., and not only a place petitioned for to make leather guns in, but desired also for a Palæstra to manage great horses, and practice horsemanship."

But though even Mr. Richard Baxter, chiefest of English Protestant schoolmen, "left it to the judgment of all men that are not asleep in their security whether this design of restoring, according to the first wisdom of it, for the defence of our Church articles and oppugnation of the adversaries, be not altogether of Christ," there seems to have been no backing whatever to the pleading of these pugnacious and persistent zealots ; and after just escaping conversion into a workhouse by Lord Newport, and a headquarters by the Royal Society, the poor derelict buildings were once again, in 1665, appropriated by the Government as a hospital for sick and wounded sailors, and a prison for the Dutch captives of the war.

And as often happens in this contrary world, it is in connection with this chance and—by its promoters—undreamed-of use of King James' College, that we meet the most interesting and attractive name that was ever associated with its tragic history.

In October, 1664, King Charles nominated John Evelyn as one of four Commissioners for the care of sick and wounded prisoners of war ; and the

immortal "Diary" at once reveals that most charming gentleman as taking up his new responsibility with unselfish devotion and solicitude. The keynote of his work is struck, at the outset, by his order for the seal of the Commission, which bore the figure of the Good Samaritan, with the motto, *Fac Similiter*. In 1665 we find him visiting his prisoners at Chelsea College to examine for himself how the Marshal and Sutlers were behaving: and cheerfully recording that the inmates' only complaint was that "their bread was too fine."

In April of this same year the Duke of York writes from the Fleet advising him of the arrival, as prisoners, of young Captain Evertson and some other considerable Dutch commanders, who had put up a most gallant fight against a superior force of British ships; and we find Evelyn bringing Evertson to the King, who (as he happily records) gave him his liberty, a passport back to Holland, and fifty pieces in broad gold. But the number of Evelyn's prisoners rapidly increased, and by May the charge for their maintenance is stated to have reached £1000 a week, which there was evidently much difficulty in extracting from the Treasury.

And then came the plague, with deaths in London increasing steadily from 2000 to 10,000 a week. Of course the epidemic spread to Chelsea; and Evelyn tells in pitiful phrase of

the prisoners' sufferings, "many with legs and arms off, miserable objects, God knows," and his own "exceeding perplexity to find neere 3000 prisoners sent to me to dispose of, more than I had places fit to receive and guard."

He had to make personal and peremptory demands for £10,000, to save them from starvation, and his brief entries from day to day show us his wearisome travels about his allotted district, to Gravesend, Erith, Chatham, Maidstone, Dover, etc.; his selling of prize ships to raise money for his prisoners; his billeting of the sick in vessels at various ports; all this difficult and thankless work carried out by a man of physical and mental delicacy, in days when travelling implied the endless fatigues of horseback, of execrable roads and comfortless coaches; and rendered tenfold more hazardous and hard by the terrible ravages of the plague, with which he was constantly brought in close contact. It was, indeed, a year of horror, from which London had only begun to recover when the Great Fire once again plunged the City in desolation, to which the Dutch Fleet, actually anchored in the Thames, added the final touch of terror, in the daily threat of bombardment.

Small wonder that poor flighty Charles, who had sought refuge, first at Hampton Court and then at Oxford, should, when the worst was over, have "run to greet" and thank his faithful subject

for such loyal and unselfish service, at a time when almost every one had fled from his employment in sheer panic.

There is no doubt that, in spite of all that Evelyn could do, the Chelsea prisoners suffered terribly. Half-starved, overcrowded, and ill-treated by their gaolers, they "died like dogs in the street," they begged to be knocked on the head, they asked to be allowed to take service with the English, they fought and mutinied; and the prison burial ground which was afterwards unearthed, bore grim testimony to their fate.

In 1667, when the war was over, and after protracted negotiations with Sutcliffe's spendthrift nephew who laid claim to the building, Evelyn received orders from the King to deliver possession of Chelsea College "used as my prison during the war for such as were sent from the Fleete to London" to the Royal Society, as a gift from His Majesty.

Two years later (8th April, 1669) this grant was actually completed; but the gift proved a white elephant to the Society; its distance from London and its ruinous condition precluding its advantageous use or lease, whilst Prince Rupert's glass-house, which adjoined it, seems to have been a constant source of annoyance.

The records of their proceedings show the various efforts made by the Society to utilise the royal

gift as a nursery garden, as an astronomical observatory, and as the laboratory for Prince Rupert's experiments in glass-making; and in the valuable extra illustrated copy of "Faulkner's Chelsea" in our Public Library I find the following memorandum in manuscript:—

"At a Council at the President's, Sept. 5, 1678.

"*Present:* The President [Sir Joseph Williamson], Sir Ch. Wren, Mr. Henshaw, Sir J. Louther, Mr. Hill, Dr. Grew, and R. Hooke.

"*Ordered:* That an account be drawn up of the charge and expence that Chelsey Colledge hath cost this Society; and that the same be delivered to the President in order to shew the same to his Majesty.

"*Ordered:* That the Committee formerly appointed to consider of the present state of Chelsey Colledge be desired to consider of what is reasonable to be given for recompense to the person that hath taken some care for preserving the materials of the same.

"*Ordered:* That Sir Ch. Wren and Mr. Hooke be desired to view the house of Chelsey Colledge and consider of what is best to be done to the same."

Negotiations drifted on for another three years; and then, at last, early in 1682, Sir Stephen Fox resold the College on behalf of the Royal Society to the King for £1300, His Majesty having de-

termined to build, upon its site, an hospital or infirmary for soldiers, spending £20,000 on its erection, and settling £5000 a year for its endowment, for the relief and reception of 400 men.

The history of the institution of Chelsea Hospital, however, must not concern us here. That is another story, which would need—and surely deserves, a volume to itself. But at least it is pleasant, at the end of this chequered tale of a great failure, to leave our gentle and lovable Evelyn closeted in his study, before supper, with Sir Stephen Fox, hard at work arranging "the governour, chaplain, steward, housekeeper, chirurgeon, cook, butler, gardener, porter, and other officers [for the great Hospital to be], with their several salaries and entertainments. I would needes," he adds, characteristically, "have a Library, and mention'd several bookes, since some soldiers might possibly be studious when they were at leisure to recollect." That is a sentence on which one could comment very emphatically to-day! And it is pleasant also to reflect, as we survey the sorry story of the College and its successive occupants, how step by step, through its use as a prison and as a hospital for sick and wounded warriors, and through John Evelyn's association both with the College and the Royal Society, King James' theological failure eventually paved the way to King Charles' beneficent success.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.
South-east Aspect.

THE ETRURIANS IN CHELSEA.

It is strange that the recorded facts in regard to Chelsea's early association with pottery should be so few and so disputable. A succession of names prominent in the history of ceramics—the Elers, Duesbury, Sprimont, Thomas, Wedgwood, Ruel, Hempel, and De Morgan—are all borne upon our Chelsea Roll of Honour; but the records of the earlier potters here are extremely slight and uncertain.

It has been stated that there was a manufactory of glass and perhaps also of porcelain in Chelsea before the close of the seventeenth century, carried on by Venetian workmen, under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham; and that the Elers family, who came to England on George I.'s accession and certainly settled in Chelsea some years later, were associated with this work as early as 1720; and it is also recorded that a number of Burslem potters from Hot Lane came to Chelsea in 1747, to work at the China factory; that, finding themselves before long to be the best workmen in the place, they started a separate

factory of their own in Chelsea; and that this, after some success, was given up, owing to disagreements among themselves; the men going back to Burslem. It seems a little doubtful whether this venture was in porcelain or earthenware, and whether it was the beginning of the famous Chelsea factory, or a separate concern; but the earliest production of true Chelsea China is generally dated about 1745-50.

Of that wonderful little Lawrence Street exotic some account has already been given in a former paper;[1] and it is to the story of two less known but interesting Chelsea adventures in pottery that these pages are chiefly dedicated.

Chelsea historians—and the distinction is by no means unique—have many sins of omission and commission to their debit; and amongst the former it seems strange indeed that the fact of the greatest individual piece of work of the great firm of Josiah Wedgwood & Co. (with the exception, perhaps, of the Portland vase reproduction) having been carried out in Chelsea should have remained almost unrecorded.

Faulkner—though he took special pains to investigate the facts about the china factory—is quite silent; and so are Lysons and L'Estrange and Dr. Martin and George Bryan, and even Mr.

[1] "At the Sign of the Anchor." In Cheyne Walk and Thereabout.

Godfrey's admirable Survey; while Mr. Beaver just mentions the existence of Wedgwood's Chelsea branch, but does not seem to have known anything about the great work carried out here.

The story of this interesting little invasion, so far as I have been able to collate the facts from Miss Meteyard's biography, Lady Farrer's privately printed letters of Wedgwood to Bentley, Dr. Williamson's elaborate monograph on the Imperial Russian Dinner Service, and a few details from Messrs. Wedgwood's and other sources, is briefly as follows :—

It was in 1768-9, when the indefatigable energy of Josiah Wedgwood was engrossed in the establishment of the new workshops of Etruria, that he and his partner, Thomas Bentley, decided to transfer their small London enamelling shops, then adjoining the saleroom in Newport Street, to a more open neighbourhood, where expansion would be possible.

That courage of enterprise which made Wedgwood what he was is typically illustrated by the bold undertaking of this great Russian order, the establishment of a new branch Factory at Chelsea, and the transfer thither of the pick of his Etruria painters at the very time when the parent works were in the throes of reconstruction and development.

Chelsea was doubtless well known to both the

partners; for Wedgwood was interested in the sale of the moulds, models, fixtures, and materials of the porcelain manufactory which were at that very time put up for auction; and Bentley had Chelsea patrons in Sir William Meredith, Sir Henry Chairs, and others; and a suitable piece of land with a comfortable house being found available there, Bentley seems to have taken it on lease in September, 1769, after Josiah and his wife had inspected and approved. Owing to the incompleteness of the Wedgwood records of this period, and the loss of all Bentley's letters to his partner, it has been no easy matter to fix the exact position of this house and land, which even Miss Meteyard, with the agreement for the lease from Mr. Green before her, has not precisely identified. But after carefully comparing all the particulars at present available it is, I think, practically certain that the plot of land leased by Bentley was bounded on the south by a wall behind the present houses on the south side of Little Cheyne Row, on the north by the King's Road, on the east by a wall running up behind the east side of the present Glebe Place, and on the west by a line running northward from the ends of the Great Cheyne Row Gardens, and behind the present houses on the east side of Bramerton Street to the King's Road. Without the agreement or plan or any of Bentley's letters, it is impossible to identify with certainty the house on this land which

he himself occupied. Miss Meteyard seems to think that it was actually in Little (now Upper) Cheyne Row, and if so it was probably either Cheyne House, the last house on the north side of the Row, which was demolished in 1915, or The Cottage, on the south side of the Row, a little further east, part of which still stands. But John Collett, the painter of many subjects "more ludicrous than witty," appears in the rate books of 1766-73 as the tenant of Cheyne House; whilst Mr. Bentley, whose rental, including gardens and barley field, appears to have been fifty guineas, is rated under the King's Road, upon which his land abutted northward.

In Thompson's Survey of 1835 another house is shown on this land, called "Alpha House," the site of which is now covered by part of the western side of Glebe Place; and it is possible that this may have been the one occupied by Wedgwood's partner, being nearer the King's Road, in which his rating is entered.

During the autumn of 1769 the necessary repairs and alterations were made in Bentley's house, including the addition of a coach-house for his impressive "Chariot," and some adjoining buildings and sheds were erected or adapted as workshops. In November Wedgwood wrote to his partner: "I am glad you go on so currently at Chelsea, and hope you will soon be settled there to your satis-

faction ; pray push them all you can to find money for the alterations and take the new buildings too if practical" ; from which it would seem that at any rate at the outset, the firm did little actual building themselves. By December the premises were ready for use ; and a muffle, bought at Lambeth, had been installed ; Mr. and Mrs. Willcox, two of the best painters at Etruria, had arrived in London by waggon, having taken a week on the road, and were set to work at Chelsea ; and Wedgwood's master-foreman, David Rhodes, had also come up from Staffordshire and been installed in the house in Little Cheyne Row, now No. 14, where we find his name in the rate books from 1770-7. Bentley himself probably came into residence in January, 1770, and by April the work was evidently in full swing, Rhodes looking out for more hands, and one of the Chelsea kilns having already, it appears, been blown up, through precipitate firing.

Besides Rhodes and the Willcox family, several of Wedgwood's best hands were at work under Bentley in Chelsea, including James Bakewell, Ralph Unwin, and Nathaniel Cooper : John Roberts, his son, and two daughters, who succeeded Rhodes in possession of No. 14 Upper Cheyne Row ; Miss Glisson and Miss Pars, and Mather, the accountant. The transfer of country hands to London led in more than one case to trouble and difficulties. Lads lodged away from

CHEYNE HOUSE, UPPER CHEYNE ROW.

their homes became refractory and unsettled; questions of comparative wages arose, and in August, 1772, we find Josiah writing to Bentley: "I do not think it answers any good purpose to send our Country People up to Town. The Change is so great that not one in ten can stand it without being ruined or spoild or being seized with the Swiss disorder." The arrangement altogether must have been a somewhat costly and difficult one; for, besides entailing some duplication of staff, the plain glazed biscuit ware, thrown, moulded, and fired at Burslem, had to be carefully packed and sent up by wagon or packhorse or in panniers on ponies and asses to Chelsea (150 miles), there to be decorated, enamelled, and refired, and thence consigned to the warehouse and showrooms in Soho. But against this, certain advantages were doubtless set, including the greater possibilities of obtaining good painters and craftsmen in London, the proximity of Bentley's personal supervision, and the facility of carrying out at Chelsea, under his eye, special orders taken at the Newport Street showroom.

To explain the scope of the work done at Chelsea, it may perhaps be well to quote the following from Mr. William Burton's work:—

"In enamel decoration the painting is applied on the fired glaze, the colours used being such as were employed by the glass painter, or the

enameller of metals. Enamel colours contain a large proportion of fusible glass or flux, so that when the piece has been painted it only needs to be raised again to a clear red heat to fuse them firmly to the glaze. At this low temperature many colours can be used which would disappear at the high temperatures necessary to melt the glaze itself."

Mr. Burton elsewhere states that Wedgwood established the Chelsea works "for the enamel painting of the cream colour and the encaustic painting on black wares; and for many years goods were sent up from Etruria to London to receive their final decoration there."

Josiah C. Wedgwood wrote later of his great predecessor: "The sober border decorations of his tea and dinner ware which is, to some tastes, the very best part of his work, were done at Chelsea. His most successful patterns are mere enamelled borders, perfectly enamelled on perfectly potted plates."

One of Wedgwood's letters to his partner, written in June, 1770, refers to his approaching visit to London "to see the Russian Service and your enamel work at Chelsea"; but this refers, not to the great service for the Empress Catherine, but to a small set ordered by Lord Cathcart to take out with him to Petersburg by way of illustration of what could be done.

In June, 1772, Bentley, with whom his sister-in-law Miss Oates and a little niece had hitherto been living, took a week's holiday from Chelsea, to be married to Mary Stamford of Derby, and made, as Josiah puts it, "a Happy Man for life"; and early in July, Mr. and Mrs. Wedgwood paid the newly wedded pair a visit at the Cheyne Row home, which seems to have been a very comfortable and hospitable establishment, if we may judge from Wedgwood's cheery references to his sojourn there amid genial friends and festive glasses and quiet smokes.

"We flatter ourselves," he writes in July, 1770. "with being remembered sometimes over an evening pipe at Chelsea."

It was in the spring of 1773 that Mr. Baxter, the British Consul at Petersburg, was empowered to commission for the Russian Empress, from the firm of Wedgwood, a truly Imperial dinner service, which was to consist of nearly a thousand pieces, on each of which was to be painted a different view of British scenery; each piece to bear the mark of the green frog, signifying its intended appropriation to the Palace of La Grenouillière. The negotiations as to cost, time of execution, and securities in the event of the Empress' death or change of mind, are amusing evidence of Wedgwood's far-seeing caution on the one hand, and the Consul's cheeseparing proclivities on the other; but eventually—

though not before a direct appeal to the Empress herself had been made through Lord Cathcart, and responded to as befitted "a woman of sense, fine taste, and spirit"—matters were settled upon a satisfactory basis; and by midsummer the partners were hard at work, increasing their staff of Chelsea painters, experimenting in patterns, colours, and designs, purchasing prints and engravings, and engaging artists to make the necessary drawings and views all over the country.

It was, indeed, a bold undertaking, in those slow and spacious days before railways and before photography. The mere selection of a thousand typical views, always remembering the rival claims of noble clients for their "seats" to be represented on the largest and choicest pieces of the service, was a task difficult and delicate enough. The existing material in the way of drawings and engravings was costly and insufficient, and though Wedgwood's accounts reveal the purchase of various volumes of views and of many separate "landskips," it soon became obvious that special travelling artists must be employed to go from place to place in different parts of the country, making sketches from which Bakewell, Unwin, Mrs. Willcox, and the other Chelsea painters could work upon the plates and dishes, the tureens, fruit-bowls, sauceboats, salad-bowls, covers, ladles, saucers, cream-pots, ice-pails, compotiers, twig-baskets and dessert pieces.

It is not surprising that even Wedgwood's courage quailed momentarily at the prospect. "Dare you," he writes to his partner, "undertake to paint the most embellished views, the most beautifull landskips, with Gothique ruins, Grecian temples and the most elegant Buildings, with hands who never attempted anything beyond Huts and Windmills upon Dutch tiles at three half-pence a dozen! And this too for the first Empress in the world? Well, if you dare attempt, and can succeed in this, tell me no more of your Alexanders, no, nor of your Prometheus's neither, for surely it is more to make *Artists* than mere *men*."

Invitations were sent to the owners of great houses and estates in all parts of the kingdom, suggesting that the Imperial Service should be enriched by views of their parks and mansions, and intimating that the firm's artists—Mr. Stringer of Knutsford, George Barret, Anthony Devis, and John Smith were the principal draughtsmen engaged—would wait on them shortly and hoped to be indulged with the permission. Lord Radnor, Lord Gower, Lord Talbot, Lord Stamford, the Duke of Northumberland, and several others are specially mentioned as having assisted the great potter with views and with advice; and the result is an extraordinarily comprehensive series of the most famous castles and ruins, the most remarkable

buildings, parks, gardens, and natural curiosities; illustrating architectural achievement, as Bentley, in the preface to his "Catalogue" says, "of all ages and styles from rural cottages and farms to the most superb palaces, and from the huts of Hebrides to the masterpieces of English architecture."

Wedgwood himself, though in bad health at the time, full of anxiety about his ailing wife, and permanently lame, travelled in all directions to arrange and superintend the work; and seems, with his usual quick-witted resource, to have secured a folding camera obscura, and enlisted its services to good effect. The Chelsea painters were omnivorous—the actual painting on the pieces was begun on 3rd April, 1773—and naturally got ahead of the artists to such an extent that Bentley thought some duplication must become inevitable; but Wedgwood was determined to stick to his tremendous bargain; and in the end, though a very few small vignettes reproduce larger views on other pieces, the important scenes were different on every single item of the service, some of the larger pieces carrying four separate views, the total number of which was 1282.

One can understand that all Josiah Wedgwood's wonderful energy and resource were needed in actual design and production, as well as all Bentley's tact and urbane address in the manipulation both of agents, clients, and workpeople, when one realises

that this costly and difficult imperial order upon which they had embarked, and in which all their best energies were deeply engaged, was a breaking of entirely fresh ground; and that the regular and rapidly increasing output of the factory—already disorganised to some extent by the move to the new Etruria, and the absence of several of their best workpeople at Chelsea—had to be maintained at full pressure at the same time.

Into the designs for this Imperial Dinner Service Wedgwood naturally put his best and most characteristic work; and the fine series of photogravure reproductions, made from the best of the surviving pieces at Petersburg for Dr. Williamson's book, enables us to form some judgment of the results. About 275 pieces are tabulated as "No longer in existence," a dignified euphemism which we take to indicate that the service was really used—it was always brought out when the English ambassador was entertained—and that plates and dishes were apt to "come in two" in the hands even of imperial scullery-maids. But a round thousand items were still surviving in the Peterhof Palace in 1909, and a representative little set of over thirty of these was in that year handed back by the Emperor to Mr. F. H. Wedgwood, for exhibition on loan in the Museum at Etruria.[1]

[1] Reading in the papers to-day of the Russian Rebellion, the sacking of the Winter Palace and the fighting at Tsarskoe-Selo, one cannot help wondering whether the remainder of the

The designs are most typical Wedgwood; the flat beautifully turned plates, the oval, round, square, and triangular dishes, the great shallow salad-bowls, the tall, urn-shaped ice dressers, the high-domed covers, the ribbed open-work dessert baskets, the graceful sauce-tureens with their round ladles—all these are familiar forms to Wedgwood amateurs; beloved, after their kind, of the many who admire their beauty and delicacy of workmanship; anathema to others who find them dully scholastic and utterly lacking in "the life and freedom of the plastic clay, rising into graceful form under the touch of the thrower's hand aided by the rhythmical movement of the wheel."

The inner borders, used to frame the views on the plates and dishes, were of a strictly formal gadroon pattern enamelled in indian ink round the sloped curve of the pieces; and outside these, on the flat scalloped rims, was a graceful green and mauve wreath of oak-leaves and acorns or flowers, with the upstanding frog in green, on a shield, at the top; the outer edge carrying a broad line of the mulberry purple.

As regards the "Views," it is less easy to speak definitely from the reproductions; and the originals in England have been wisely placed (in these hard

great Dinner Service, with how much else that those Imperial Palaces had stored, may not have to be written of as "No longer in existence" (*November*, 1917).

times) beyond the reach of Imperial Kultur in the form of Zeppelin bombs. The body used was the famous cream Queen's ware, and the first idea seems to have been that the "Landskips" should be painted in their natural colours. This, however, was mercifully abandoned; and a monochrome of pale purple camaien—presumably manganese—was ultimately adopted. Of course the whole idea of vignetted landscapes meandering over the shaped and curving surfaces of dinner-ware strikes us to-day as contrary to all good decorative principles; but we are not to suppose that Messrs. Wedgwood and Bentley had any desire to become the Empress Catherine's instructors in a matter of taste. La Reine le Veult; and Etruria and Chelsea were primarily concerned to see that the work commissioned by her despotic Majesty was executed in the best manner possible, in accordance with the Imperial command. In this, it must be admitted that under all the circumstances they were extraordinarily successful; and that the great Russian Service which went to Petersburg in 1774 was a fine and noteworthy technical achievement, of its large share in which Chelsea may be justly proud.

Before, however, this wonderful collection was despatched upon its northward voyage, it was set out for exhibition in a new showroom taken for the purpose in Greek Street, Soho; and here it was

inspected during June, 1774, by crowds of the nobility and gentry, who thronged the rooms day after day, and who included, of course, a large number of those whose "family seats" appeared on the soup-plates and dish-covers.

Queen Charlotte, Prince Ernest, Mrs. Delany, and other notable folk are recorded amongst the visitors; and though Josiah Wedgwood (probably to his great relief, for he was no courtier nor lover of fashionable crowds) was much too busy at Etruria to appear often at Soho, his genteel and "ornamental" partner was in regular attendance there. Wedgwood, indeed, had entertained the Queen at a much less ceremonious visit to Newport Street some years previously. He had received short intimation of Her Majesty's arrival, and had pleaded a postponement, as there was just then very little ware at the shop. The Queen, however, was not to be put off, as the following hasty note to Chelsea shows :—

"I have seen Lady Hold and I told her all I could, the result is she says it is impossible to put it off; the Queen wants to see the shop and we must shew what we can and as well as we can, and that must do. I shall send you our packer and a Cart. You'l please to order what you think proper to be put up of the R^{n} Service, vases, &c. Mrs. Wedgwood will bring the carriage and I shall

be doing what I can here and shall be glad to see you here after dinnr.

"Yrs. affectionately,

"J. WEDGWOOD."

One may imagine that Bentley had many opportunities during the Russian Service Exhibition for the exercise of his sprightly wit and tactful diplomacy when some pushful patron, in his hunt through the show-cases, found his country seat relegated to the inside of a sauce-spoon or the bottom of a cream-bowl, while the stuccoed mansion of a luckier neighbour had a whole soup-plate to itself. Such deplorable lapses of proportion were, however, adjustable, in the last resort, by the inclusion of some additional pieces in the sets; and indeed, though our hard-worked partners seem to have overlooked the claims even of Windsor itself to representation, till very late in the day, we do not hear of any unseemly fracas in the Greek Street Galleries.

Studying Bentley's "Catalogue of the Views," one naturally looked for any of Chelsea which might embody the scene of their birthplace. I recalled my keen interest when the late Lord Cadogan asked me to come and see a treasured Chelsea china *jardinière* in his possession, which was said to bear a view of the porcelain manufactory; and which he was good enough (I almost wrote rash enough) to

let me carry away to be examined and photographed. But I also remembered my disappointment at the very unconvincing vagueness of the pretty little landscape on his flower-stand; and I was thereby the less chagrined to find that the Russian Service, though it included views of the Royal Hospital, and of Ranelagh, of Lindsay House, of Chelsea Reach, of the Duchess of Bridgewater's House (presumably Chelsea Farm) and of Westminster from Chelsea, showed nothing of the actual place where it was painted; though "Mr. Wedgwood's House at Etruria, Staffordshire," was pardonably included.

The building of Bramerton Street and Glebe Place on the site of Bentley's gardens and the ground in which his workshops stood, has made it difficult to trace the exact position of these; but it is at least probable that the string of out-houses and sheds which extended northward from Cheyne House formed part of them; and that the little white-washed cottage at the bottom of Glebe Place —known for some absurd and inscrutable reason as "King Henry VIII.'s Hunting Lodge"—and an adjoining building (now doomed to early demolition) with an old brick pillared gateway between them, were occupied by Wedgwood work-folk, and perhaps as Bentley's coach-house. A rough cart-way ran from the King's Road to this gateway, and is supposed to have continued southward to the

back entrance of Shrewsbury House; and presumably this also gave access to the Huguenot chapel and adjoining priest's house (now Glebe House) in Glebe Place. Dr. Phené, as the result of various excavations in the great garden of Cheyne House, which was part of Wedgwood's lease, thought it probable that some of the Chelsea china glazing had been done there; but it seems more likely that the remains which led him to this conclusion were those of the Wedgwood enamelling kilns and their potsherds, of which he was probably unaware.

Work was continued by the firm at Chelsea for some time after the completion of the Imperial Service, though perhaps on a gradually reduced scale; and Josiah's daughter "Sukey" came to live with the Bentleys there for a while in order to complete her education at Blacklands, one of the well-known Chelsea academies.

But in 1774 it was considered by the partners that their newly acquired Greek Street premises could be adapted to give sufficient accommodation for the painting and enamelling of such work as it was desirable to complete in London; and the Chelsea plant and workpeople were accordingly transferred thither in the autumn of that year, Bentley and his wife having already moved their household in July. Julia Wedgwood in her "Memoir" says:—

"The Chelsea home [of the Bentleys] was rich

in social opportunity and in all the charm of a beautiful suburb; but as business increased the inconvenience of being required in two places at once became more apparent.

"The warehouse in Newport Street was in constant need of Bentley's presence; the painters and enamellers at Chelsea required his superintendence. In 1774 the firm overcame this difficulty by taking new premises at No. 12 Greek Street, Soho, ample enough to hold not only showrooms and workshops, but also a residence for Bentley; and here he removed with his household in July of that year. His health suffered, however, from the situation; and three years later he took what was then literally a country house at Turnham Green. The move failed of its hoped-for result; and he died there on November 26, 1780, in the fulness of his prime."

Bentley's residence at Turnham Green appears to have been Linden House, one of a beautiful series of mansions pulled down about 1886. A graceful tablet, designed in part by Flaxman, was erected to his memory in Chiswick Church.

Mr. Roberts, already mentioned as one of Wedgwood's principal painters, appears to have remained resident in Upper Cheyne Row till 1779, when Mr. James Ruel takes his place in the rate books.

I find the following advertisement appearing in January, 1776:—

THOMAS BENTLEY.
By William Caddick.

"To be Sold by Auction, by Mr. Skinner, on Friday the 19th of January, at Twelve o'clock at Garraway's Coffee House, Change Alley, in two lots, by order of the Mortgagee.

"A valuable ESTATE, consisting of six acres of Glebe Land, eight dwelling houses, sundry workshops, warehouses, gardens, &c., in the King's Private Road and Cheney Row, Chelsea, all adjoining, in the possession of Wedgwood and Bentley, Hempel and Ruel, Fernandez, and others, at One Hundred and eighty five pounds four shillings per Annum. The greatest part of the estate is held under the Bishop of London and Rector of Chelsea, on three lives, and renewable for ever; the Remainder on lease for 500 years at a Peppercorn Rent. To be viewed ten days preceding the Sale by applying at the Five Bells in the King's Road, a part of the Estate, where particulars may be there had."

As regards this sale Miss Meteyard says Messrs. Wedgwood and Bentley lost a considerable sum over the buildings they had erected; but for the time being these served the great purpose of facilitating the completion of the vast orders which poured in for every variety of ornamental ware. The order for the Russian Imperial Service brought the firm prestige, and widened their clientele; but if £3000 was the sum eventually paid for it, there can have been little if any actual profit on its execution.

So ended Etruria in Chelsea. But verily this strip of glebe land was the Potter's Field. For, as the above advertisement shows, Messrs. Hempel and Ruel were already in occupation of a part of it, and Mr. Ruel is entered in the rate books for King's Road premises, apparently just west of Bentley's, as early as September, 1772; whilst Mr. Charles Frederick Hempel's name succeeds Ruel's there a year later, and becomes Hempel & Co. in 1774; Ruel reappearing in Little Cheney Row from 1777-82.

Hempel was Ruel's son-in-law, and both were German potters, famous for the manufacture of crucibles for gold and silver, reputed the best in the country. It seems probable that their kilns were somewhere in the neighbourhood of that appalling contraption of Dr. Phené's at the corner of Oakley Street and Upper Cheyne Row, which he christened the "Renaissance du Château de Savenay," but which the halfpenny papers and estate agents delighted to describe as the "Chelsea Mystery House." What particular mystery attaches to it I have never been able exactly to discover; unless it be the mystery of its ever having been perpetrated!

Some ten years later, Hempel's widow, Joanna, transferred the factory to the King's Road, next the old Burial Ground, and launched out into the making of patent filters, crucibles, and also of

dinner-ware; but not, it seems, successfully; for, though patronised by Queen Charlotte, we hear of no more royal services being enamelled in Chelsea.

It may also be noted in passing that Wedgwood's energetic competitors, Matthew Boulton and Fothergill, had taken M. Sprimont of the Chelsea Porcelain Works into their employment in 1769 when Duesbury succeeded him at Chelsea; and themselves contemplated the manufacture of the black basalte and other Wedgwood ware at Soho; but Sprimont died in the following year, and Boulton was already in treaty for a partnership with Watt; and his genius was rather in steel and steam than in pottery or china. "Certain steam engines," Wedgwood wrote to his partner, "have lifted a good friend of ours above his watch chain and sleeve button business."

The great Sprimont, by the way, who during his brief but brilliant career in Lawrence Street gave a new fame to the name of Chelsea, was a man of portentous size, and is said to have entirely filled the chariot in which he rode to town. He assembled and developed here a very remarkable array of talent; but I have to record with regret the statement of a contemporary that "his establishment occupied a great number of both sexes but proved very injurious to their morals."

But our Village of Palaces in her wealth of historic associations has always been extravagantly lavish. She collects them in coteries, she takes them by handfuls. Some proud suburb makes much of a Queen resident; Cheyne Walk claims at least five of them, actual and prospective, within a furlong. Another celebrates a trio of prominent *literati*. But the lower end of Church Lane and the houses within stone's throw were the homes of Atterbury and of Swift, of Edward Chamberlayne and John Bowack, of Dr. King and John Martyn, of Arbuthnot, of Shadwell, of Smollett, of Charles and Henry Kingsley, of De Quincey, of Leigh Hunt, of Mrs. Gaskell and of Thomas Carlyle. A third claims bright particular stars of Charles' Court; and our Paradise Row retaliates by recalling the shades of the Duchess of Mazarin and M. de St. Evremond, of Nell Gwyn and Frank Windham and the lovely Letitia, Lady Robartes. A fourth takes more solid pride in learned savants; but Chelsea gaily counters with four Presidents of the Royal Society in one road!

And so with our Potters.

Fame enough it were in this one province for any ordinary parish to have cradled—and within a few yards of each other—the kilns and modelling tables of Chelsea china, and the muffles for the great Wedgwood's greatest work; to say nothing of lesser luminaries. But Chelsea in the nine-

teenth century was to add yet another fine and distinctive genius to her group of Potters.

Good fiction survives more housemaids than good pottery, and the name of William de Morgan will doubtless live as the author of "Joseph Vance," "Alice For Short," "Somehow Good," and others of that wonderful succession of novels—which were all produced in the last decade of his life—in the days to come, when his pots and panels are scarcely to be found, save—one hopes and is promised—in South Kensington Museum.

But it is none the less true that it was as a potter and craftsman that the best part of his life was spent, and that it was his work in pottery, alongside of that of William Morris, Walter Crane, and one or two other workers, which laid the foundation for the modern regeneration of the Arts and Crafts, whose first exhibition, in 1888, he helped to organise and beautify.

De Morgan's first labours in stained glass and in pottery were worked out in the later sixties and early seventies at 40 Fitzroy Square, where, as he modestly put it, "his experiments in lustre, at that time not much known in England, attracted some attention among artists"; and where he succeeded in carrying out a good deal of valuable trial work, and incidentally in burning the roof of the house off.

This led to his migration, about 1875, to No. 30 Cheyne Row, Chelsea; whither he moved with

his mother and sister, where his small kilns were re-erected in a shed at the end of the back garden, and where—also incidentally—a typical row of his Chelsea tiles may still be seen in the window-boxes.

A few doors above No. 30, at the corner of the Row, stood a spacious old house with a larger garden, known as Orange House, now the site of the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Redeemer; and this house De Morgan rented for a time from Mr. Wickham Flower as a workshop and show-room, while remaining in residence at No. 30. The coach-house afforded space for a larger kiln; the big first floor rooms housed the leading painters; whilst the ground floor was stocked with the finished work; and De Morgan himself had a room on the second floor, which he used as a studio, and where he also often slept when working late at night.

The little coterie in Cheyne Row had many congenial neighbours and friends, and keen and lively interests beyond the tiles and pots. William Morris was often there from Hammersmith, full of his own experiments and developments in other crafts, and of robust ideals for the rebuilding of the social fabric; and De Morgan has humorously recorded his dim recollection of one discussion on Socialism which ended in a scheme for the complete reconstruction of Society exactly as it is now, so as to meet the views of both Revolutionaries and Conservatives.

A few yards north of No. 30 Cheyne Row stood West House, the beautiful little home which Philip Webb had built for G. P. Boyce, in a corner of the old rectory garden; and here, in 1876, Morris, Norwood, Webb, De Morgan, and other "anti-Scrape" enthusiasts met often to construct the foundations of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Dr. Mackail, in the "Life of William Morris," quotes De Morgan's attempt to get Thomas Carlyle to become a prominent adherent of the cause:—

"I sent the prospectus to Carlyle, and afterwards called by appointment to elucidate further. The philosopher didn't seem in the mood to join anything; in fact it seemed to me that the application was going to be fruitless. But fortunately Sir James Stephen was there when I called, and Carlyle passed me on to him with the suggestion that I had better make him a convert first. However, Sir James declined to be converted, on the ground that the owners or guardians of ancient buildings had more interest than anybody else in their preservation, and would do it, and so on. I replied with a case to the contrary—Wren's Churches and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. This brought Carlyle out with a panegyric of Wren, who was, he said, a really great man 'of extraordinary patience with fools,' and he glared at the company reproachfully. However, he promised to

think it over, chiefly, I think, because Sir James Stephen had rather implied that the Society's object was not worth thinking over. He added one or two severe comments on the contents of space."

De Morgan went off, and got William Morris to support the attack with a letter suggesting that the real point at issue was whether the old buildings were to be old or sham old, and whether it were not wise at least to wait whilst art and architecture were in their present experimental state, before doing what could never be undone. Next day, after the receipt of this, Carlyle wrote accepting membership, making special allusion to Wren and his "marvellous work, the like of which we should never see again."

The humorous sting of this story comes in its tail; for Morris, whose detestation of seventeenth century architecture was virulent, had to read Carlyle's letter at the next meeting of the new-born Society; and the tone in which he recited the above quoted sentence distinctly carried his unspoken comment "And a good job too!"

From Mr. Fred Passenger, who worked as a painter with De Morgan for twenty-eight years, I have recently gleaned a few particulars of the Chelsea days at Orange House, where he began work in 1879, his elder brother Charles having preceded him there by some eighteen months. Ovens were a doubtful addition to the confined areas of Cheyne

ORANGE HOUSE AND STABLES, GREAT CHEYNE ROW.
From a drawing by W. Burgess.

Row, so the pot and plate and tile designs had to be painted on the most suitable ware that could be procured amongst the potters; but towards the close of the Chelsea period De Morgan, who had never been satisfied with the bought material, began making tiles for himself, getting a crucible clay from the Battersea plumbago works. The kiln at Orange House was built in an old coach-house which stood between the north side of the house itself and Upper Cheyne Row, the flue (with a faith unshaken by Fitzroy Square happenings, and apparently justified this time) being taken into one of the old chimneys of the house. The show-room, with a store-room at the back, occupied the whole ground floor. The decorators, including, beside the two Passengers, Mr. Babb, a young artist, Mrs. Beatty, and Dr. Reginald Thompson, who did some designs of much promise and ability, worked on the first floor, while some half-dozen girls were also employed on Dutch and other tiles, and had a room in one of the Upper Cheyne Row houses. The Chelsea tiles were mostly painted on a red clay body which came from Poole, Dorset; the great dishes and plates for lustre work came from Davis'; and the panels—the beautiful *Livadia* set were made at Chelsea—had to be built up from five and six inch tiles, breaking joints, brick-work fashion, and backed with one or even two thicknesses of plain tile cemented on; the surface

being next floated with the white or coloured ground to a more or less even face, and then painted, glazed, and fired as a solid slab. Another difficult and wonderfully successful piece of work which was carried out at Chelsea was the patching and piecing up and completing of the beautiful set of Damascus tiles for the Arab Court of Lord Leighton's house, the texture and colouring of these being reproduced with absolute fidelity.

De Morgan's painters enjoyed their labours at Chelsea, where the workshop was not, as at Merton and Fulham, away from the cheery haunts of humanity, and where the "carriage folk" visiting the showroom below enlivened their window view, and the feeling that one or other of their productions was at that moment finding a purchaser downstairs gave a touch of lively interest and reality to their doings. De Morgan was constantly in and about, working out designs upstairs, counselling and correcting the decorators, meeting friends and visitors below, or superintending the packing of a kiln in the outhouse: and towards evening would often be heard a big voice shouting "Bill!" and footsteps mounting the stairs three at a time like a schoolboy's, which told of the arrival of William Morris with ruffled hair and indigo-stained fingers, keen to discuss some new project or just to hear how things were going with his friend.

Miss May Morris, recounting her recollections of

William De Morgan in an interesting paper in the "Burlington Magazine,"[1] has given a very pleasant account of the little menage at No. 30, and of the worries and excitements, the depressing failures and triumphant successes of the kiln-firings in Cheyne Row. But no one who has not been actually engaged in fine pottery work can quite realise the strain and tension of the firing of a big pottery kiln, in which, it may be, hundreds of pounds' worth of decorative work, and months of arduous labour, are put to the hazard of the flames; when a whiff of unregulated draught, an ill-secured saggar, a few degrees more or less of furnace temperature, a slight misjudgment of the critical moment of completion—any one of a dozen swiftly changing conditions—may mean all the difference between success and irretrievable disaster. More than once I have been by William De Morgan's side at these supremely critical moments and admired the coolness and quiet resource—the high-pitched voice never quitting its resonant drawl—which masked the excitement of a big issue in the balance. But the end, whatever it was, was sure to reveal the rare good traits, the grit, perseverance, and invincible humour; boyish delight, it may be, in a fine thing finely achieved; at the worst, an object lesson or a clue won and registered, with a smile, from failure.

[1] August and September, 1917.

About 1879, I think, the first of the great series of ship panels was begun for the Czar of Russia's yacht *Livadia*, at Chelsea; and these were succeeded, in later years at Merton and Fulham, by a notable succession of cabin and stateroom decorations for six P. & O. liners; now, alas, almost without exception sent to the bottom of the oceans by Hun torpedo or other catastrophe.

But, as the orders increased, and as a term of lease sufficient to warrant extensive alterations could not be obtained of Orange House, De Morgan was forced to look about for other and more spacious accommodation. William Morris, who was himself anxious to gather his various industries together at this time, hoped that De Morgan might arrange to join him on the same premises; and together they hunted various neighbourhoods accessible from London, in the hope of discovering the ideal spot. At length, after many disappointments, Morris decided upon Merton Abbey, with the waters of the Wandle for his dyeing troughs; and in 1882 De Morgan also took some land at Merton (though not actually adjoining) and built his kilns and workrooms there, henceforward designing, throwing, and completing his own pots and tiles, and keeping Orange House for a showroom only; till 1886, when the shop in Great Marlborough Street was taken, and the finished work transferred there from Chelsea. But

by this time he had settled into residence at The Vale—that secluded little sanctuary off the King's Road just west of Church Street, now, alas, no more—and found the daily journeys to and from Merton too much of a trial and waste of precious time; and accordingly, some two years later, he took courage in both hands and began the building of a much larger factory at Sands End, Fulham, the approach to which was christened De Morgan Road. Here, for the remainder of its existence—nearly twenty years—the pottery work was continued. His principal workmen, Iles, the kiln foreman (who was later joined by his son) and the two brothers Passenger followed him from Chelsea to Merton and from Merton to Fulham, and remained with him faithfully to the very end; and his relationship to them revealed, throughout, the ideal—but not easy—standard of craft co-operation between master and men. With the beginning of the Sands End Pottery it was that he took Mr. Halsey Ricardo into partnership; a combination full of promise for vigorous decorative developments.

But three or four years after the establishment of the works at Fulham, William De Morgan's health caused some anxiety, and his doctor thought it necessary to insist that he should winter abroad for the future.

To the satisfactory continuance of most handicraft of so individual a character, such a compulsory

severance for half the year would have been rapidly fatal. In any case, it could not but tell against success; but in his, the effect was greatly mitigated by the peculiar process of tile painting so successfully employed by him; in which the designs were painted by hand in pottery colours on a coarse, thin, whitey-brown paper mounted on glass, and afterwards laid down on the white ground of the tile body, which was then coated with glaze, and finally fired; the paper being thus entirely consumed, and the coloured pattern remaining embedded beneath the surface of glass.

This method enabled De Morgan to execute nearly all the tile painting in Florence, which was his winter home, by the hands of clever, quick-witted Italians, under his personal supervision and training, in an ideal workshed in his garden by the Mugnone; the papers being posted in batches to Fulham for laying and firing, and samples of new patterns being sent out on special thin tiles for his inspection and correction.

Meanwhile, his partner was able to look after the general working of the Sands End factory through the winters, and to superintend the showroom business at Great Marlborough Street till 1897, when stress of other work made this more difficult for Mr. Ricardo; and I was invited, for the next three winters, to supervise the doings at De Morgan Road as General Manager and "Chancellor of the

Exchequer," under their friendly tutelage. The arrangement helped to make possible the continuance of the factory, though the Chancellor's Treasury suffered from chronic depletion; but the enforced absence of its chief was, of course, a severe handicap. The whole of the making and firing of the tiles and pots, and the decoration of the latter, had naturally to be done at Fulham; as well as the scheming of orders, the building and repairs of kilns and machinery, and the endless minutiæ of works management. Correspondence was slow, misunderstandings were occasionally inevitable, and the absence of the guiding and creative spirit of the master could not but be severely felt. Still, with Mr. Ricardo's help and guidance till the end of 1898, when the partnership was dissolved, I did my best to carry on, in the spirit and tradition of the founder; I worked hard at the chemistry of fluxes, grounds, and glazes; I learnt what I could of practical decorative principles under Lewis Day; I studied the odious complexities of book-keeping and got the books and accounts into good working order; I did what could be done to encourage the staff, to prevent jealousy and friction, and to develop the special qualifications of each; and I reported our doings and difficulties fully to Florence every week. For me, at least, it was an experience and an education full of interest and value; and through all its worries and anxieties it was made delightful by De

Morgan's unfailing kindness and too generous appreciation of my poor and very amateurish help; and by the charm and patience and all-pervading humour of his long weekly letters.

By Mrs. De Morgan's kindness, I have recently been reading again this substantial budget of correspondence. It is, in some ways, a melancholy, though never a depressing or despondent, record; for monetary difficulties, chiefly due to the insufficiency of the initial capital, run like a black thread —or rather, perhaps, a hampering barbed wire entanglement—through every page of it. Yet there is so much of pure jollity, of wise thought, of gentle humour and of genuine human kindliness in these natural and often hastily scrawled letters that I may, I hope, be allowed to set together here some random extracts from them, which may help to give a little further insight into an inspiring, lovable, and most sympathetic character.

I take passages at random from the pile of letters before me:—

"All the misfortunes I have ever met with I have afterwards found I should have avoided if I had relied on my own convictions. I'm afraid I'm almost too old now to profit much by the lesson, but better late than never. . . . I know of a great many quarters that would believe in D. M. & Co. if D. M. was to be kept in a sort of æsthetic pound, and not allowed to meddle with ledgers. . . . I shall

catch it from —— for delaying the shop with new patterns,—but it is the way to resurrection; and the policy of perpetual repetition, though forced on us temporarily by the unreachability of the retail public, is merely a form of slow death. . . . I have *endless* chemical problems for solution, which I have puzzled at since 1873. The ways in which the copper turquoise varies is one of them. . . . It is years since I tried the comparison, but it would be worth trying again on that very account. The same spooks may not be in the neighbourhood. It's them as upsets one."

"Roughly speaking, most Italian towns contain one or more fabbricas of Robbia ware. The method of making common majolica glaze hasn't been a secret for some centuries. They make copies of Robbia, and stick them up in walls, chipped and dirtied a little, until they are in good preservation: and then a tourist snaps them up before anyone else can get them; and they put up another, and another tourist snaps *that* up, and so on.

"It is a pretty system, and *proprio Italiano*. They look on it as a game, and are never ill-tempered when found out. They say 'Ma che vuole?'"

"I cannot bring myself to believe in our final extinction, especially when the press is beginning to be mighty civil. I saw myself spoken of in print lately as 'this renowned tile maker.' Bless us and save us!! Who'd be a *renowned* tile maker after that?

"It is rather melancholy to think any of my men should be conducting omnibuses. What I'm curious to see is if, when any of them come back to my work (if they do) they will be happy, and won't find it dull by comparison. . . . I am hoping to get the chaps here [in Florence] decorative work to do; and this will be a great convenience, because I shall be able to get tile work done when wanted, by special job, and not have to keep them all going always. I wish something of the kind were possible in England; if only the chaps could groce greens, or monge iron, or victual licentiously, while employing odd hours for painting!"

"—— wrote to me that —— has been five weeks off work, and that he understands that his accident was due to a sprained angle. An expression of sinister mistrust pervades his letter, and suggests possibilities, though he names none definitely. Anyhow I take it the accident didn't happen in the factory, or he would have known more definitely. Of course if the angle was fairly sprained, we must hope it will be rectified soon, and matters be all square. But if it got so owing to behaving like an obtuse angle, it's rather hard on us to have to go on paying for no output. . . . I have always gone on to the bitter end paying wages in employees' illness; doing it is a thing very much appreciated, and I have never had any reason

to suspect unfair advantage being taken of it. Indeed, with all the old hands, it may be regarded as a rule, and stuck to.

"Tiles sent yesterday: Pochi (pronounced Pokey) is a new pattern which —— will curse me for sending. It was called *pochi* because they did so few in a week that I put them on piece-work on another new one, which had to be christened *Molto!*

"I'm just going to pack and send off a carved wood handle of a pot to mould from; also the profile to cut the zincs from. It is to be an eight faced pot, and we will lustre it when I come back and make it a wunner, or *capo d'opera*. . . . The stamped tiles are trials, and must await their own completion to know how large an organ of self-esteem they may safely indulge in. All processes have their place in the Arts, but they all have to be in order before they jump to conclusions. . . . All we want is cash to save cash. None can afford the luxury of economy but the Capitalist. . . . I know ——'s work. He gets some very pretty lustres, and goes in for all sorts of accidents, while we abound in fiendish precision!"

"Re price of pots [this in humorous answer to some enquiry I had made as to a basis for pricing them] I know there is some way of doing it thus: multiply the height in inches by the largest diameter in centimetres and divide by the number

of hours employed. Multiply this result by the logarithm of the number of shillings per week wages, and it will give the price of the pot in halfpence. But who shall discover it? The only thing is to make trials and see. Suppose we try the *contents* of the pot as a gauge; say a shilling an ounce for decorated pots? None of our pots contains less than 5 or 6 oz. of water, and none is priced under five or six shillings. I can't remember how many ounces go to a pint, so I can carry the enquiry no further. But get —— to make a record of how much a selection of pots contains per head and what the present marked price is. Perhaps it would be fair to consider the bulk of the pot as a factor. This could be done by weighing it dry, and calculating the bulk of an equal quantity of water, from the relative sp. grs., and adding it to the contents. Perhaps it would be wise to let it alone. . . . P.S. I have constructed what seems to me an account book in one vol. to tell everything, and give a balance sheet every week. I shall send it you; but only as a curiosity—not to upset your arrangement."

"I imagine that if the floor holds out long enough we will get the big kiln into complete working order and run up the stock of plain tiles to cheapening point, which I look to as to a millennium. Clay in barges of 80 tons from Stourbridge; a mill turning out 5 tons per diem of body; all the rooms

full of workers, and 18/- a yard for turquoise tiles; —that's my idea of things. As for there being *no market*, that's simple nonsense. There's the whole wide world, and what can one want more."

"Are you making use of the revolving grate [this was one of his many ingenious inventions] at the factory office? Of course you have a fire, but I mean has it been put in so as to revolve properly and illustrate its smoke consuming properties with oily Wallsend coal? If not, please get it put on a pivot so as to spin freely, see that the chimney is clear, and give it a trial. If you like the looks of it, we could have a decent casting made for the fire bar portion and have it fitted in the front room at Gt. Marlborough St., where it would go in very well. We could get a lot of people in under the pretext of curing the smoke, and then sell them tiles. (A story about Dr. Johnson in a boat on the river naturally occurs to one.)"

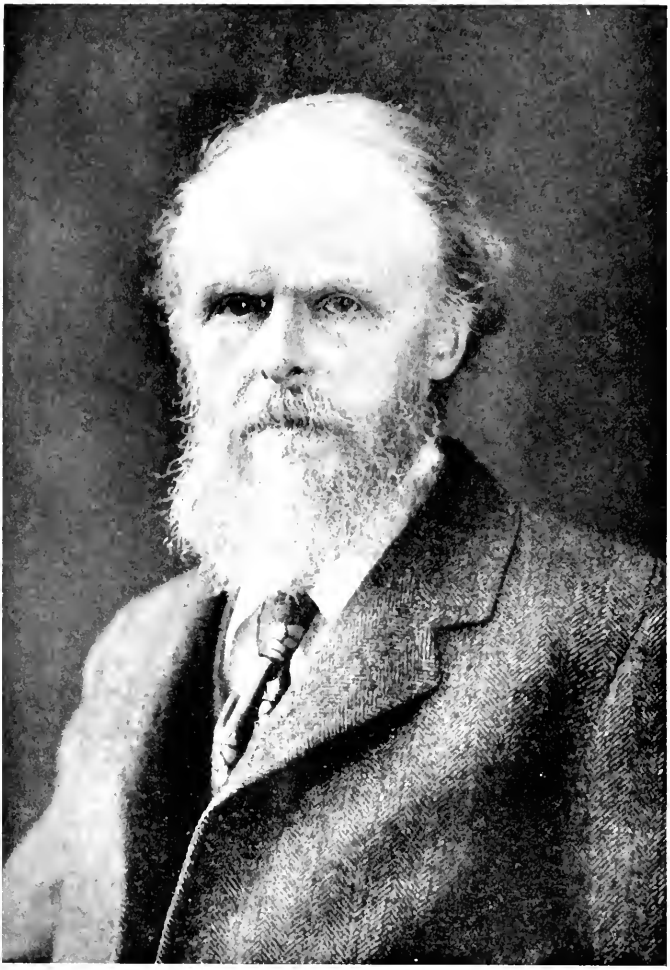
The following is of interest as explaining why De Morgan insisted on making his tiles, and not merely decorating them :—

"Perhaps I owed you (I think I did) a fuller résumé of the reasons I had for making my own tiles. Well! I'm not the man to begrudge it, and here it is.

"At some date in the early seventies I was struck by the fact that the employment of tiles in European buildings never approached in extent to the use

that I have always understood has been made of them in other countries, especially in Persia. This seemed particularly noticeable in external work. In my frequent conversations with architects, I observed that the reason invariably alleged for this last was that tiles would not bear the frost or hold tight on cement or mortar. Observation confirmed this. I also observed that the tiles pointed at as having these defects were always the pressed dust tiles, or Minton tiles, so called because the invention of the press was either Herbert Minton's, or because he bought the patent. In time I came to the conclusion that the artificially compacted clay differed in molecular structure from that of natural shrinkage from the wet.

"It is more absorbent, or rather absorbs with greater capillary attraction (for I doubt the same bulk of pressed tile absorbing as much water as one of ours ; but I don't know). Of course, I did not then *know* that tiles I made myself from wet clay *would* stand frost and wet. I only believed it. I have not yet had sufficient experience to speak positively ; but, generally speaking, the twenty years that I am just completing seems to point to the accuracy of my first conclusions. I found also that as a matter of economy it did not seem a much greater expense to make my tiles than to buy them. . . . The advantage of the pressed dust tiles is a purely commercial one ; they are so exactly



WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN.
From a photograph by Russell and Sons.

6″ × 6″, and so exactly the same size that a person who has given a heavy order, and changes his mind, cannot bilk the manufacturer on the ground of the goods not answering the description. It *is* an advantage."

This is spoken feelingly, because De Morgan's tiles were apt to vary slightly in size owing to irregular shrinkage of the body; and this lack of deadly uniformity was, in my experience, used as an excuse for returning a consignment in more than one instance.

Contradictory as it sounds, it was, perhaps, to some extent the wide range of William De Morgan's inventive and creative ability which tended in a measure to hamper the success of the pottery. Apart altogether from the creation of designs, his chemical investigations into the qualities and kiln-behaviour of various bodies, calcines, frits, and glazes, and the practical improvements he introduced in the design of ovens and kilns, and the regulation of temperatures and draught, were of course an essential and most valuable part of the work. His revival of the fifteenth century metallic lustres of the great masters of Italian Majolica at Pesaro, Gubbio and Deruta led to the production of his most characteristic ware; so that he too, with a little geographical latitude, is included among the Etrurians at Chelsea. But the versatile genius for contrivance and improvements which he inherited

from his father was not, as he said, to be impounded, either æsthetically or technically ; and was devoted impartially also to the evolution of telegraphic codes, of tile pattern indexes, of systems of accounts, of machinery design, of stock reference lists, and other side issues which poorer brains could have tackled well enough. De Morgan's mind was ever full of original methods and ideas in all sorts of subjects ; he invented new processes in glass staining, in glycerine painting, in clay casting, in grinding mills ; he devoted endless labour and ingenuity to a pneumatic speed change gear for bicycles ; he latterly attacked some of the most difficult problems connected with aircraft and submarine work ; he was proud of his descent from a grandfather, William Frend, " who was expelled from Cambridge University for heretical opinions " ; and he was always loth to accept preconceived systems of doing things until he had made trial of his own.

I remember a prescient sentence in one of De Morgan's letters to me in which he said that if circumstances forced him to sell up and close down the factory he should devote his energies to a very different employment ; but this would be by compulsion and not of choice. As a matter of fact he continued the work at Fulham—largely I think out of consideration for his men—for several years longer ; and it was only in 1907 that he decided

to stop work there finally. Though other circumstances had their part in this conclusion, it was, I think, essentially a case of slow starvation amidst plenty; the impossibility, that is, through insufficient capital, of organising the output, on a sufficiently large scale, of products for which, at the prices which large production would have made possible, there would have been an ample and regular market. That, however, is controversial ground, on which there is no need to enter further here. "Our poor trade," he wrote to me, "is famished not for want of customers, but stock."

Pity it is—as one must always feel with whatsoever things are lovely and of good report—that the making of William De Morgan's beautiful Chelsea ware has to be numbered amongst the vanished things from among us. Grievous it may be that his dream of dispelling London's architectural gloom by fine masses of richly coloured tile and panel work—of which his partner has given us an appetising glimpse at Mr. Debenham's house in Addison Road, which contains a splendid presentation of De Morgan's best colour work, admirably chosen, and set forth with sympathetic ability—should remain a dream. But there are generally two sides to a profit and loss account; and we must not forget, in debiting Pottery with his art, that we have simultaneously to credit Literature with its gain, and that branch of it

which attracts about 90 per cent. of its supporters. For in 1906 "Joseph Vance" appeared, and took the novel-reading world by storm; to be followed annually by that remarkable succession of stories which has endeared the name of De Morgan to thousands who would never otherwise have heard it. The lustred bowls, the glowing pots, the turquoise tiles, beautiful as they were, remained always—though not by his wish—the prizes of the few; the wondrous beasts and birds, the ships, the fishes, and the sea life, the perfectly adapted pattern of sweeping forms of limb and fin and wing, of flower and foliage; the quips of humour, the transparencies of atmosphere, the swirl of wave, the shimmer of watery deeps; all these things of delight which his designs forecast and his pottery, at its rare best, achieved, are a richly imaginative but yet a very limited and precarious heritage.

But these other creations of his latest years, Joseph Vance and Alice and Sally and Fenwick, Lossie and Lizerann and all the long file of extraordinarily human and natural folk that live and move and have their being in his books—they, thank goodness, can neither be spoilt in the fire, nor interned in museums, nor broken in the handling; they, one feels confident, will survive, and in them De Morgan's delightful self, for the joy of our children's children.

MRS. CARLYLE AND HER LITTLE CHARLOTTE.

Part I.

Lovers of Mrs. Carlyle—among whom I rank myself in the straitest sect—must often have heaved an unavailing sigh that her always delightful letters should be so largely obsessed by the ever-recurrent topics of illnesses and their remedies, and by (apparently) perpetual household worries; and we need hardly be surprised to find that both these subjects bulk largely in any further correspondence of hers which may come to light.

It is so, yet in a happier sense than usual, with these letters which follow.

The illnesses, as we can now see, in the quiet perspective of collective evidence, and with the help of Sir James Crichton-Browne's admirable introduction to the "New Letters and Memorials," were those of an intensely nervous temperament, educated under too strenuous conditions, high-strung and quick both in sensation and in reaction, "the flame of life in her, brilliant, yet ever flickering and flaring."

Her fits of despondency, of morbid depression, of groundless jealousy, of exhausting insomnia; the incessant attacks of influenza, the sick headaches, even the threatened mental disorder and suicidal promptings—all these are to be traced back to, and based upon, her highly neurotic nature. This is not, of course, in any sense to say that these things were not, *for her*, overwhelmingly real and terrible, or that she would have felt in any way the better for being informed that her physical troubles were the outcome of "cerebral neurasthenia," and her spiritual *malaise* was a "climacteric melancholia"!

But it does help *us*, as we read, to discount and appraise more nearly at their proper value many things in her letters which otherwise sound harsh, despairing, extravagant, or unfair; many wild outcries, exaggerated descriptions, unreasoning cynicisms, disordered fancies, querulous reproaches.

These things were not, any of them, part of her real, her true self. They were symptoms of a malady which attacked, and even threatened to overwhelm her, but from which, eventually, she emerged victoriously. She was conscious that the being which, in her dark hours, possessed her, was alien to her natural self, a thing indeed of falsehood. "It is not," she wrote, "a natural vice of mine, that sort of egotistic babblement that has been fastened in me by the patience and sympathy

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

shown me in my late long illnesses." And again: "Not only do I forget utterly particulars of quite recent date, but I *remember* particulars of no date at all! That is to say, imagine to remember *minutely* things that never happened—never were. Since I became aware of this freak of memory in me I have felt a toleration which I never felt before for—'white liars.'"

"I might have known," she wrote ruefully, "by myself, that the excitability of nerves which makes amusing letters is very compatible with serious ailment," and again: "Your journal, all about feelings, aggravates whatever is factitious and morbid in you; that I have made experience of."

In a letter written to her husband from Scotland in 1857, she says, after telling him about herself—

"But 'oh my,' what a shame, when you are left alone there, with plenty of smoke of your own to consume, to be puffing out mine on you from this distance! It is certainly a questionable privilege one's best friend enjoys, that of having all one's darkness rayed out on him. If I were writing to—who shall I say?—Mr. Barlow, now, I should fill my paper with 'wits' and elegant quotations and diverting anecdotes; should write a letter that would procure me laudation sky-high on my 'charming unflagging spirits' and my 'extraordinary freshness of mind and feelings'; but to you I cannot for my life be anything but a bore."

It was, I think, John Sterling's brother who once told Mrs. Carlyle that "she would be much more amiable if she weren't so damnably clever"; but the conception of her as "a bore" is in no circumstances possible.

The allusion to her husband as "one's best friend" is a true, delightful touch. For the essential fact emerges, to be remembered always, that behind and beneath and beyond all these mephitic vapours and vapourings there remained, to the very end, the true Jane Welsh Carlyle, brilliant in wit, generous in judgment, sensitively tender in her affection for all living things, proud of her home and its cares; above all, and through all, attached to and beloved by her husband with a pride, a solicitude, and devotion which was clouded, at times, by illness or by misunderstandings, but which nothing could, or ever did, permanently quench.

Concerning the servant and household worries, the cares of bread which furnish so prolific a topic in the letters, it has to be remembered that Mrs. Carlyle's highly nervous condition on the one hand exaggerated the importance of much that was really insignificant, and on the other tended, no doubt, to make her far too observant and expectant an employer.

Her mental equilibrium was much too sensitive and capricious to allow of her being what is gener-

ally understood by "a good mistress." She tried to, but could not, cultivate the blind eye for things below-stairs; her preferences and dislikes were swiftly and intensely engaged; and, as a result, there was no impartiality of domestic governance, but she was always doing her servants a great deal more, or a little less, than justice.

But her intense interest in the human side of her servants, the warm affection which welled up instantly at the touch of sympathy and fellowship, however clumsy and simple, is always a charming feature of what she wrote about them to her friends; and nowhere, surely, has this responsive affection been more delightfully evinced than in these letters which follow, to her little Charlotte.

They were carefully and affectionately treasured by their recipient to the end of her life—about ten years ago; and were eventually brought to me by her family, with a view to their possible publication and disposal.

Charlotte Southam (*née* Watson) entered Mrs. Carlyle's service at Cheyne Row in June, 1858.

Her parents had died in her childhood, and she had been adopted by her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Southam, whose name she took and with whom she had lived at one of the little houses in Lawrence Street just west of Cheyne Row.

Mrs. Carlyle, having made some not very encouraging experiments with servants who were

supposed to be fully trained in their domestic duties, had somewhat heroically decided that she would take a young girl straight from home, and train her as maid herself. Charlotte was one of two Chelsea girls sent her by an acquaintance to whom she applied. Mrs. Carlyle asked Charlotte if she could lay and light a fire; and, having watched her do it, came to the conclusion that she promised well enough for further trial, and at once installed her in the stone-flagged kitchen of No. 5 Cheyne Row.

Charlotte was only fifteen, but she evidently made a good impression at once. Carlyle speaks of her as "the new maid, a fine little Chelsea creature, courageously, with excellent discernment and with very good success, now given a trial," and Mrs. Carlyle writes, "Charlotte is as kind and attentive as possible, and her speech is remarkably sensible. She was observing yesterday morning that 'Master' looked rather dull at going away, 'and I can't say,' she added, 'that you look particularly brilliant (!) since his departure.'"

The start was certainly auspicious; for Carlyle went to stay with his sister, Mrs. Austin, at the Gill, Annan, in the latter half of June, leaving Mrs. Carlyle at Chelsea with her new maid. "With no husband to study, house-keeping is mere play," she writes, "and my young maid is a jewel of a creature," "much kinder and helpfuller than Ann was," and "a good, biddable, clever little creature."

At the end of July, having successfully installed her new maid, Mrs. Carlyle went to stay with Miss Baring at Bay House, Alverstoke, Lord Ashburton being at the time in Dumfriesshire, where Mr. Carlyle was also staying; and little Charlotte was left in sole possession of No. 5 Cheyne Row! Carlyle had evidently written a little doubtfully as to the wisdom of this, but his wife already reposed a good deal of confidence in her small maid:—

"Charlotte (she wrote him) is more to be trusted with the house than Ann was; she has quite as much sense, and infinitely more principle. I can depend upon her that the thing I bid her do she will do—when my back is turned, the same as before my face. Her mother will come and sleep with her. She is a very good housemaid, and is already a better cook than Ann was. Above all, she is my *servant*—does what I order at the first word—and not my mistress! For the satisfaction of your imagination, you will find her much bigger and older-looking when you return."[1]

A few days after her arrival at Bay House, Mrs. Carlyle wrote her first letter to Charlotte, which follows.

I have thought it best to copy these letters exactly as they are written, with all their underlinings and occasional carelessness of spelling and stops.

[1] "New Letters and Memorials," iii. 189.

"Mr. Larkin" was a sort of secretary-amanuensis to Carlyle, much valued and trusted at this time. "Nero," of course, was the little black-and-white dog, given to Mrs. Carlyle in 1849 by a Greek acquaintance in Manchester, and to whom she was greatly devoted. "When I say I am well, it means also Nero is well! he is part and parcel of myself." He was her constant companion for eleven years, and her letters contain many delightful references and messages to him. In October, 1859, he was run over by a butcher's cart; and, though not killed outright, and indeed nursed back into some sort of convalescence for a time, his throat had been so injured that his life became a misery, and was mercifully ended by Mr. Barnes, 1st February, 1860.

The sparrow was a street waif, rescued from some urchins who had caught it.

BAY HOUSE, ALVERSTOKE,
HANTS.
Thursday [*August 5th*, 1858].

Oh, little woman! little woman! I wonder how you get on there, all by yourself, in that "highly *genteel* seven-roomed House" (as the retired Cheese-monger would describe it!). If you hadn't made "ducks and drakes" of your opportunities; and, when I was ready to teach you to *write*, and you had time to learn, preferred sitting drearily at the upstairs window looking out into the street;

you might by this time have been *up to* writing me a nice little letter; to your own honour and glory! as well as to *my* peace of mind; seeing that I can't help making myself anxious about you; when day after day passes, and I hear nothing from home—not a word either from you, or the dog, or the sparrow!

I am much better since I came here—Indeed this life is the very wholesomest that could have been cut out for me! Sea-air blowing round me day and night—a drive in an open carriage every day—nothing to do "about dinner" except *eat* it! perfect comfort, without too much ceremony; and kindness without fuss!—all this considered; you won't expect me home on *Saturday!* not a bit of me!—I will write to Mr. Larkin to take you money for another week.

And I entreat you to find new work for yourself! that you mayn't, in my absence, scrape acquaintance with a certain person who, I told you, was "always at the elbow of an idle girl!"—And that I may see cause to commend your diligence when I return! Tell Nero, with my dear love, that I fervently hope he is not overeating himself! And to the Sparrow give, in my name, a good-sized worm!

God keep you a good girl!

Yours kindly,

JANE CARLYLE.

"This answer of Charlotte's was forwarded by Mrs. Carlyle to her husband in a letter dated Bay House, Monday, and bearing the postmark 9 August, 1858, and addressed to Thomas Carlyle, The Gill, Cummertrees, Annan, N.B."—*Note on the following letter, by Alexander Carlyle, who kindly sent it to me.*

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
Saturday, August 7, 1858.

Dear Madam,

I have taken the liberty of answering your kind letter, thinking you would like to know that the house is quite safe, and that me and Nero are quite well and happy, he is very good company for me, the sparrow is doing very well, and Dear Madam I will do my Best to keep that Certen person at a distance from my Elbow. I had finished your room and was quite prepared for you on Saturday.

I went to see the bird and he is still very Bad and Mrs. Uxham wished me to give her your address as she would like to tell you all about it. I am happy to hear that you are better and that the air agrees with you so well.

So no more from your Obedient servant,

Charlotte Southam.

"This paper" (Mrs. Carlyle has written at the end) "is very thick, so I will take off half a sheet

to make room for poor little Charlotte's unexpected letter."

"The bird she went to see is the poor little canary who was so poorly when you left. He is dying I fear. But to give him a chance I sent him over to be under the care of Mrs. Huxham who is skilful in canaries."

BAY HOUSE, ALVERSTOKE,
HANTS.
Wednesday [*August 11th*, 1858].

Good little woman! It was a nice thought in you to write to me, and nicely carried into effect! There was both *consideration* and *energy* in the small action, and I am glad to see these qualities in my little woman, as they will be very useful to her in Life, if she give them fair play!

But the penmanship of the letter was never your own surely! It would have been too much modesty to tell me you "could not write," if you were up to writing like *that!* It might very soon be made into an excellent hand, that! and I shall feel it more than ever incumbent on me, to make you write a little every evening instead of looking out at the upstairs window!

I had a most pleasant letter from Mr. Larkin, in which he told me all looked right at home, and your door-steps nice and clean! Mr. Larkin must certainly be an Angel in man's clothes! I am sure if one stript him he would be found to have beauti-

ful wings!! I told him my watch stopt the day I came, and would not *go* again! And imagine! on Monday morning came a small box, registered, which was found to contain a nice, gentleman's watch, *going*—ticking away like anything, when taken out of the cotton! Mr. Larkin's own watch I dare say, or someone's who needs it for himself. But it is an immense accommodation to me, who am accustomed to look what o'clock it is, twenty or thirty times every *night!* And who was depending for my knowledge of the time of *day*, on a great Bell, ten times greater than Mr. Chalmer's, which stunns this house *six* times betwixt our getting up and lying down!

Mrs. Huxham wrote to me a touching effusion about "the Bird." From which I could only gather *this*—that if he lived he would live, and if he died he would die! and that meantime he "spent whole hours" (I should think not very happy ones) in Mrs. Huxham's "*bosom*"!! I hope he won't expect *us* to keep him in our *bosoms*, when he returns to his anxious family! Nero wouldn't approve of *that* at all; and *his* feelings must always be consulted *first*, as the oldest favourite.

I have been several times sailing in Portsmouth harbour, and on board some of the vessels—but I have not fallen in with Mrs. Newnham's son! Perhaps I *saw* him without knowing it. I think

The Excellent is his ship, and I sailed close by *it* yesterday.

Mr. Carlyle is still in Dumfriesshire but thinking of going to Germany soon—Lord Ashburton was to spend yesterday with him at Dumfries.

I hope you mind to *water* my little green children; especially the gooseberry-bush, the sweet-briar, and the infant *tree*, without a name.

I am not coming home this week either, not till the Saturday of next week. Miss Baring wants me to stay till the 23d. when she goes herself into Norfolk. But I think I will leave, by myself, on the Saturday, which will make *even* time—and my luggage will be so much safer with *no* footman to take charge of it!

I will tell Mr. Larkin to give you six more shillings next Monday or Tuesday.

I continue much better in health—sleep more like a Christian—eat regularly *two* dinners, one at half past one, and the other at eight! Cough very little, and am up to whatever is proposed. But my bonnet ribbons are getting frightfully dirty and my white shawl *ditto!* I had to buy galoshes at Portsmouth having forgot my own—All good be with you little woman.

Yours kindly,

Jane Carlyle.

Bay House,
Tuesday, [*August 17th*, 1858].

Dear Charlotte,

(This pen will hardly mark, but it must do, there is no other.) I told you in my last letter that I should be home next Saturday; and I sent you a message yesterday, thro' Mr. Larkin, to the same effect. As I like keeping my word, even in matters of *no* moment; I should not have altered my day for my *own* pleasure; but it would be both ungrateful and impolite if I did not alter it for Miss Baring's; she wishing and pressing me to stay over Sunday—that we may all leave here the same day—viz. on Monday (23d.).

After all it will be better so! What could I do with the Sunday at home if I had it?—since improved tho' I am in strength and *courage* I have not enough of either, yet, to *go to Church!* And I am too good a Presbyterian (if you have the slightest conception what *that* is!) to pursue either business or amusement on Sundays! So you are not to expect me till Monday—in time for dinner—about three o'clock you can have it ready. I shall probably arrive soon after two. That you mayn't be troubling your youthful brain with uncertainties as to *what* I would like; I will order the dinner *now*, a week before hand!! "Mrs. Newnham's dish (the minced mutton browned before the fire) and a ground-rice pudding." And you must please

to give me *enough ! !* I should like, you see, to be let down soft ; for all the time I have been here I have eaten *two* considerable dinners a day !

I hear from Mrs. Huxham this morning that "the bird" is not only "still living" but "picking up"—"washes and pecks himself"—for which the Heavens be duly praised ! and Mrs. Huxham's "*bosom*" !

I told Mr. Larkin I should like that he came to tea on Saturday evening. I must now put him off till Monday evening.

You can take the inclosed down to the *Bridge* Pier in time for him to-morrow morning—as Mr. Carlyle used to leave his notes with the man at that Pier—love to Nero.

Yours truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle returned to Chelsea from Bay House on 24th August for a day or two, and then went north to pay a visit to her friend Mrs. Pringle, who had a large, comfortable house at Lann Hall, near Thornhill in Dumfriesshire ; Charlotte and Nero, "who would come and see me off," George Cooke and Mr. Larkin "with a freshly gathered bouquet," all going to the station to help her departure ; and from thence she addressed the next three letters to her small maid at Chelsea.

Carlyle, meanwhile, had gone from Edinburgh

to Hamburg, and thence to Carzitz, Berlin, Brieg, Breslau, Prag, and Dresden, visiting the "Friedrich" battle-fields preparatory to writing his description of them in the great History.

The next four letters are from Lann Hall.

LANN HALL, TYNRON,
DUMFRIESSHIRE, [30*th August*, 1858].

DEAR LITTLE WOMAN,

I hope you will be glad to hear, that altho' I *did* set out on a *Friday*, I am arrived quite safe and sound at my journey's end. I had that large carriage entirely to myself for half of the whole journey. My friend was waiting for me, with a waiter from the Hotel to take charge of my luggage, and a *gentleman;* in case any use could be found for one! and nice warm tea with hot brandered chicken and ham was ready in five minutes after. In spite of the squealing of trains coming and going I slept much better than I ever do at home, and got up next day able to go about and see the town of Carlisle. We did not leave till three in the afternoon and got home at seven. It is a beautiful place this, and the kindest Hostess that ever was seen—and there are three charming little boys of whom Nero would be dreadfully jealous if he saw how much I make of them. The youngest, about four, says to me whenever I come into the room a few words—always the same—"Eh! that's a bonny wee cap ye have on!!"

While I was in the Train the day I left you I suddenly perceived that my little finger was without the little gold ring I had worn for twenty years! I looked all over the bottom of the carriage but not a trace of it. So I try to hope *you* would find it about the basin-stand or on the carpet of my bedroom—I have a recollection of hearing something fall from me that morning, and not seeing anything at first glance I thought no more about it. If you *have* the ring don't send it, only let me hear it is safe.

Also I miss a cap which went to Mrs. Cook, perhaps as it was made of muslin that had lain till quite black she kept it to whiten—anyhow take the first opportunity of questioning her about it.

Don't forget to take "Punch" to Mr. Royston next Thursday.

Yours truly,
JANE CARLYLE.

LANN HALL, TYNRON, DUMFRIES,
Friday, [*September* 3, 1858].

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I sent you, on my arrival here a few lines, inclosed to our Postman (Mr. Bullock) about a little gold ring, I hoped you might find for me on my basin-stand or somewhere. And I hoped to have heard from you, yes or no, before this.

The ring is of little value in itself, but *I* valued

it highly for the sake of the person who gave it me. And I should be rejoiced to hear that it was found.

It is not about *that* however that I write to-day; but to tell you that I don't expect Mr. Carlyle will stay long in Germany, and that you must get on with your house-sorting—that you may not share the fate of the seven foolish virgins in the Scripture who were found with their lamps untrimmed.

It will be a great shame to you, if you have not the house perfectly sorted when we return—having for so long had no family to attend to but Nero—In particular, I wish you would give the drawing room grate not *one* but several good scourings—I did not at all admire the state in which you were letting it lie over till wanted!

If the people at Waterloo House have not sent home the bed-tick; you had better ask Mrs. Gilchrist (if she have returned) or Mrs. Royston to be so kind as to hasten them about it; for it would be better to fill it in Mr. Carlyle's dressing room as you proposed—and at the same time, *his* rooms ought not to be left till the last moment.

I don't remember the *name*, but *Waterloo House* near Charing-cross is direction enough.

In the last letter I had from Mr. Carlyle he said it was likely he would get thro' all he had to do in Germany in a couple of weeks—I don't know yet whether he will go straight to Chelsea or come

back thro' Scotland and pick me up. But even if he do come this way he won't like putting off more time here. And if he go home by himself, *I* should put off no time in returning. So you see the need of letting no grass grow under your feet! I think myself it will probably be *three* weeks before we return, but as it may be *rather* less you must be prepared for that.

When you have put down the carpet in the drawing room don't bring out any china or little things—Dr. Carlyle is dangerous for *breaking* when he has the run of the house.

When you clean the furniture ask Mrs. Newnham to mix you some beeswax and soap, as *she* knows how—and then use it *very sparingly* indeed, having first *carefully washed the furniture with soap and warmish water*—you should rub up the four posted beds as well as the dining room chairs, etc.

If you saw how all the things *do shine* in this house! and yet I should say by the look of her face, that the housemaid here is neither so active nor so clever a girl as you are! and she is but some two or at most three years older. But the Lady is *very* particular and *will* have things right about her; and I observe that those who demand most of their fellow creatures always get best attended to! which does not say much for human generosity.

Yesterday I dined at a mere farm-house; and of all the well-cooked dinners I ever sat down to, it

was the foremost! Such puddings and pastry it would have defied Lord Ashburton's gentleman-French cook, at three hundred a year, to make the like of!—It was all done by a country girl with the assistance of her mistress! "*Ladies*" here are not ashamed to be *useful* as well as ornamental—and a great blessing *that* is to their Husbands and visitors.

I felt quite envious yesterday of that Lady's talent for housekeeping—and would have liked to put myself apprentice to her. It *is* Honourable to any woman to be able to produce as much comfort and elegance on some eight hundred a year as most people *cannot* produce on eight thousand. We must improve, you and I.

Yours truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

LANN HALL, TYNRON,
DUMFRIES, [*September*, 1858].

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

It is one of the natural attributes of *girls* to like Balls and all that sort of thing; so having taken a girl for Servant, I must not wonder at her propensities!

I have no objection to your going to this Ball, provided as you propose, that your Father will take care of the House for you. But you must on no account leave it to take care of itself.

It *was* taking care of itself *one* night when Mrs. Hawkes made a great row at the door, and could get no answer!

We have dreadfully rainy weather—but mercifully there is a *close* carriage as well as an open one so I still get some driving daily.

I hope you are attending to the ceiling in the spare bedroom—get Mr. Chalmers to look at it if any more wet come in.

Also you should let off all the water from the upper cistern from time to time—a quantity of stagnant water is not desirable in the house.

Yours truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

LANN HALL,

Wednesday, [*September* 15*th*, 1858].

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I have not a minute to spare. A carriage is at the door waiting to take me away. But I have just had a letter from Mr. Carlyle. And he thinks of being home about the 20th. So as that is very near now I had best tell you the fact by to-day's Post, and add any particular instructions I may wish to give afterwards.

His bedroom and study must be all ready—whatever else you fall behind in. Ask Mr. Piper to send the Carpenter from Danvers Street to put

up the curtains—since I am not there to help you with them.

But be sure to examine them very particularly first—in case of any stray bug.

I hope you have attended to my *furs*.

Probably Mr. C. will send positive word what day he comes, thro' Dr. Carlyle if he be still in London.

At all events I shall probably know in time to warn you.

Yours truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

My address after this will be

MRS. CARLYLE,
MRS. RUSSELL'S,
THORNHILL,
DUMFRIES.

After staying nearly three weeks with Mrs. Pringle at Lann Hall, Mrs. Carlyle moved on about the middle of September to spend a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Russell at Thornhill; and here she heard from her husband of his probable return from Germany to Chelsea direct, instead of to Scotland, as she had imagined. The next two letters written from Thornhill to Charlotte reveal her anxiety about Carlyle's home-coming in her absence. To him she wrote from Thornhill: "Oh my dear! I

hope that Nero will know you and welcome you in his choicest mood, and I hope that Charlotte will '*not* fall but *rise* with the emergency' (as Miss Anderson says she does) . . . Meanwhile whatever are you to do about *finding* things? Charlotte is rather good at *finding!* Take her up gently, tell her what you want in plain English, and I have no doubt you will find her very docile and 'quick at the *uptak*'."[1]

THORNHILL, DUMFRIES,
Thursday, [*Sep.* 16, 1858].

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

Your letter hit me to-day in the most beautiful manner just in the transit from the Place where I have been these three weeks, to this Place where I shall stay some days at least. I have only a few minutes as usual for writing in; but if I wait till to-morrow the Sunday intervenes and you will not be able to get any letter till Monday.

The winter stock of coals had best not be ordered till I return and can see about the price, &c., but if you are in danger of running out altogether, you must order a ton from Aldin to be brought in on Monday morning—that the oil-cloth may be put down clean in time for Mr. Carlyle. I have no further news from him; indeed ever since he went abroad, my knowledge of his movements has been

[1] "New L. and M.," ii. 198.

gained chiefly from the newspapers—he has been too hurried and flurried for writing.

If he keep to the intentions he expressed in his last letter to me he will be home to you next Monday—that is the 20th., but I hope you will receive some direct instructions from himself, thro' Dr. Carlyle.

I should like that he had stayed away a week or two longer that I might have been at home to receive him; but not expecting him so soon, I have stayed all my time at one place and have several friends and relations to visit still before I leave this country, and it would be a pity to have incurred so much expense of travelling for less than a month's stay. Besides *hurry-scurrying* back in time for *him* would probably undo any good I have got by coming. So I must just trust to your making him comfortable for a week or so, and the week after next I will return; and relieve you of your *responsibility* at least.

You know his ways and what he needs pretty well by this time. Trouble him with as few questions as possible. You can ask him whether he will take tea or coffee to breakfast? and whether he would like broth or a pudding to dinner? you must always give him one or other with his meat, and either an egg to breakfast or a slice of bacon.

I think you can now cook most of the things he takes oftenest, boiled fowl, mutton broth, chops and

bread and ground-rice puddings. If you take pains to please him I have no doubt you will. And if he look fussed *and cross*, never mind, so long as you are doing your best; travelling always puts him in a fever, and nobody can look and speak *amiably* with sick nerves. I myself know and so do you, a young lady called Charlotte Southam who whenever she is *sick*, and has a headache, looks exactly as if she were ever so *sulky!* and I daresay, she isn't sulky tho' looking it! any more than Mr. Carlyle is "cross" tho' *looking* it to perfection.

If you *can* catch Mr. Edwards the gardener it would be well to have the garden done up. Only tell him to be careful of all my little pet plants.

You need not order in anything till Mr. C. arrives —or till he tell you he is positively coming—then get what is needed at your own discretion, without troubling *him*.

Heaven help you and him well thro' it!

Take care your kitchen is in order—when he goes to light his pipe—he will see.

Yours truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

THORNHILL, DUMFRIES.
Tuesday, September 21st, 1858.

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I suppose you will have heard about Mr. Carlyle's coming as soon as I did from Dr. Carlyle.

He says in his letter to me, which I received last night, that he meant to sail on Wednesday and twenty-four hours more will bring him to Chelsea. So he may be expected on Thursday some time. I don't remember anything more to tell you ; but shall commit you to Providence and your own good sense ; which I know to be *up to* the emergence! if you make a point of keeping *it* (your sense) *awake* and *alert*.

I mean to be home the beginning or middle of next week. If it were only to help Mr. Carlyle to *find* all the things he will have *lost* by that time!

Speaking of losses I have found my ring! In packing my boxes to leave Lann Hall something fell out of the new silk dress which had not been once worn—and on looking at the bottom of the drawer to see what it was that had jingled ; behold, my poor little ring! Come back to me as if from the other world! It had slipped off when I was packing at home.

I have had a severe and dangerous illness since I wrote to you the other day! If I had not been in the house of the only good doctor I know I should not have got over it so soon—if at all!

It has quite snubbed my conceit about my *wellness*. However, I hope to reach home as strong at least as I left it, and am taking good care of myself to that end. You had better have a fire in

Mr. C.'s bedroom the first night, and put the fire in the drawing room.

Yours Truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle herself got back to Cheyne Row a few days later, and found all in good order at Chelsea. "My house was all right; indeed I never found it as thoroughly cleaned, or the general aspect of things as satisfactory. She is a perfect jewel, that young girl; besides all her natural work, she had crocheted out of her own head a large cover for the drawing room sofa! . . . I found myself the enviable mistress of a kitten . . . black as soot! Charlotte had taken the opportunity of my absence to discover 'there were mice in the house' and bring home a new pet for herself! The dog and it are dear friends for a wonder."[1]

To Mrs. Russell also she wrote: "I find all extremely right here. A perfectly cleaned house and a little maid radiant with 'virtue its own reward'. Charlotte said yesterday, 'I think Scotland must be such a fresh airy place! I should like to go there! You did smell so beautiful when you came in at the door last night.' She is quite a jewel of a servant. Far more like an adopted child than a

[1] "L. and M.," ii. 382.

London maid of all work. And, upon my word and honour, her bread is a deuced deal better than that loaf of Mrs. ——'s."[1]

Students of Mrs. Carlyle will probably feel some little trepidation, on reading these high encomia, for poor little Charlotte's future history. Such praises seem altogether too good to last. And indeed Mrs. Carlyle herself had similar forebodings, for we find in a letter to Mrs. Russell, written early in the following year (1859), "My little Charlotte continues to behave like the good girl in a Fairy tale. The only drawback to my satisfaction with her is that it seems too great to last—in a world of imperfections!"[2]

Yet it did last, most persistently, and in spite of recurrent illnesses and sleeplessness, yet a while.

In the spring there was a brief visit to the Ashburtons' Farm at Addiscombe, "beautifullest cottage in the world," as Carlyle described it, whence the next letter to Charlotte is directed, warning her of their home-coming :—

ADDISCOMBE FARM, CROYDON.
Saturday. Spring of 1859?

I hope, Charlotte, you are being good and busy! It will disappoint me much if either plants or birds or dog have any ill to say of you on my return! or if I see no evidence in the *grates*, &c., that you have

[1] "L. and M.," ii. 386. [2] "New L. and M.," ii. 203.

been working (in moderation) tho' I was not there to bid you. Do you know the Proverb? "*The Devil is always at the elbow of an idle Body*"! Remember *that;* little woman! and be sure that of all idle Bodies, it is the *idle girl* that the Devil makes most haste to, and brings to worst harm!

We keep to our intention of being home on Monday. I cannot fix the precise hour; but I shall take care to be in time for ordering Mr. C.'s dinner; and you may light the drawing room fire by ten or so, to have the room well aired. Mrs. Gilchrist said she would give me a loaf of bread when we came that there might be no bother of baking, the first day.

Shakespear should be told beforehand, that the usual quantity of milk will be required on Monday, in case, being taken unprepared, he have to fall back on the pump! The *best* cream that can be got out of Mr. Wright's cows will find little enough favour with Mr. C., after the thick yellow coloured thing called cream of which he takes here, every day, enough to bathe a baby in!

My love to Nero and tell him to look out on Monday—and to be sure and have on a clean shirt!

Yours truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

It was during this summer of 1859 that Carlyle, "after months of uselessness and wretchedness," fighting his way desperately through the heart-rending enterprise of "Frederick the Great," determined to take the "tolerable upper floor" of the farmhouse of Humbie, close to Aberdour in Fife; and thither he went in June by steamer to Granton, accompanied by "clever little Charlotte, my horse, and Nero".

Mrs. Carlyle followed them by rail to Haddington on 24th June, and went on to Humbie a few days later. The change was probably good for both of them, though neither was prepared altogether to admit it; and Charlotte, at any rate, seems to have been well satisfied with the Scotland which she had so much desired to see.

"Charlotte," Mrs. Carlyle wrote from Humbie, "is the happiest of girls! not that she seems to have much sensibility for the 'beauties of nature,' nor that her health was susceptible of improvement, but that the 'kindness of Scotch people' fills her with wonder and delight.

"Young men that don't so much as know her name, passing her on the road, say to her 'Bonnie wee lassie!' And the farmer here gave her 'a little sugar rabbit,' and said to her, 'Little girl, you are growing quite pretty since you came.' Did I ever hear of such kind people?"[1]

[1] "L. and M.," ii. 397.

In August they moved on from Humbie farm to Auchtertool House, near the cousins at the manse, and here they stayed till the latter half of September, when Carlyle went to the Gill, and later to Scotsbrig, whilst his wife returned to Chelsea to make ready for his advent.

Little Charlotte had preceded her by steamer from Granton, in charge of Carlyle's horse Fritz. "Charlotte," Mrs. Carlyle wrote to her husband, "was very frightened that the Prince's horse (which came on the same steamer) might have 'some bad complaint,' as the people said on board it was ill, and to see the Prince's groom giving our horse water and corn out of the same dishes which the other horse had used, alarmed her so much that she went to Silvester's (where Fritz was stabled) after her arrival and begged him to 'give the horse some physic in case of his catching anything'!" But Fritz was none the worse, and Silvester reported him "in capital condition, so fat and so spirity that he never——"

Mrs. Carlyle once more found "everything in the house perfectly safe; no bugs, no moths, grates unrusted, much more care having been taken than when Anne was left in it." [1]

Mrs. Southam, Charlotte's mother, had been left in charge, and "Charlotte is already the better for being back beside her—away from Thomson's

[1] "New L. and M.," ii. 219.

and Muat's." Carlyle notes these as merely unknown names, but it looks as if the "bonnie wee lassie" had found admirers north of Tweed. Evidently she had greatly enjoyed her time in Scotland; and Mrs. Carlyle, in a long letter to Mrs. Southam, written from Humbie, and dealing with Cheyne Row domesticities, such as opening of windows, shaking of furs, etc., says :—

"Charlotte is perfectly well and seems charmed with Scotland—as is not surprising; everything being *new* to her, and very pleasant besides. We have now a donkey of our own, and Charlotte rode him to the village on her errands, with great delight—at *first*—but now she finds she 'can go much quicker on her own feet.' The donkey is a great godsend to *me*, however, who have no feet of my own with strength to carry me many yards. I asked her just now if she had any message to send: she took ten minutes to think and then said 'Just to give my love to father and mother; and I should like to hear from them.' We hear dreadful accounts of the heat in London and the smell of the river! We are lucky to be *here*, I think, where it is quite cool, and nothing smelling but roses."

Charlotte, it must not be forgotten, was only sixteen. Mrs. Carlyle's next letter, which also need not be quoted in full, is addressed to Mr. Southam whilst her maid "is off to see Edinburgh

with another girl." Mrs. Carlyle has just found that Charlotte had never written as she promised, to tell her mother of her impending return to Chelsea; so she writes begging him to meet his adopted daughter on her arrival, and to let her have a line immediately to announce her safe return. "She is quite well and you will find her grown, in breadth at least."

To Charlotte herself she writes, a week later :—

"I was glad to hear from Mr. Larkin that you had had a pleasant voyage and were safe home with your quadrupeds. I keep to my intention of being home on Friday . . . keep a good fire in the parlour and my bedroom. *Pray do* attend to this! It would be no saving of trouble to you to have me catch cold the first thing on arriving. . . . You need not prepare any dinner for me as I may prefer tea when I arrive and we are no longer five miles from butcher's meat. I hope after all your travels and 'sights' you will settle down to your work and be a good girl."

Mrs. Carlyle got back to Chelsea on 23rd September, stopping a night at York, *en route*, and plunged into household preparations for her husband's return. He paid a short visit to Lady Stanley at Alderley Park, Congleton, on his way south, and came home to Chelsea at the beginning of October. It was the very night before his arrival that poor little Nero, out shopping with

Charlotte, was run over by the furiously-driven butcher's cart, and "brought home in her arms all crumpled together like a crushed spider"; and there is a pathetic description of the accident in Mrs. Carlyle's letter of 30th October to Mrs. Russell.[1] "I dare not show all my grief," she writes. "Charlotte was so distressed, and really could not have helped it."

It was during this autumn of 1859 that Carlyle received from Germany the Order of Knighthood of the White Falcon. "Charlotte," his wife writes, "told our charwoman with great glee that the Master might call himself 'Sir Thomas, if he liked'. 'My,' said the charwoman, 'then the Mistress is Lady now!' 'Yes,' said Charlotte, 'but she says she won't go in for it! Such a shame!'"[2]

And so, "in the valley of the shadow of Frederick the Great," and in the nursing of Nero, the little, ended the year 1859.

At the New Year (1860), both Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle were glad to escape, if only for ten days, from the cold and gloom of London to Lord Ashburton's large, well-warmed Hampshire house, The Grange, where the second Lady Ashburton, who was to prove so staunch and warm a friend to them both, was entertaining a large house-party, and the

[1] "L. and M.," iii. 11. [2] "New L. and M.," ii. 220.

In Carlyle's Attic Study.

In Little Charlotte's Kitchen.

THE TOP AND THE BOTTOM OF NO. 5, CHEYNE ROW.

next three letters to Charlotte are dated from thence. It was quite a successful little visit, though curtailed by Carlyle's impatience to be back at his desk and his "monstrous" task.

Charlotte had evidently been given a companion at Cheyne Row during their absence.

THE GRANGE, ALRESFORD,
HANTS, *Tuesday*, [*January 3rd*, 1860].

DEAR LITTLE WOMAN,

I haven't a moment's time to tell you about anything but the business on hand.

I have gone and put a wrong key on my ring!—have left the key of my writing desk behind and brought that of an old hat-box instead!—There! that is stupider than anything *you* ever did!—And I can't get my white gloves which are in the desk! And must go down in bare hands—which is about as bad as going down with bare feet.

Look in the little glass drawer and I think you will find little keys and make a parcel of them and send them by post to-morrow—it is a round key—for a little bramah lock.

If you cannot find it—in the drawer where the pills lie—then *I* don't know the least in the world where I put them—when I took them off the ring this morning—and you must ask Mrs. Gilchrist to buy me or must go and buy me yourself two pairs

of white kid gloves of the size *seven and three quarters* and send them by post.

Oh, dear, what shall I *do?*

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

THE GRANGE,
Friday, [*January* 6, 1860].

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

Luckily I didn't give way to a too confident gladness, when I felt *little* keys thro' the paper of your note; or I should have been ready to dash my brains out against the wall, on inspecting them, and recognising *one* as the key of an old padlock! and the other as a key found on the streets! the only thing I ever *found* to the best of my recollection, except once a solitary ha'penny in Cook's Grounds!

But never mind! I dare say I put the right key away in some place where you couldn't be expected to find it. And in the meantime the worst difficulties of my mistake are obviated for me by the help of friends. There was nothing in the desk absolutely indispensable for my comfort, except the white gloves and my sewing materials (needle-book, reels of cotton, &c.)—my pearl necklace and bracelets are in the locked desk; but one *can exist* without these!—and, but for my absurd *pride*, I needn't have been put about at all—having

only to state my difficulties to Miss Emily Baring, or to Lady Ashburton, and immediately Lady's Maids were despatched to my room with more white gloves, and reels, and needles, than I should use in a year!! Writing paper and envelopes are always at the command of the visitors to any extent —so it is "all right" in the matter of the missing key. But it is anything but *all right* in the matter of Mr. Carlyle. He has his headache very bad—and talked seriously of going home the very first day after we came and again he told Lady A. last night that he must go home on Saturday (to-morrow) but would leave *me* here. *That* I set my face against—he might go if he *would*, but if he went, I would certainly go too—and so, tho' very angry at what he calls my *perversity*, he is meaning to try to stay a little longer, but I have small hope we shall make out the *fortnight!* and shouldn't wonder if he went to-morrow after all! However you don't need to make any preparations for our arrival unless you have had it officially intimated to you—*only*,—take care to be in the way, that if he do start off all on a sudden, he mayn't be put in a rage at the end of his journey by finding nobody to get him some dinner, or what he needs.

As for the cleaning—don't have more than *one* thing in hands at a time,—and then you can't be found in any *irremediable* muddle come when we may!

I have been very well since I came here—and walk out every day. The House is full of company as usual—and they are people I like, most of them. The Baby is a perfect Darling—but has *her own apartments* in a distant part of the House—so one has to make a long solemn journey to get a kiss of her!

Lady A. is kindness's self!—really twenty angels melted into one couldn't make up a kinder more loveable creature.

I hope you are both good girls, and that I shall find you well and well doing when I come home.

Poor old Sambo the first Lady's pet dog is grown so feeble and spiritless! he reminds me so of little Nero! tho' a big dog—and when he sets up long wailing howls, I fancy he is wailing for his old mistress—and can hardly keep from bursting out crying —what nonsense!

Kindly yours and Sarah's,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

THE GRANGE, ALRESFORD,
Tuesday, [*Jan.* 10*th*, 1860].

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

You asked for my address that you might write to me. You got it and you have not written.

I will tell you a wise saying that you should write down in your pocket-book, and if possible in your *heart*—it is this:

"*Hell is paved with good intentions.*"

I caught no cold on the journey and have been rather better than worse since I came—the same can't be said of Mr. C. He sleeps badly—and looks very wild.

On Thursday you may confidently expect us according to the original plan.

We were meant to stay till the end of the month —but nothing can keep Mr. C. from his work more than the "one week."

Oh that poor little dog! He has been a wet-blanket on all the glories of this place—Comes in my head whenever the talk is at the brightest.

You *should* have written to tell me about him—but perhaps you thought the less I was reminded of him the better.

I would give all the diamonds on Lady Ashburton's head and neck and I think *the Grange* itself to have that poor wee beast well and *young* again.

Put good fires on Thursday morning—in the drawing room and *both* bedrooms.

Yours truly,

J. CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle's forebodings about her poor little "blessed" Nero were well founded, for he grew steadily worse, and his end was mercifully accomplished, as already noted, about three weeks after

their return from the Grange. Her grief was heavy indeed, "wonderful even to myself"; and the story of the end and of Mr. Carlyle's sorrow—"unexpectedly and distractedly torn to pieces with it"—is beautifully recorded in her letter to Mrs. Russell.

"As for Charlotte she went about for three days after, with her face all swollen and red with weeping. But on the fourth day, she got back her good looks and gay spirits. . . . Only to *me*, whom he belonged to and whom he preferred to all living, does my dear wee dog remain a constantly recurring blank, and a thought of strange sadness! What *is* to become of that little beautiful graceful *Life*, so full of love and loyalty and sense of duty, up to the last moment that it animated the body of that little dog?"[1]

The summer of 1860 found Carlyle still waging his desperate war with "Friedrich." In July they tried a week's sea air at Brighton, and there is a little unfinished note from Mrs. Carlyle to Charlotte, begging her to unpack the usual Addiscombe hamper and "try to scald the cream as I did, stirring it one way over the fire till it begins to boil; perhaps it will keep till Monday. Mr. C. may be home sooner,—to-morrow if he does not have a better night. I have had much difficulty in keep-

[1] "New L. and M.," ii. 224.

ing——" and here it abruptly ends,—the last letter that little Charlotte was to receive from Mrs. Carlyle as her servant at Cheyne Row.

Part II.

And now there follows a long hiatus in the letters, a gap of nearly three years, which we can only bridge over in a very fragmentary way from occasional references in Mrs. Carlyle's other correspondence.

Early in August, 1860, Carlyle went north by sea, taking his work with him, to pay a visit to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso Castle, and two or three weeks later Mrs. Carlyle, who had been in a very nervous and sleepless condition for some time past, went off to stay with Lady Stanley at Alderley Park. It would seem from her letter to Mrs. Russell, written two months later, that Mrs. Carlyle had come to the conclusion that little Charlotte needed "to be put under some stricter superintendence" than that of an ill and often absent mistress. Perhaps also she hesitated again to leave her alone in charge of the Cheyne Row house for an indefinite period, and felt that an older woman should be installed there; though Charlotte, she admits, "was and is warmly attached to us:—and loving kindness at such a time was to have been kept near me, tho' accompanied with ever so much muddle."

Reluctantly, therefore, before Mrs. Carlyle left Chelsea, Charlotte had been given warning, and a woman of seventy-one, recommended as being a "treasure," was installed in her place, to be supplemented, on their return, with "a pair of young legs" in the shape of a second servant. The "treasure" turned out to be an arrant old humbug, who couldn't speak a word of truth, couldn't cook, and stole eight bottles of ale! and little Charlotte came back for a brief stay to nurse and cook for her late mistress while she was too ill to look after herself. "I was weak enough to *wish* to take her back, but not weak enough to *do it!* She who couldn't rule *herself*, would have made a sad mess of ruling a girl nearly her own age." [1]

Carlyle had long pressed his wife to engage two servants, so that she might be at least relieved, so far as possible, from actual household work if not altogether from its cares and worries, and now at last she complied. This explains the reference to another girl.

But the change was made hurriedly, and in the midst of her illness and all the uncertainties of their summer movements; and it is evident, as one reads between the lines of these autumn letters, that she doubted the advantages of the new *régime*, and often wished to have her little Charlotte back again.

[1] "New L. and M.," ii. 237.

"So now," she wrote to Mrs. Russell, "I am mistress of *two* servants—and ready to hang myself! Seriously, the change is nearly intolerable to me, tho' both these women are good servants, *as servants go.* But the two-ness! the 'much ado about nothing!' I hate, and cannot use myself to it. With *one* servant,—especially with one *Charlotte*, we were *one* family in the House, *one* interest and *one* Power! Now it is as if I had taken in *Lodgers* for downstairs; and had a *flight of crows* about me upstairs! . . . the solemn consultations about '*your* dinner' and '*our* dinner' . . . the ever recurrent 'we,' which in little Charlotte's mouth meant Master and Mistress and self; but in the mouth of the new tall Charlotte means,—most decidedly 'I and Sarah'. . . . Either of these servants by herself, provided she were up to the general work of the house (which neither of them is) I could be tolerably comfortable with. But altogether, O dear me! Shall I ever get used to it? In sleepless nights I almost resolve to clear the premises of them both, and take back little Charlotte, who has kept hanging on at her mother's all these months in the wild hope that one or other of these women would break down, and she be taken in her stead. 'What a fool that girl is,' said tall Charlotte to me one day. 'I told her she should look out for a place, that a nice-looking, healthy girl like her would easily find one;

and she answered, 'Oh yes! I may get plenty of places, but never a *home* again as I have had here' (meaning with us). Tall Charlotte could see only folly in such an attachment. 'She is very different from what I am,' said she: 'if people hadn't been satisfied with *me*, it's little I should care about leaving them!' That I can well believe!"[1]

To her husband Mrs. Carlyle had written in September: "The old Charlotte, poor foolish thing! is still hanging on at her 'mother's,' just as untidy in her person with nothing to do, as she used to be in her press of work. She has been much about me, and I don't know what I should have done without her, to cook for me and show me some human kindness when I was ill under 'Old Jane' (the 'Treasure').

"But I am glad at the same time that I had fortitude to resist her tears, and her request to be taken back as cook. I told her some day I might take her back; but she had much to learn and to unlearn first. Still it is gratifying to feel that one's kindness to the girl has not been all lost on her, for she really loves both of us passionately—only that passionate loves, not applied to practical uses, are good for so little in this matter-of-fact world."[2]

"Poor little Charlotte!" she adds, writing to Mrs. Austin at The Gill, "if I had seen how miserable she was to be at leaving us, I couldn't

[1] "New L. and M.," ii. 237. [2] "L. and M.," iii. 61.

have found it in my heart to put her away, though she was so heedless, and 'thro'other' with a grain of method she could have done all the two do as well or better than they do it, she was so clever and willing . . . after all, the faults for which I parted with little Charlotte after twelve months of considering, won't have cured, but rather have been aggravated by three months' muddling at her mother's. Heigh-ho! I feel just in the case of the 'Edinburgh meat Jack!' Once I was hap-hap-happy! but now I am mee-e-serable!!!"[1]

To those who have made a study of Mrs. Carlyle in the light of her letters, it will be pretty clear from the above extracts that what she kept vowing she would not and must not do, she was very likely to do!

And accordingly we read, with more pleasure than surprise, in her letter to Miss Margaret Welsh at Auchtertool Manse, written in the following December, that Charlotte is back at Cheyne Row:—

"I have had a great fret taken off me, in the removal of that vulgar conceited woman and the restoration of little Charlotte. Upon my word, I haven't been as near what they call 'happy' for many a day as in the first flush of little Charlotte! She looked so bursting with ecstasy as she ran up

[1] "L. and M.," iii. 64.

and down the house, taking possession, as it were, of her old work, and as she showed in the visitors (not her business, but she would open the door to them all, the first time, to show herself and receive their congratulations) that it was impossible not to share in her delighted excitement!

"Most of the people shook hands with her! and all of them said they were 'glad to see her back'!

"I had trusted that she would in time humanise the other girl, and that the two would be good friends, when the other girl got over the prejudices the woman who had left had inspired her with! But it needed no time at all. Sarah was humanised, and the two sworn friends in the first half hour. In the first half hour Sarah had confided to Charlotte that if I hadn't given the tall Charlotte warning, she, Sarah, would have given me warning, she disliked 'tall Charlotte' so much!

"It is now three weeks since the new order of things; mistress and maid have subsided out of the emotional state into the normal one, but are still very glad over one another; and if the work of the house does not get done with as much order and method as under the tall Charlotte, it is done with more thoroughness, and indefinitely more heartiness and pleasantness; and the 'bread puddings' are first rate. Sarah's tidiness and method are just what were wanted to correct little Charlotte's born tendency to muddle; while little

Charlotte's willingness and affectionateness warm up Sarah's drier, more selfish nature. It is a curious establishment, with something of the sound and character of a nursery. Charlotte not nineteen till March, and Sarah seventeen last week. And they keep up an incessant chirping and chattering and laughing; and as both have remarkably sweet voices it is pleasant to hear. The two-ness is no nuisance to me now. As neither can awake of themselves I don't know what I should have done about that, hadn't Charlotte's friends come to the rescue. An old man who lodges with Charlotte's mother (aunt) raps on the kitchen window till he wakes them, every morning at six, on his way to work; and Charlotte's father (uncle) raps again on the window before seven to make sure the first summons has been attended to! to say nothing of an alarum which runs down at six, at their very bed-head and never is heard by either of these fortunate girls."[1]

Such a halcyon state of affairs at Cheyne Row, one feels instinctively as one reads this delightful letter, was far too blessed to last "in a world of imperfections." It did, I think, last for several months,—well into the summer of 1861. How, when, or exactly why it came to an end I have been unable from any references in the published

[1] "L. and M.," iii. 66.

correspondence to discover ; but from allusion to a new maid who was to come a little later on, in a letter of May 9th, and from an account of the sudden illness of her new cook, in writing to Mrs. Russell, in July, I think Charlotte probably left Cheyne Row in June. As for the reasons of her going, the following letters, written a year and three-quarters afterwards, will tell all that can or need be told. Charlotte had "bettered herself" shortly after leaving Chelsea, by taking a place as under-housemaid at the Marquis of Camden's Kent house, The Wilderness, near Sevenoaks.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea.
29*th March*/63.

Little Woman!

It was a nice thought in you to send the violets! A kind little practical thought!—just like my little Charlotte in her *good* Time; when she was a bright, loving girl, full of aspirations after knowledge and refinement,—before she had become stubborn and callous on my hands and taken up with people and things unworthy of her,—quite beneath the sphere in which Nature, by endowing her so richly with taste and intelligence, seemed to have appointed her to "live and have her Being!" —Oh child! child! you have no idea of the disappointment, the heart-sorrow you caused me! I had set so much love on you, and so much hope!

So much permanent good was to have come out of our chance-relation for both of us! And all ending in a mere vulgar common-place disruption betwixt *Mistress* and *Maid!*—in a mere vulgar common-place attempt on both sides to "*better oneself!*"—no!—not ending all and absolutely in that!—There are the *violets!*—and this letter!—so much (alas! how small a thing!) saved from the wreck of my sentimental venture!

Do you know the violets found me breakfasting in bed (the first and only time I have breakfasted in bed these twelve months!) and their sweet smell reminded me somehow of your kind nursing in my long Influenza. No one has nursed me as kindly and as cleverly since!

I was so sorry for your Mother's terrible loss! it has told on her looks poor woman! I hope you write to her often and are all the comfort you can be to her.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA.
[*March 30th*, 1863.]

MY LITTLE WOMAN!

Your bits of violet-letters have made me both glad and wae. Do you know what "wae" means? It is the Scotch for *sorry;* but it comes from the heart, "wae" does, and goes to the heart;

whereas "*sorry*" for the most part comes from no further than the lips, and goes to no further than the ears!

You will easily understand why I should be *glad* at your letters. You have known me long enough and well enough, to believe in the constancy of my affection where it has once been seriously given. And granted that I care for you always it is only human nature, that I should be glad of any token that you still care a little for me! The *waeness* too will be intelligible for you; being the clever little soul you are! We needn't say more of *that!*

Yes, come and see me. I have no immediate prospect of going from home, tho' I much need a change of air and scene. The Influenza I am just recovering from has made me very weak and *low.* But I left Mr. Carlyle alone last summer for five weeks, and I haven't the face to propose doing that sort of thing again, so soon!

Mrs. Royston has got the beautifulest Baby I ever set eyes on! after having been married and childless for fifteen years!

I thought, when I went to see her and it, that I should find her in Paradise. And she *looked* in Paradise, lying on her sofa, in the Drawing room, with the wax-work-looking baby in a pretty pink and white basket placed on a chair near her—*her* whose life looked always so lonely and empty! But when I said: "Oh how happy you must be!"

she answered in her old wailing tone: "I suppose I *ought* to be! but the poor child causes me such unsupportable agony, with this bad breast, that I almost shudder when they bring him near me."

I believe it *is* a terrible business suckling a child, with a sore breast. Anyhow I couldn't help thinking; how good care is *always* taken that nobody should be in *Paradise* in *this* Life! Whatever happiness is granted one; there is ever some pain, or some sorrow, or some anxiety, or *something* to set off against it, and keep one in mind, that Earth is not Heaven! and that no amount of wishing, and hoping, and striving can ever make a Heaven of it for us!

Mrs. Larkin has also a small son; and *her* breast, so far as I know, is in good order; and she is in every respect, to look at her, as strong as a horse. But doubtless *she* too has drawbacks to perfect felicity, tho' I am not sufficiently intimate with her to know what they are! or to care!

The poor Horse,[1] that you groomed so cleverly and kindly, fell with Mr. C. one day in the Park, and cut its knees to the bone, and had to be poulticed and nursed for three weeks, and then sold—being no longer safe to ride. A Chemist in the King's Road bought him for nine pounds (he had cost fifty guineas and was considered very cheap at that). But we liked better to sell him for

[1] This was Fritz, bought by Carlyle in the autumn of 1856.

next to nothing to a person who would *ride* him, than for more money to some one who would have thrashed him into drawing a cab, which, you remember, he had an insuperable repugnance to. Mr. C. said it was "the saddest thing that had befallen him since the death of poor little Nero."

Your mother is looking *much* better. I saw her one day bargaining with an Image Boy, for some little naked child or angel that had taken her fancy.

Good by,
Affectionately yours,
JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

Responding to Mrs. Carlyle's invitation to come and see her, Charlotte, it seems, managed to get away from The Wilderness and come up to Chelsea in May of this year (1863).

"You remember my little Charlotte?" Mrs. Carlyle writes to her beloved old Betty Braid. "I had a visit from her yesterday, and she looks much more sedate and proper than when I had to put her away. She is 'third housemaid at the Marquis of Camden's,' and lives in the country, which is good for her. She sent her compliments to 'Betty'!"

And, later on in the same year, little Charlotte evidently wrote to her previous Mistress a letter which long went without reply, but was eventually

answered by the following one, giving an account of the horrid accident which had befallen her at the beginning of October, in London.

CHEYNE ROW,
Thursday, [*October 22nd*, 1863].

DEAR LITTLE WOMAN,

The Persians have a proverb; "Believe that a mountain can change its place, but never that a man (human being) can change his nature" and it is the truest of sayings!—so, when I didn't answer your letter, but seemed to have forgotten to care for you; you would conclude, being a girl with some natural logic, that something else than forgetfulness or indifference was the reason—that I was in some way *unable* to write you a letter, and so it has been. I have been disabled to an extent that *you* never saw me!

It is three weeks past last Tuesday since I met with a horrid accident. I had been calling for Mrs. Godby at the General Post Office, and on leaving her house to take the omnibus, I had to cross the most dangerous thoroughfare in all London. I had just crossed in safety, but flurried by the danger of being run over, when I struck the side of my foot against the curb stone and was plashed down on the pavement on my left side, and was so hurt that I lay there unable to stir. People gathered round me, a Policeman among them, and I was hauled up in agony, and placed

in a cab, to get home all the way (five miles) alone as I could!

I shall never forget the agony of that drive—or of my being carried into the house by Mr. Larkin, and upstairs, in an arm chair, by Mr. C. and him—and then I was laid on my bed, and Mr. Barnes came, and found no *broken* bones, only "*lacerated sinews*," which so far as pain goes, is, they say, much worse to bear.

For days and nights I lay unable to move, in dreadful agony, and without a wink of sleep. After the first week the pain in my leg was bad only when moved—but my arm which had been stiff with neuralgia for two months before continued and continues to give me great suffering—after a fortnight I could be set *on end* on a sofa—and now after three weeks I have *walked* thro' my bedroom door into the drawing room sofa—half carried by one of the girls. But Mr. Barnes said I *must* put my foot to the ground occasionally—at whatever cost of pain, or the muscles would contract and I should never be able to walk at all.

I may be thankful to God that I have got this length so soon!

My maids have been most kind and attentive to me—grudging no trouble, and they have had plenty of that! And my Friends have been so dear and good that it makes me *like to cry* to think of it all!

So you see why I have not answered your letter sooner. Don't be vexed about me Dear—I am doing better than could have been hoped—and I will write and tell you when I can *walk alone.*

Yours always kindly,

JANE CARLYLE.

The results of Mrs. Carlyle's accident lasted all through the winter and spring of 1863-4; and in March she was taken down half dead with exhaustion to St. Leonards, where she remained till July. Then, growing desperate from continued sleeplessness and depression, she made a wild dash northward to Dumfries and The Gill. Here she stayed with Mrs. Austin for a week, and then went on to Thornhill and the Russells, who kept her till the end of September, doing all they could—though with poor success—to soothe her racked nerves. The next two letters to little Charlotte were written from Holm Hill, on hearing of the death on 3rd September of Charlotte's adopted father, Thomas Southam.

HOLM HILL,

Tuesday, [*? Septr. 6th*, 1864].

DEAR LITTLE WOMAN,

Just one line to say I heartily sympathise with your mother and you. Yet—it is surely a mercy that your Father is out of his long suffering,

since there was no hope of his recovery. You have the comfort of knowing that he was a *good* man, and for such, Death is *gain* not *loss*.

You were right not to throw up your place rashly.

It is always best to stay still in a place if it can at all be made to *do*.

As I used to tell you, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

I have been very poorly for a week back—Gone quite off my sleep again—and all the rest of it.

I suppose the rainy weather has been hurting me.

Kind regards to your Mother.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

HOLM HILL, THORNHILL,
DUMFRIESSHIRE, N.B., *Tuesday*, [*? Sep.* 13, 1864].

Your letter is just come.

MY POOR, DEAR LITTLE WOMAN,

I am heartily sorry for you! I know by experience what a terrible affliction is the loss of a kind, good Father; and that worthy uncle has been the kindest, best of Fathers to you!—I am sure of *that* from all that you have told me of him.

I can quite sympathise with you too under your cruel separation from him, and your poor "Mother," in these last days of his life. But such is this world! —not a *joyful* place at all for such as have thought and feeling; but a place of sore trial. It never

enters into our heads, when we are young, to recognise this truth ; but as we live on, and add experience to experience, it forces itself upon us, and becomes like a part of our Being ! God help us !

I wish you had never left my house, dear ! I should have been better able to help and console you under such a trial as this. And what opportunities *you* would have had to help and console *me !* Perhaps when you have found that "*rising*" (as tall Charlotte would say) is not the chief end of Woman or Servant—does not best ensure either one's dignity or happiness ; you will come back to me to be housemaid, and *valet* and *lady's maid*, and *friend*, and *little Daughter*—as I used to feel you to be, my poor child !

Thank God, I continue to have better sleep—and to suffer less pain—and to gain flesh. If I could only recover the use of my legs, which are still so feeble that I cannot walk many yards at a time ! *Now*—for the first time since I fell ill ; I begin to believe that I shall *really recover !* to, at least, a bearable state of health ! And that I shall be thankful for all my sufferings ; for they have taught me much that I was needing to be taught.

God keep you my little Woman.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

On the 1st October, 1864, Mrs. Carlyle came back from Holm Hill to Cheyne Row, and from that time forward she seems gradually to have recovered from the worst of her nervous and physical ailments, and passed into a far happier and cheerier frame of mind and body. Her husband insisted on her having a brougham of her own, in which she drove regularly and with evident enjoyment. In January, 1865, Carlyle posted to the printers the last leaves of "Frederick," writing "*Finis*" to the long terrific struggle of thirteen years; and this, no doubt, contributed not a little to the sense of relief at Cheyne Row. There is a little note from Mrs. Carlyle to Charlotte in February, 1865, thanking her for the "pretty mittikens!" and promising to write again when she was stronger. If she did so the letter has not been preserved; for the next—and last—of her letters was not written till Christmastide of this year. It seems evident that she had asked for, and received, two photographs of her little Charlotte, with neither of which she was altogether satisfied. Mrs. Carlyle kept framed in her own room a treasured collection of "photographs of long ago, old friends, old servants, old dogs," and to this sanctuary her little Charlotte was to be added. Mr. Barlow was an old acquaintance at Cheyne Row, of whom Mrs. Carlyle had spoken even in 1860 as "much enfeebled, but the perfect gentleman still looks pathetically out

thro' all his infirmities." Mrs. Warren—the last of Mrs. Carlyle's cooks!—had come to Cheyne Row in December, 1864, and had proved a valuable and very capable servant, and a sympathetic nurse, and the "capital housemaid" was Jessie Hiddlestone, who had returned with Mrs. Carlyle from Dumfries to Chelsea in the previous July, and whose letters from her mistress I have already had the pleasure of publishing.[1] Jessie had come, like so many others, the subject of very high expectations: expectations which, alas! like so many others, she was not altogether capable of living up to! In a letter to Mrs. Russell, written only the day before this one to Charlotte, Mrs. Carlyle sums up her new housemaid rather unflatteringly, yet with a shrewd thrust at her own impulsiveness—so often disappointed yet so unconquerably returning: "I do not regret having taken her—not at all. As a servant she is better than the average; as a woman I do not think ill of her; but I mistook her entirely at the first, and see less good in her than perhaps there is, because I began by seeing far more good in her than she had the least pretension to. At my age, and with my experience, it would have well beseemed me to be less romantic. I have paid for it in the disappointment of the heart-

[1] "Man and Master, Mistress and Maid." In "Cheyne Walk and Thereabout."

felt hopes I had invested in my hereditary housemaid."[1]

When Mrs. Carlyle herself has said that, all other comment is surely silenced.

The Edinburgh Speech to which she refers was, of course, the address on his installation as Rector of the University. It was actually delivered on 2nd April, "a perfect triumph," as Tyndall telegraphed that evening to the waiting wife at Cheyne Row—for, as the Fates willed, Mrs. Carlyle did not accompany her husband to Scotland.

5 Cheyne Row,
Chelsea, *26th December.*

Dear Little Woman!

I have been literally *drowned* in letters, for some weeks back; and *off* my sleep at the same time, which makes my head not worth twopence for writing with.

This—and not neglectfulness of you, has been the reason I did not thank you sooner for that other and better photograph of yourself. Even this one does you no justice—at least does you no justice *when you are good.* But—I *have seen* you sufficiently like it when the Devil has got into you, and spread a sort of *cloud* of sullenness over your naturally kind and intelligent look! Oh yes! when I first knew you, and for long after, you were

[1] "L. and M.," iii. 303.

the nicest, brightest-looking creature one could wish to see!—Pity one can't keep always young!

I am not *well*, ever, but I have not been positively *ill* this long time.

Except one day that I was in bed with sick headache, I have been out in my Brougham from three to four hours *every day* of my life since I returned from Scotland!! and I go out to dinner occasionally even in this winter weather!

Poor Mr. Barlow hangs on to life, as helpless and patient as ever.

All the other people who came about in your time still come about—little changed except in the colour of their hair.

Mr. C. is much in his usual health—taking his fill of idleness—if *reading* all day long can be called idleness! He will have to go to Edin. to make a Speech the last week of March, if the weather keeps favourable and my health *ditto*, I shall perhaps accompany him.

Mrs. Warren continues to be a great comfort to me; and I brought with me from Dumfriesshire, a capital housemaid—whose mother and grandfather were servants to my mother and grandfather, so the house goes on without any bother to me, and at no greater expense than when I did half the work myself, and had to teach the other half! But with all her cleverness, and nice looks, I have none of the *love* for Jessy I had for *you!* No servant has ever been for me the sort of *adopted* child that *you* were!

I send you a Book for a Xmas present—I haven't seen your Mother for long. I never go out *on foot* in the cold!

Affectionately yours,

J. CARLYLE.

The year 1866 opened in comparative peace and cheerfulness at Cheyne Row; "no illness to speak of but a cold in the head," and, by the end of January, many intimate friends coming back to London, daily drives by Silvester in the much appreciated brougham, and occasional little dinners out, where Dr. Quain prescribed "plenty of champagne!" By March the Edinburgh address began to loom large on the horizon. "After speculating all winter about going myself, my heart failed me as the time drew near and I realised more clearly the nervousness and pain that so much fuss was sure to bring on. I did not dread the bodily fatigue, but the mental." So, on the 29th Carlyle started north under Tyndall's care, and Huxley joined the party at Fryston, where they broke the journey with the Houghtons.

The Edinburgh speech went splendidly, ending in a tempest of enthusiasm. Carlyle made for Scotsbrig, "to cool down and recover his wits," and there having managed to sprain his ankle, he remained in the blessed country stillness, far from all babble and annoyance, for a fortnight. Thence he

went on to his brother-in-law's at Dumfries for a couple of days before returning to London, as intended, on Monday the 23rd. Some of Mrs. Carlyle's brightest and delightfullest of letters went to him from Cheyne Row during these three weeks, letters full of wifely anxiety about his great adventure, full of happy pride in its fine accomplishment, full of charming banter and humour and gossip. On the morning of Saturday the 21st she sent him a last letter before his return, "cheeriest and merriest of all her several prior ones," telling him of the tea-party she had planned at No. 5 for that same evening. She posted the letter herself before lunch, and in the afternoon Silvester and the brougham came to take her for her usual drive.

How that fateful drive ended we all know, and the last scrap of a letter in little Charlotte's packet briefly tells:—

5 CHEYNE ROW,
CHELSEA, S.W., *April* 22, 1866.

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

This little bit of paper is large enough to hold the heavy tidings I have to tell you.

Mrs. Carlyle is dead—she died yesterday quite suddenly whilst out driving. Dr. Quain says it was Paralysis. Mr. Carlyle is not at home but he may come back to-morrow—it will be a terrible coming

home for him. She was in her usual health and spirits and we none of us dreamed of danger.

Yours very truly,

GERALDINE P. JEWSBURY.

A few more words only are needed to complete this story of little Charlotte's associations with Cheyne Row. She remained in service at The Wilderness only for a couple of months after Mrs. Carlyle's death, and in July, 1866, she married Mr. Mills, a carpenter whose acquaintance she had made when he had lodged in Lawrence Street at Mrs. Southam's, and to whom she had become engaged in the previous year.

Mrs. Mills did not lose touch of Cheyne Row and her old master, to whom—like almost all his servants—she was genuinely devoted.

As babies came to them, Mrs. Mills was bidden to bring them each and all to No. 5, to be shown to Mr. Carlyle, and to receive from him a gentle pat on their hairless heads, and a word of jocular benediction.

Wrapped up with the precious packet of Mrs. Carlyle's letters is a pleasant and friendly one from Miss Mary Carlyle Aitken, Carlyle's niece and companion, dated from Addiscombe Farm, where she and her uncle were staying in September, 1869, and asking Mrs. Mills to go into No. 5 and put the house a little straight for them before their return to Chelsea.

Mrs. Mills treasured to the last her little gifts from Mrs. Carlyle—a lock of Carlyle's hair and of her own, a beautiful lace cap, a brooch with a miniature of Nero, and several other mementoes of Cheyne Row. To the last, too, she cherished a warmly affectionate memory of its mistress and master, and an indignant resentment of the stupidities and false witness written and spoken, after Mrs. Carlyle's death, about that household which she had known so intimately, and loved so well.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CHELSEA IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

Some years ago an old gentleman who must have spent laborious hours over a stack of ancient newspapers, brought me for purchase a parcel containing a speculative Baxter print, an engraving or two, and with them a collection of cuttings from old journals, all relating to Chelsea. The Baxter print was anything but Baxter, and did not appeal to me; but the old fellow had come a long way, and did not seem inclined to break up his parcel; so as the cuttings seemed to promise some amusement we struck a bargain, and the package fell into one of my Chelsea portfolios; where it has lain forgotten till a wet Sunday and a search for something else have brought it to the surface, and beguiled me into spending an hour, which was to have been devoted to more profitable studies, over these quaint clippings from the "Daily Mails" of our great-great-grandmothers.

It is not always easy to tell how the things that chance to awaken one's own interest may fare with the fancies of others; but I think that there are

A View of the River Thames from [illegible] Chelsea

Another View of the River from Chelsea.

TWO VIEWS OF CHELSEA IN 1750.

many for whom occasional glimpses of the realities of a life and a past that was very different from our own have a charm, such as an old old letter sometimes brings, or a faded early Victorian photograph, or perhaps a delicately wrought love token from some old trinket drawer, about which hangs the faint aroma of days long dead. And so I copy out some of my old gentleman's snippets, appending to each the year of the extract, which he has been careful to scribble for nearly all of them, putting them in order of time, and adding some from other sources, with a few explanatory notes here and there.

1711. "Stolen out of the Lord Bishop of Glocester's House near Chelsea-College, on the 16th instant, about Two a clock in the Afternoon, an old fashioned Silver Tankard with a Swage at the bottom, and the Earl of Kent's Arms Engraven on it; six Gilt and Two Silver Tea Spoons; a Lottery Ticket No. 124 m. 609, a Note under the hand of Francis Jenkins; and other Writings and things of value. If any of these Things are offer'd to be Sold or Pawn'd you are desired to stop the Party and Goods and give Notice at the said Bishop's House, and you shall have a satisfactory Reward."

Edward Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, came into residence at The Ship House in Paradise

Row, in this year 1711, and died there three years later. He was a Prelate of unusually broad views who cultivated ghost stories and a belief in witches, and proposed that the use of the Athanasian Creed should be made optional in a revised Prayer Book; God rest his bones.

1722. "On Monday last John Ash who was sentenc'd at the last Sessions to be pillory'd for Forgery and counterfeiting of a Note; stood in the Pillory at Chelsea Horse Ferry, in pursuance of the said Sentence. He was also fined 50l. and is to be imprison'd for 12 Months."

The Ferry at Chelsea was nearly opposite the river end of Danvers Street, and dates back probably to the thirteenth century. It passed in the eighteenth century into the possession of Sir Walter St. John of Battersea, and was superseded in 1771 by the wooden bridge to which reference will be found later on.

1722. "On Monday last one Richard Johns, commonly called the Captain of the Sweetners or Guinea Droppers was committed to the Gatehouse Westminster for cheating and defrauding several of his Majesty's subjects of their Money at a play called Cups and Balls, in Chelsea Fields."

Was this an early thimble rigger?

1724. (Feb. 8) "Died at his house at Chelsea, Sir John Humble, Paymaster to several of the Lotteries."

1728. "On Friday evening last the Passengers in the Chelsea Stage Coach, apprehending they might be robbed going round the College Garden, got out of the Coach and walked thro' the College, by which piece of conduct they saved their money, for the Coach was stopp'd by a man on horseback who 'tis thought was one of those that robb'd that Coach the Night before."

1729. "To be Lett or Sold. In Danvers Street in Great Chelsea near the Ferry, four new brick Houses strong good and well finished with Wainscot done in the best manner, two Rooms of a Floor, with large Closets in each House and Fire places, with good Kitchens and Pantries, large Vaults with other Conveniences and little neat Gardens and Vaults. Enquire at the corner of the aforesaid Street, or at W. Clarkson's who keeps a Yard near the Swan Tavern."

Danvers Street was built from 1696 onwards on the site of Sir John Danvers' fine old house and beautiful garden, of which Aubrey has left a delightful description. Francis Atterbury, the Jacobite Bishop of Rochester, was living here in 1711, and opposite him for a short time in that year lodged

Swift "in one silly room with confounded coarse sheets and an awkward bed." The description above of the new houses with their wainscoted walls, large closets, and good kitchens and pantries, is typical of many old Chelsea dwellings of the time. Mr. Clarkson's is marked on Hamilton's Survey, corrected in 1717, just east of the Apothecaries' Garden, where the White Swan Tavern stood, to which Pepys used to come "to be merry"; and whence Dibdin watched the finish of the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge.

1729. "WHEREAS Thomas Durant has run away from his Master Tho. Ridge, a Smith and Farrier at Great Chelsea; this being the third time and pardoned twice before. He had on a light Cloth Coat with flat Metal Buttons, and a strip'd Worstead Cap, thin visag'd and a Hook Nose; he is near six Foot high. He went away on Wednesday the 4th of this Inst. July. If he will return he shall be kindly received. He is an Apprentice, if any one harbours him be it at their Peril."

One is a little sceptical whether Thomas of thin visage and hook nose entrusted himself for the third time to the kind reception of his quondam Master.

1729. "On Sunday Morning last about 8 o'clock Mr. Rogers of Chelsea crossing the Common in

order to go to Kensington was knock'd down by twoo Footpads who robb'd him of his Money and beat him in a barbarous manner and then made off across the Fields towards Little Chelsea."

The Common and Fields north and east of Chelsea were the notorious hunting-ground of thieves, highwaymen, and other miscreants, and the newspapers of this time abound with the records of their exploits. The lonely character of the great meadows which lay between the village of Chelsea and the outskirts of Westminster, and the assistance of some of the smaller tavern keepers, gave the knights of the road excellent opportunities. The Hospital Pensioners were called on by Government in 1715 to form a patrol to watch the connecting roads, and the inhabitants raised a subscription list for the reward of those who succeeded in apprehending robbers. So evil was the reputation of this district that visitors to Ranelagh left in a body for mutual protection, escorted by watchmen with lanterns and poles. Steele records how, having come out to dine at Chelsea, and being benighted, he preferred to spend the night there, rather than risk the dangers of the road back to town.

1731. "This Day is published
(Adorn'd with COPPER PLATES)
The GARDENER'S DICTIONARY
containing

The Methods of Cultivating and Improving the Kitchen Fruit and Flower Garden; as also, the Physick Garden, Wilderness, Conservatory, and Vineyard. Together with Accounts of the Nature and Use of Barometers Thermometers, and Hygrometors proper for Gardeners, and of the Origin Causes and Nature of Meteors, and the particular Influences of Air Earth Fire and Water, upon Vegitation, according to the best Natural Philosophers.

By Philip Miller F.R.S.
And Gardener to the Botannick Garden at Chelsea
—Digna manet divini gloria ruris
Virg. Georg.
Printed for the Author
And sold by C. Rivington at the Bible and Crown in St Pauls Church-Yard."

Philip Miller, "Prince of Gardeners," was curator of the Chelsea Physic Garden for nearly half a century. His great dictionary went through many editions and was reproduced in French, Dutch and German. He lies buried in the old churchyard, where an obelisk erected by the Linnean and Horticultural Societies marks his grave.

1735. "Last Saturday a Pensioner belonging to Chelsea College being intoxicated with strong Waters, fell into a small Puddle of Water in the

Foot-way near the said College, and was smothered before any Body happened to see him."

These Chelsea veterans have always been convivial souls. Dibdin, in "The Chelsea Pensioners," asks, in their behalf :—

Tell me, neighbour, tell me plain
Which is the best employ
Is it love whose very pain
They say is perfect joy ?

His conclusion is :—

No, No, will answer every honest soul
The best employ's to push about the bowl !

But this is what occasionally came of it.

1738. "This day at Noon the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole came from his House at Chelsea to that in St. James Park where he found a great number of Persons of Distinction attending to congratulate him on his Recovery."

Walpole's House at Chelsea now forms part of the Infirmary of the Royal Hospital ; and Lady Walpole's Drawing Room, where Queen Caroline paid so many confidential visits, where so much of England's political history took shape, and where the brilliant Horace spent some of his boyhood, is now a ward for invalid veterans.

1738. "Last Sunday two Women were committed to the Gatehouse by Justice Man of Chelsea

for breaking the large Lamps at Chelsea College: They own'd that they broke them for the sake of selling the Glass at Three Farthings a Pound."

1745. "*Deaths.* Mr. Brown, chief butler of Chelsea College a place of 200 l. per Ann. and groom of the pastry office at St. James."

1747. C. E. commenting in a letter addressed to "Mr. Urban" upon some local words, writes:—

"My Query is concerning the word *Eight* signifying one of the Isles in the Thames about Brentford and upwards, but sounded like this word of number; the reason of which some suppose to be that there were eight of these isles and therefore one is called an eight; others knowing that there are more than eight of them in that upper part of the Thames suppose that one might have been in the form of the figure of 8 and so gave name to the rest. I have bestowed some thoughts, I confess, on this expression; and could not form any conjecture at the etymology, till happening to be at Gloucester I found that they call the island in the Severn there the neight or nyte (broad); so that one of the islands in the Thames should be called rather a neight or a neat."

Upon this E. D. makes an interesting Note:—

"This leads me to think that the name of the NEAT houses between Chelsea and Westminster,

had the same origin whatever it be. I am induced to think the ground which they stand upon either is or was one of the isles now called *an eight*, or *the neat* or *neight* which may be pronounced broader in Gloucestershire. . . . Perhaps the island *Thanet* in *Kent* is of the same import, being in Saxon *Thænet*, i.e. the swamp, because moist or encompassed with waters."

I hardly think modern etymologists would endorse these ingenious surmises. *Ey* was a Saxon island, and *et* was diminutive = islet. Similarly neat was the Anglo-Saxon for cattle, and the houses referred to, near the waterworks, were probably cattle sheds.

1749. "On Saturday evening last, about Eight o'clock, two of the Stage coaches going to Chelsea were robb'd in the Road by the White Stiles behind Burton's Court, Chelsea College, by one Highwayman meanly mounted; and the next evening a Bye Coach which had been at London was on its return attacked, but being empty, the Rogues wounded one of the Horses very much, and made off."

1750. "Yesterday a duel was fought in Chelsea Fields between a Gentleman of the Law and a Shropshire Gentleman, occasioned by a dispute on Thursday last at Ranelagh House for the right of a box; but neither of them received any Prejudice."

1751. "On Friday last there was a Meeting at Chelsea of Three or Four Hundred Housekeepers of that Parish, to concert and fix upon a proper Place to erect a Church on, the old one being so much damaged, that there is a Necessity of pulling it down, when they broke up without coming to any Conclusion, arising from their different Interests and Conveniences; some insisting on its being rebuilt on Chelsea Common, and others as strenuously determining to have it where it stands at present; but we hear the Matter will be determined at another Meeting."

There was clearly no Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in 1751, and one trembles to think how "the necessity of pulling down" one of the most historic and interesting churches in all London was "strenuously determined." Nothing, however, was done for another seventy years, when the new church (St. Luke's) was built in what is now Sydney Street. The old church was "frugally repaired" at a cost of £59 16s.; for which relief much thanks! It had, of course, already undergone very extensive reparation and enlargement in 1667.

1754. "Last Friday night a very melancholy Accident happened at Chelsea. The Servants of Farmer Hutchins being employed to watch his grounds, which have been lately robbed, took a

CHELSEA FROM CREMORNE FARM, 1784.

Fellow in the Fact and carried him to the Headborough's House intending to keep him there till morning; but the Headborough going to bed and leaving only one of the Farmer's Servants (to whom he had given the key of the Street-Door) with the Prisoner, the Servant was found in the morning with his Brains beaten out and the Kitchen Poker lying by him, and the Prisoner escaped."

1757. "Last Tuesday died at his apartment at Chelsea College, the Learned and Reverend Mr. William Young, late of Chillingham in Dorsetshire, who was reputed one of the best Greek Scholars in England. And that he was a mere Scholar, and as honest as he was learned, may appear from the true Character drawn of him by his ingenious Friend the late Mr. Fielding, under the Appelation of Parson Adams, in the History of Joseph Andrews."

Here is an item which, as a record of energetic enjoyment, would go far to satisfy the requirements of a twentieth century sea-scout:—

1757. "Yesterday above 100 stout Boys went from Mr. Justice Fielding's to the Royal Exchange, to be reviewed by the Marine Society, from thence they went to the Sign of the Ship, and dined together; and in the Evening they attended the above Magistrate to Ranelagh-house, where Acis and

Galatea was inimitably performed to a most numerous, polite and brilliant Audience. And if the Countenance can at all be esteemed an Index of the Mind, the whole Company seemed to be of one Opinion, pleased with their Entertainment, and delighted with the Occasion of this Meeting.

"The Boys were placed in the Galleries, and gave great Satisfaction to their kind Benefactors. After the first Act they expressed their Thanks by Three Cheers and march'd off to Portsmouth in great Spirits."

1757. "Last Monday a Coachman belonging to a Lady had his leg broke to pieces by overturning his coach near Ranelagh. There were four Ladies in the Coach but fortunately none of them received any damage. The poor Coachman was immediately taken up by Mr. Fielding's Patrole, and carried to Hyde Park Hospital."

Sir John Fielding, the blind half-brother of the great novelist, presiding Magistrate at Bow Street, was a warm supporter of the Marine Society and author of a scheme for drafting distressed boys into the Navy. He interested himself in means for breaking up robber-gangs, as Henry Fielding had previously done. He was buried at Chelsea in 1780.

1758. "On Sunday morning as some boys were

bathing in the Thames, above Chelsea, one of them endeavouring to swim a-cross called out for help; upon which a poor man on the opposite shore jumped in with his cloaths on and brought him safe to land, and to the great surprise of above 40 spectators a great barble of near eight pounds had thrust its head into the man's coat pocket and the bottom of the pocket being near torn out had got into the lining and could not get back."

1759. "Yesterday the Chelsea Pensioners were mustered at Chelsea College, when they were all ordered in case of an Invasion to be ready on the first Notice and to go to the Magazine in the Tower for arms."

Here is a tempting morsel, picturing one of the delightful old homes of river-side Chelsea:—

1760. "To be sold by Auction on the premises to-morrow:—

"The Lease of a very pleasant HOUSE situated in China Row Walk Chelsea four doors above the Magpye with a delightful prospect of the River Thames, a landing place from the River just opposite the door, with good conveniences for lighters to land any kind of goods at, a large courtyard with a coachway entrance, good stabling, large pleasant gardens all walled round 10 feet high, with great

choice of fruit trees of every kind, and a summer house at the bottom of the lower garden."

1761. "On Sunday evening as some boys were playing near the Kings Head alehouse Chelsea they hanged one of their companions, and, finding him dead, threw him into a saw pit and then made off."

1762. "Yesterday morning as some gentlemen were going out a shooting, they found a man dead in a ditch in one of the fields leading to Chelsea near Bloody Bridge froze to death; there were found in his pocket 18s. and some powder and shot."

1762. "Yesterday a young fellow about three and twenty shot himself at Chelsea College. He had his hair tied behind in a tail, a very good brown cloth coat and waistcoat, a pair of black knit breeches, boots, and spurs which were very bloody; a pair of small pocket pistols, one loaded and a bullet mould answerable to the pistols; his shirt was marked T. B."

1762. "Friday evening a young Lady of great beauty and fortune, in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, after paying a visit, went off with a gentleman who had made his addresses to her, but was objected to by her parents."

There is a delicious element of unsatisfied curiosity about this; but as a mirror of the literary

manner of its age, the next cutting is even more typical. One pictures the same incident handed over for record to the tender mercies of a halfpenny paper reporter of to-day. How much more one would get for one's money—headlines, cross-headings, portrait, scene of the tragedy, interview with the widow—and yet how much less, too.

1763. "Yesterday morning at two o'clock died at his lodgings near the New Church in the Strand, Mr. Morgan, the gentleman who was wounded in a duel last Saturday in one of the Chelsea Fields. He had been mate and acting lieutenant on board one of his Majesty's Ships in the late war, in which capacities he had always distinguished himself for his courage and intrepidity, but unhappily in the dispute which occasioned his death the rectitude of his behaviour was by no means equal to his resolution; for impelled by a false idea of honour, he fell a victim to his own rashness, having both given the challenge and the offence."

"INOCULATION.

1763. "The House in Danvers-Street Chelsea is now ready for the reception of Patients who will be there carefully attended and supplied with everything necessary at the price of Five Guineas each to be paid at the Time of Admission.

"It may be proper to observe, that after the first Set of Patients have had the Small-Pox in this

House, for the future, Persons will be inoculated at a Place conveniently distant, and at a proper Time removed hither. And on account of the Application of Persons who are urgent to be admitted from the Apprehensions they are under of being seized with the Natural Small-Pox, which now rages so universally, it has become necessary to deviate from the original Intention of taking the Sexes in alternately, and henceforward they will be admitted at any Time, and accommodated with separate Apartments. The House is fitted up in the neatest Manner, the Rooms not crowded with Beds, but as quiet and genteel as in any private Lodgings. Particulars may be known of Mr. Reid, Surgeon, in Paradise Row, Chelsea, every day from One to Three."

This was Alexander Reid, pupil of Cheselden, and for forty-eight years Assistant Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Faulkner gives a long account of him, from which we gather that he was a convivial member of the Beefsteak Club and "The Bowling Green Society" at the Kings Arms, Chelsea, "addicted to politics," an ingenious versifier, and author of a number of songs which were sung by Mr. Beard "with unanimous applause."

1763. "A man, who sells fish about Chelsea, Fulham, &c., undertook to run from Hyde-Park

Corner to the seven mile stone at Brentford, in one hour with 56 lb. weight of fish on his head, which he performed in 45 minutes with ease : this is reckoned the most extraordinary affair that has been executed for many years."

1763. "A Gentleman was knocked down at Half-an-hour past Eleven on Wednesday night, on the Back of Chelsea College Wall by two Footpads who robbed him of Four Guineas and a Half, a Five- and three-penny Piece and Six Shillings in Silver, and afterwards broke his Sword about him because he had not his Watch with him. They are Stout Fellows ; one had an old brown coat on, the other had a Kind of Sailor's Waistcoat."

1764. "A great disturbance was created at Ranelagh House by the coachmen footmen &c., belonging to such of the nobility and gentry as will not suffer their servants to take vails. They began by hissing their masters, they then broke all the lamps and outside windows with stones, and afterwards, putting out their flambeaux, pelted the company in a most audacious manner with brickbats &c., whereby several were greatly hurt so as to render the use of swords necessary. In the scuffle one of the servants was run through the thigh, another through his arm, and several more otherwise wounded."

1764. "Yesterday morning a duel was fought by two gentlemen on Chelsea Common; they had fired their pistols and were going to draw their swords when some people coming up interposed, and seemingly reconciled them, as they walked off hand-in-hand."

1766. "*Friday*, 17. Saturday morning last, between one and two o'clock, a fellow attempted to get into the house, the corner of the walk leading up to Ranelagh, from Chelsea-bridge; but luckily, the footman having on the Friday found an old blunderbuss in the house, cleaned and charged it, and, on going to bed, laid it upon the floor close by him; when being suddenly awoke by a noise, he discovered a man's head, with a crape over his face, almost in at the window; whereupon he immediately discharged the blunderbuss, and it is imagined wounded the rogue very much, as he directly disappeared, and was heard to groan several times. At day-light the blood was traced as far as Ranelagh-house, where it is supposed he was carried by some accomplices, and put into a coach, which was seen waiting there, about the above-mentioned hour. It is presumed, that the coach was brought there by the villains, in order to convey off the effects they might have stolen out of the house."

1767. "Sunday a person who lived as shopman with Mr. Bellas, Chinaman, by the Haymarket,

with his four daughters and a young woman a relation went in a coach to Don Saltero's Coffee House at Chelsea, to see the curiosities there; during their stay the coach waited at the door and the coachman went to a neighbouring alehouse; on their return to the coach, the weather being bad, they all rushed in very quick, imagining the coachman was on his box, and slapping the door to frightened the horses, one of whom being blind turned short to the right and went over the bank into the river, at high tide; by which accident the man was taken out dead, and the rest were with great difficulty saved by the care and activity of a sailor."

1767. "We are informed, that the building the intended wooden bridge from Battersea to Chelsea will cost 35,000 *l.*, and that the money is to be raised by subscription and divided in shares."

1768. "A handsome collection has been made by the Gentlemen of Chelsea, Battersea and Wandsworth, towards the relief of the poor Watermen and Fishermen who used to work near those Villages, but are now prevented from following their employments by the inclemency of the weather."

1769. "*Deaths.* Lately, at Chelsea, aged 90, Mr. Henry Tutop, formerly a Coach maker and Stable keeper. The Deceased had married thirteen

Wives, the last of whom died about five months ago, in the 46th year of her age."

Even Mr. Henry Tutop's charms could not protect him against unlucky numbers!

CHELSEA. *Nov.* 7.

1769. "An Advertisement having appeared in the Public Advertiser of yesterday setting forth that Dr. Dominiceti was preparing to leave the Kingdom the Doctor hereby declares that Advertisement an Infamous Forgery calculated to injure him in his Practice, and offers a reward of FIFTY POUNDS for the Discovery of the Author. The Doctor is too happy and too universally encouraged here to think of changing his Situation; and he requests the Public will treat the Report of his intended Departure as the scandalous Stab of a latent Enemy."

Dr. Dominiceti was an Italian of noble family, who set up an establishment of fumigatory baths at No. 6 Cheyne Walk in 1765. Their virtues were energetically set forth in a pamphlet dedicated to Sir John Fielding who (in return, it is unkindly suggested, for a shilling out of every guinea taken by the doctor, for Sir John's scheme of apprenticing deserted boys) wrote a vindication of Dr. Dominiceti's practice against the "latent enemies," who included Dr. Johnson and other sceptics. It

is to be feared that the scandalous stabs were eventually fatal, for the Doctor fled, at last, in hopeless bankruptcy, and his "36 Sweating Chambers" were left deserted.

1771. "The large mansion house at Chelsea built by Lord Chancellor Moore, who was beheaded on Tower Hill as long since as the reign of Harry the Eighth, is to be converted into a Distillery and buildings erected in the Gardens behind the house for the feeding of a large quantity of swine."

1771. "Yesterday the toll of the new bridge at Battersea and Chelsea amounted to £10 10s. 3d. for passengers on horseback and foot."

1771. "The Builder of the new Bridge at Chelsea is to have all the profits arising from the toll for one twelve month from the commencement of the building by which it is imagined he will clear a thousand pounds."

1772. "We hear the Chelsea Chinese Pigs are now in high perfection; and by giving a day's notice in writing, may be killed every morning, and sent as usual by the coach."

Even Mr. John Burns could not have objected to *these* Chinese Porkers, which "could be killed every morning."

1772. "We hear Dr. Dominiceti's apparatus of health at Chelsea meets with the universal ap-

probation of the faculty who have examined into every circumstance attending the cures of different disorders by the Doctor's new-invented artificial baths, pumps, stoves, sweating and fumigating bedchambers; and different machines for the application of medicated vapours, and dry fumes to the body or any part thereof. Their mechanism, convenience and wonderful effect are not to be credited without a personal examination."

One has a shrewd suspicion that this item of intelligence should in strict propriety have been followed by one word in brackets [Advt.].

1773. "*June* 19. Yesterday morning were executed at Tyburn, pursuant to their sentence, the following convicts, viz., William Collins, Thomas Oats, and Thomas Spooner, convicted in April session of a burglary in the house of Mrs. Baker, at Chelsea; and John Duffey, and Richard Bolton, for a burglary in the house of Miss Henley, in James-street, Bedford-row.—They behaved with great decency. Before they went out of Newgate, they saluted all the under keepers, and begged they would forgive them, declaring their intention was to have massacred them all, had they not been detected in making their escape."

1773. "About two months ago one Norris, a Gardener at Chelsea, died on a Saturday, or at

THE OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

least seemed to have been dead; the church bell tolled for him, and his measure was taken for a coffin. The next day to the astonishment of his wife and several other persons he returned to life again. He declared 'That the reason of his returning from death was in order to leave his family some wholesome advice before he took a serious farewell of the world.' What is very remarkable the above person actually died on the Wednesday following."

The narrator evidently considered it very remarkable that Mr. Norris should only have taken four days to dispense the wholesome advice required by his twice bereaved family.

1773. "John Procter and William Godlington were charged at Bow St. with maliciously firing a pistol at David Roach, Esq. It appeared that on Monday night last as Captain Roach was going to Chelsea he saw two fellows in the road and heard one of them say, 'Damn you, why don't you attack him?' On which he clapped his hand to his sword and drew it partly out of the scabbard, when Procter immediately fired at the distance of about five yards from the Captain, who directly jumped upon Godlington, seized him by the collar and as he himself expressed it, *pinned him to the wall.* The other fellow on this ran off, and Godlington was carried by the patrole, who came up, to the

watch-house, where the constable found a loaded pistol upon him. Procter was taken on Tuesday night by the assiduity of Bond, one of Sir John Fielding's men, with two prostitutes at his lodging in Cockpit-lane where the fellow pistol to that found on Godlington was discovered in the chimney with several leaden bullets."

1773. "*Marriage.* John Chetwood, Esq., counsellor at law in Chancery Lane to Mrs. Sprimont, widow of the late —— Sprimont, Esq., proprietor of the Chelsea porcelain manufactory."

1774. "*March* 4. About one o'clock in the morning Lord Stanley and his brother coming in a post-chaise and four from Chelsea to town, they were stopped by 4 footpads 2 of whom seized the horses, and put pistols to the breasts of the postilions; the other two went on each side the carriage, and presenting their pistols were resisted by the Hon. Mr. Stanley, whom one of the fellows fired at; on which Lord Stanley seized the man on his side by the arm and wounded him on the back of the head with a scymetar. The two ruffians at the heads of the horses then went to the assistance of their comrades when the postilions driving furiously on, the Nobleman and his brother escaped unhurt, though one of the villains fired a second pistol."

1774. "Sunday evening some armed villains entered the house of Mr. Carson, embroiderer near

Chelsea, and went into the parlour, where were Mr. Carson and several of his relations who were come to spend their Christmas with him, whom they robbed of near 100 l., after which they locked the street door, took the key with them, and made clear off with their booty."

1774. "Yesterday a Sturgeon was caught in the Thames near Chelsea Reach, by some fishermen fishing for chads. It measured upwards of eight feet two inches in length. It was brought to the Mansion House for the Lord Mayor; and his Lordship sent it as a present to the Duke of Gloucester."

1775. "Several robberies having been committed within these few days in the King's private road, and the environs of Chelsea, on Monday night some of Sir John Fielding's people went in search of the offenders, and one of them was soon after attacked by two ruffians, armed with pistols and a cutlass, but perceiving their mistake the robbers endeavoured to make off; they were, however, apprehended."

1775. "Mr. Sanders desires to return his sincere thanks to such of the Faculty who have recommended SIR HANS SLOANE'S MILK CHOCOLATE and begs the continuance of their recommendation, as also that they will be pleased to give a caution

to their Patients against using a spurious sort that has lately been foisted upon the public, which if used through mistake may frustrate the skill and good design of the Physician in recommending Sir Hans Sloane's Milk Chocolate.

"The above is only made by Nicholas Sanders in Greek Street within seven doors of Soho Square, and sold by him and his appointment at Mr. Stapleton's Chocolate House in St. James Street, &c.

"To prevent impositions, on each quarter of Chocolate is pasted 'Sir Hans Sloane's Milk Chocolate made by Sanders of Greek St. Soho, London,' with directions for using it."

1776. "Yesterday a duel was fought in Chelsea fields by Capt. W——s and an officer in the Austrian service; in consequence of which the latter was dangerously shot in the side of the neck. The quarrel, we hear, arose from a dispute about a place in the boxes on Friday night last."

1778. "Last night as the Hon. Captain George Fitzwilliams of the first troop of Horse Grenadiers, and brother to the present Earl Fitzwilliams, was on his return from Roehampton he was stopped near the turnpike in Little Chelsea, by a single highwayman well mounted on a black mare, who ordered the postillion to stop, but the boy refusing he immediately clapped a pistol to his head, and

swore if he looked back he would blow his brains out, and then robbed Mr. Fitzwilliams of between forty and sixty pounds and his gold watch. But on Mr. Fitzwilliams telling the highwayman the name was in the watch and he would be found out, he politely returned it again, wished him a good night, and bid the boy drive on as hard as he could."

1778. "This evening, about half past nine, as Mr. William Phillips, nephew to the late —— Phillips, Esq; Carpenter to the Board of Works, was riding thro' the King's Road, Chelsea, he was attacked by two footpads, who bid him deliver. Mr. Phillips said he would not be robbed, upon which the villains fired immediately; the ball of one pistol entered his side under the left arm, the other his thigh, near the groin. The report of the pistols brought up his friend, who was a little way behind, upon which the villains ran off. Mr. Phillips was carried to the Hole in the Wall in Cheyne-Row, when he could just relate what had happened, and then expired in the arms of his friend."

"MARITIME SCHOOL, CHELSEA.

1779. "A general Court of the Subscribers to this laudable institution will be held at the London Tavern Bishopsgate Street to-morrow the 11th of

March precisely at Eleven o'clock for the election of a Superintendent, a Master, a Matron, and Ten Scholars. N.B. Plans of this politic and benevolent Design may be had (gratis) of the Secretary, Mr Clarke, No. 6 Chancery Lane Fleet St ; at the Admiralty, Hungerford, London, New Lloyd's, John's, Batson's, and Jerusalem Coffee Houses."

The Maritime School for the training of lads for the sea was established in 1777 at Ormonde House, Paradise Row. Mr. John Bettesworth was the Navigation Master and Mr. Jonas Hanway (of umbrella fame) the Treasurer. The establishment contained an observatory, a rope-house, a battery of six pounders, and, in the grounds at the back, a full rigged ship, moving on swivels and "of a capacity sufficient to admit of twenty-four of the young gentlemen going aloft at one time." The Rules and Regulations, which are fully set out in a "Letter Recommendatory," are quaintly interesting, and for a full account of this original little Institution I must refer the curious to my "Paradise Row." (Macmillan, 1906.)

1785. "*April* 23. Yesterday the Report was made to his Majesty in Council of the prisoners under sentence of death in Newgate, convicted last February sessions, when the following were ordered for execution on Thursday next the 28th instant, viz. Peter Newbury and William Inverson, for

wounding and robbing John Lockell, in the Five Fields, Chelsea, of a tin box, containing one guinea and a pension ticket."

1786. "A few days since, a conspiracy was formed against a young gentleman at an Academy in Chelsea, of the name of Dansie, heir to a great fortune, of considerable family connections, but unfortunately of very weak intellects. He became acquainted with an artful woman, turned of forty. The youth is no more than eighteen. Ten days ago they seduced him from the school, and detained him privately, of which immediate notice was sent his father and his other relations who despatched people to all parts of the country to discover him, but without effect."

The Chelsea Academies seem to have made rather a specialty of pupils of weak intellect. Some of them, indeed, as we have already seen in the paper on Alexander Cruden, were in reality unlicensed private asylums.

1784. "*Feb.* 24. The following is an account of the fatal duel fought in a field near Little Chelsea, between Capt. Charles Mostyn, of the navy, and Capt. Clarke, of the Royal African corps, which originated in a dispute that took place on Wednesday, February 11, at the New Exchange coffee-house. Captain Mostyn is said to have been the

aggressor, by encouraging a Jew, who vends prints, and goes from one coffee-house to another, practising mimicry, to take off Mr. Fox, and other public speakers. This conduct being disapproved by the company, Mrs. Thompson, the mistress of the coffee-house, requested he would dismiss the Jew, as it disturbed a gentleman in the house, who was gone to bed ill, and besides gave offence to every one present. In reply to this, he persisted that he had a right to entertainment where he could get it, and that her sick gentleman might be damned. Captain Clarke was at this time waiting for his dinner to be served up, but finding that Capt. M. had a party of six to dine with him, he relinquished the table where his cloth was laid, in order to accommodate Capt. M.'s friend, and removed to a smaller table. Capt. M. to whom he was known, not choosing to view this conduct in a favourable light, and claiming a right to the table to which Capt. C. had removed, observed that 'a fellow, whom he knew nothing of, had intruded upon him and his company.' Capt. C. endeavoured to explain his motive, but Capt. M. becoming intemperate, uttered many oaths, threatened to lay Capt. Clarke on the fire, and attempted to strike him repeatedly, but was prevented by the interference of a very powerful gentleman in company. In this state, matters rested till Capt. C. consulted his friends on the steps he ought to take

and in concurrence with their opinion called upon his adversary either for an apology or a meeting. The letter on this subject reached Capt. Mostyn at Woolwich; he instantly came to town and accepted the latter alternative. When they came to the ground a distance of ten paces was taken, Capt. C. had the chance of the first shot, but his pistol missing fire, Capt. M. desired him to prime again; this he declined, alledging it was Capt. M.'s turn; Capt. M. answered, 'No! I shall not fire.' 'Then,' said Capt. C., 'apologise for your ill behaviour.' This he refused, and immediately fired; his ball hit Capt. C. upon the thigh, near the pocket, and striking upon a key and half crowns, glanced off without wounding him. The pistol of Capt. C. on his returning the fire, was so fatally directed that the ball entered the left breast of his antagonist and passed through his heart. He made one effort to step forward, fell down, and expired immediately. Captain Hay was second to Captain Mostyn. The name of the survivor's friend we could not learn. There was no surgeon present, but several gentlemen who had been witnesses of the unhappy difference in the beginning; all of whom unite in declaring that Capt. C. through every stage of the dispute, evinced, as far as was consistent with honour, great reluctance to bring matters to extremity, and that Capt. M. was on the other hand as averse to reconciliation."

1788. "ROYAL HOSPITAL CHELSEA.
Jan. 21, 1788.

WHEREAS two DEAD BODIES have been stolen from the burying ground of this HOSPITAL, and for the better discovering of the offenders FIVE GUINEAS will be given by the Treasurer to any person who shall give Information of the Parties concerned in the robbery."

1788. "Early on Saturday morning Mr. Plaw, a gardener in the Parish of Putney, was stopped in Little Chelsea Road as he was coming to Covent Garden Market by two footpads, who robbed him of about six guineas, his watch, and some silver. When they had effected their purpose and were going off, Mr. Plaw said you are a couple of the greatest scoundrels I ever met with; upon which they returned, d—d his eyes and asked him what he meant? The gardener who is a man of resolution answered that they had not left him sixpence to get his breakfast; they told him that as they believed him to be a hearty fellow, he should not want a breakfast, and putting 5s. 6d. into his hand wished him a good morning, and set off towards the King's Road."

1794. "To be sold by Auction by Messrs. Skinner & Dyke to-morrow the 13th inst. at 12 o'clock at Garraway's by order of the Executors of Lady Hart, deceased,

A FREEHOLD SHARE OF RANELAGH HOUSE and Estate producing FIFTY POUNDS per annum and a TICKET which admits Two persons to every Entertainment."

1798. "*Deaths.* At Chelsea Mrs. Mary Hand, who for more than sixty years kept the royal bun house."

The famous Chelsea Bun House was really in Grosvenor Row, Pimlico, just beyond the parish borders. The birthplace of the "r-r-r-rare Chelsea Buns" which were already famous in Swift's day, existed till well into the nineteenth century. George II. was a frequent customer, and George III. a very particular patron; and Bryan declares that as many as 240,000 buns were sold there on a Good Friday to holiday makers who flocked to the Five Fields. The place was run by four generations of the Hands, who reaped an ample fortune, in spite of various rival establishments.

1801. "A Coroners Jury was held on the body of the officer who had been shot on the day before by his brother veteran at Chelsea College. Their verdict was wilful murder, and the offender, now seventy years of age, was of course committed for trial. The dispute had existed between them ever since last winter about their consumption of their common stock of coals allowed by the hospital, out of which the prisoner wished to retrench a quantity

sufficient for the summer use, at which season the foundation allows none. The deceased objected to this plan of frugality. On the day when the melancholy catastrophe took place, about seven o'clock, the prisoner entered the room of the deceased; he said 'You must get up and fight me,' offering a pistol. The deceased made no reply, but knocks the pistol out of his hand. The prisoner then fired; the ball entered the heart of the deceased, who died immediately. On examination of the pistol offered by the prisoner, it appeared to be loaded with a ball only, no powder being in the barrel or prime. The prisoner and deceased were reckoned the two ablest swordsmen in the college. The latter was 73 years of age."

1801. "The first stone of the Royal Military Asylum was laid at Chelsea in presence of the Duke of York, attended by the Secretary at War, Lord Harrington, General Delancey, &c.; when several coins and medals commemorating our naval and military victories, were placed under it."

"BAZAAR DE MODES.

1828. "J. LEAVER, ARTIST IN DECORATIVE HAIR. In discriminating his gratitude for experienced favours, assumes the honour of announcing to the Ladies, Gentlemen and adjacent residents of Chelsea that he has removed from Bond Street to those eli-

gible premises, No. 13 Adam's Place near The Six Bells, King's Road, a commodious Shop elegantly adapted for a characteristic display of all the various modernised devices of ornamental hair. And desires to insinuate that providing acknowledged ability, enthusiastic regard, accompanied with commodities which are both vilis et bonum, be the superinducements or avenues leading to Business. J. L. unhesitatingly asserts that he possesses all these even to perfection.

"And after having achieved extensive practice for twelve years extinct, latterly in the capacity of Foreman in some of the most renowned shops in Liverpool, Brighton and London, and after having acquired a political acquaintance with every intrinsic branch of the trade, incognito, he in a measure, considers himself entitled to a modicum of public patronage.

"Entertaining no wish to depreciate the character or talents of other contemporary dissembling operators upon the pericranium, but obsequiously solicits a trial of his magical power and inimitable skill, in reference to the super imbellishments of the head, whether designed for the Pulpit, the Senate, the Bar, or the Stage.

"As HAIR CUTTER J. L. is incontestibly declared by amateurs of his profession to be the ne plus ultra of the present Erea.

"As HAIR DRESSER he soars lofty in the estima-

tion of some of the first circles of courtiers of the west end.

"As Peruke and Scalp Maker, his name has become proverbial both in the Metropolis and on the Continent, he will deceive the sapient connoisseur, he is the best sembler of nature extant.

"As Perfume Manufacturer J. L. recently purposed embarking in the wholesale business, and his sole preventative was a growing attachment to his immediate profession, consequently the minutest caution will be observed in selecting the choicest perfumes."

But Mr. Leaver's superinducements have tempted me well beyond my eighteenth century boundaries, and with him I must take leave of my snippets, both vilis et bonum.

A POSTSCRIPT.

My poor favourite Chelsea.—HORACE WALPOLE.

THE other day I read, with something of a shock, the sentence in a paper by the daughter of William Morris describing Chelsea of to-day as "a gilded desert to those who knew it in the seventies." To a devout lover of Chelsea the sentence read unkindly, almost brutally; one resented its truth, even if one could not altogether deny it.

In one of the papers in these pages I have written something about the lavish exuberance of Chelsea's historic possessions. Very rich indeed, she has been, but very reckless. She never seems to have had any instinct of self-preservation. Her great houses, the mansions of More and the Beauforts and Buckinghams, of Danvers and Gorges and the Shrewsburys, of Henry VIII. and the Bishops of Winchester and Lord Robartes, have been demolished, one after the other, without record of protest or regret; the lesser old houses, the homes of Lady Huntingdon, and Lady Ormond, Essex, Atterbury, Smollett, Shaftesbury, Swift, and a host of others are all swept away; the

lovely length of old Paradise Row is all gone; gone are The Bun House, The China Works, the Clock House, Blacklands and Whitelands, the Swan, Don Saltero's, The Magpye, the exquisite old White Horse and the Black Lion Inns, Lombard Terrace and the Arch House and The Vale; the old river walls and wherry posts and landing steps, the horse ferry, the barge houses; the dear old wooden bridge, and all the delightful cluster of wharves and boats and carts and barges and waterside taverns above the Old Church are gone too; Ranelagh has vanished, and Jenny's Whim and even Cremorne; and so one might go on for a page with the dismal category of destruction; the triumph of the house-breaker's pickaxe clearing the way, too often, for the jerry-builder's stucco.

Only in the last thirty years, when for most of the best it was too late, has some attempt been made to stay the hand of destruction and to awaken some sort of public conscience and respect concerning these neglected inheritances, so easily ruined, but which none can replace. Chelsea actually succeeded in defeating proposals to destroy and build over its Apothecaries' Garden; in keeping tramways out of Cheyne Walk; and in postponing a vast embankment scheme for its old western foreshore; she saved Turner's House, but Paradise Row she could not save.

What is done of this kind of rescue work is still

done chiefly through haphazard individual effort; and upon the vigilance of a few lovers of old things and places it still depends whether similar destructive schemes are modified or prevented, or whether the damage has been done before anything is known about it.

Surely it ought not to be so. If public opinion is still too apathetic for such inheritances to be entrusted to its keeping, there should be some competent court before which proposals involving their demolition must be submitted for examination before they are carried out. Such a tribunal seems reasonable enough when we remember that nothing else may stand between some irreplaceable memorial of the past and destruction. Yet we are far indeed as yet from any such protection, except for a few great National Memorials, and farther still from any such conscience.

If our Council is asked to provide a large "Public Convenience" in the King's Road, what site more suitable for such an erection that Sir Hans Sloane's Old Burial Ground—that welcome little break of branches and sunlight and quaint old folk amid the sordid dullness of the long thoroughfare—where Cipriani the artist, Bartolozzi's friend, and John Martyn the botanist and Andrew Millar the publisher of Fielding and Dr. Johnson lie at rest—but only so long as the Council's Convenience permits?

The Works and General Purposes Committee

accordingly report (November, 1911) "that we have considered further the question of the erection of public conveniences for both sexes in the vicinity of the Town Hall," and "recommending that the Rector and Churchwardens be again asked to sanction the erection of such conveniences (not underground) upon a site inside the Old Burial Ground facing either King's Road or Arthur Street."

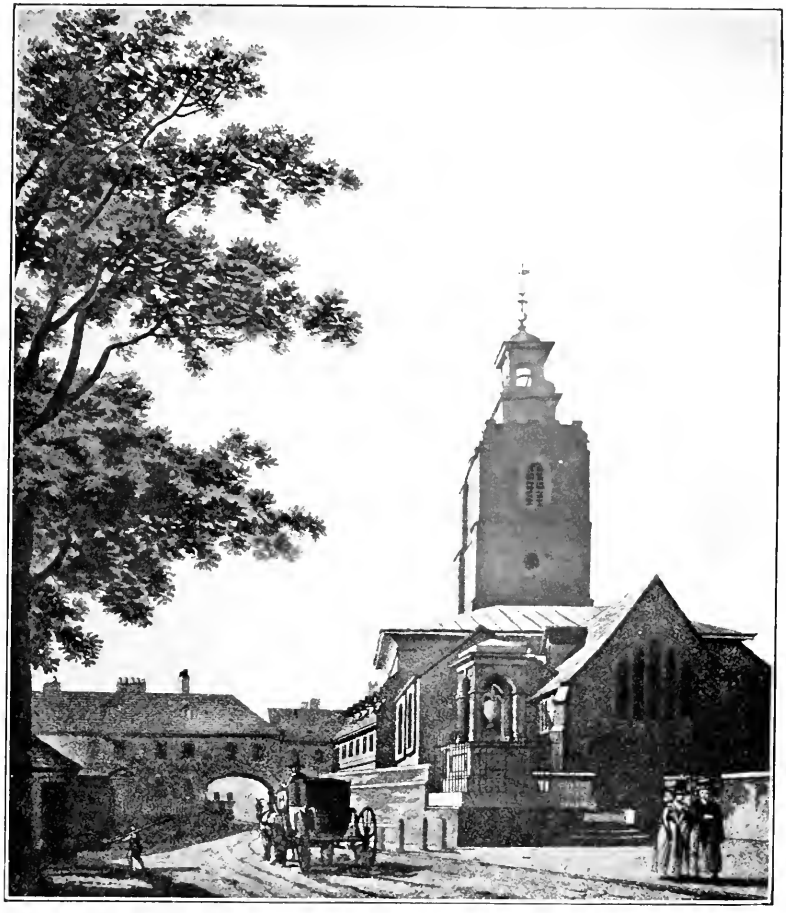
Not a single member of the Chelsea Council put in a word of protest when this outrageous recommendation was carried, and the plan was strongly urged upon the Rector. In a letter of remonstrance which I at once wrote to *The Times* it was pointed out that "This interesting old place was given to the parish by Sir Hans Sloane in 1733, owing to the overcrowded state of the old churchyard, and was consecrated by Edward Gibson, Bishop of London, in 1736. It is the resting-place of several well-known people, including J. B. Cipriani, the artist, who was buried here in 1785, and to whose memory Bartolozzi — who has immortalised so much of his work—erected here a memorial stone. Here also lies Andrew Millar (1768), the famous bookseller who published Thomson's 'Seasons' and Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews' and 'Tom Jones,' who bore the brunt of the issue of Johnson's Dictionary, and of whom the latter said, 'Sir, I respect Millar; he has raised the price of literature.'

Here, too, rest John Martyn, the Cambridge botanist, the founder and 'Bavius' of the 'Grub Street Journal'; Sloane Ellesmere, who was for 34 years rector of Chelsea; Weeden Butler, who had been Dr. Dodd's amanuensis, and was the father of the Harrow Headmaster; the ill-fated Philip Withers, of 'The Table of Cebes'; John Hamilton, the artist who etched the fine plates in Grove's 'Ancient Armour,' and several other folk of note in their generation. But, quite apart from any such claims to respect as these, the old Chelsea burial-ground with its guard of great plane trees in front, and the picture through its iron railings of leafy boughs and white stones, with the blue cotton frocks and big bonnets of the workhouse old ladies and the red caps of the men, who knit and gossip and saunter there on fine days, forms a very welcome little oasis in the dreary length of the King's Road; and it is hard to believe that a site cannot be found for the purpose required without defacing and despoiling this pleasant remnant of the old Chelsea which is being filched from us year by year."

The Rector cordially backed my protest, and the proposal was dropped. For the time being, the public convenience has not been thrust in among the quiet dead; but who shall say how long this respite shall avail?

Again, if some zealous enthusiast finds our Old

Church in need of "restoration" (save the mark) why not make a thorough job of it? Amongst the repairs recommended by the curate in charge and the architect entrusted with the work in 1909, whilst protesting eagerness to "protect so unique a building from any drastic changes" and "pleading in the strongest terms for the most tender and reverent treatment of a record eloquent of an ever-varied past," the following formidable list of alterations was put forth: Removing the whole of the pews and replacing all but three by new oak seats; opening a large doorway in the north wall of the nave and erecting an internal screen; closing and building up the south chancel and Lawrence Chapel doors; restoring the piscina, the side of the More Monument, and the Guildford Tomb; pulling down the vestry and erecting a much larger one, enclosing the whole eastern and most of the northern wall of the Lawrence Chapel; putting up a new canopy over the pulpit and a new cupola on the tower; moving the pulpit and font; concreting the whole floor of the church and restoring the nave and chancel ceilings; rearranging the Lawrence Chapel for separate services as "a useful and attractive morning chapel"; putting in new chancel seats, clergy desks, lectern, credence table, and sanctuary panelling; widening and altering the main west door; restoring the churchyard and its tombs, and providing new walls and railings; and all this in



OLD CHELSEA CHURCH.
East View, 1817.

addition to the very necessary overhauling of the roofs, pavement, heating apparatus, and organ ; and the dangerous final item of "general repairs."

No one, of course, denied that certain of the above repairs required doing and should be properly and simply done ; but to advocate them all, whilst in the same breath professing to protect from any drastic changes a building "fragrant of bygone customs and full of echoes of the footsteps and longings of men who learned within its walls to meet their God," was an accomplishment beyond the comprehension of some of us, and we could not help recalling Bickerstaff :—

> Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love
> But—why did you kick me downstairs ?

That a small church could have undergone them all without alteration of "its authentic accent and colour" was inconceivable. Happily the courteous protest made brought courteous acknowledgment, and resulted in several of the contemplated restorations being given up ; but the unnecessarily large double vestry was built round the Lawrence Chapel, and the claim made that, being "built in ancient small bricks of the same character as the rest of the bricks in the building when erected it will have the appearance of belonging to the structure" may be left, with a laugh, to the judgment of the visitor.

One only recalls all this to show how narrowly

and almost fortuitously, even in quite recent years, we have escaped the perpetration of irretrievable mistakes; and in this connection I hope I may be allowed to quote an extract from Herbert Horne's preface to Mr. Randall Davies' book on Chelsea Old Church, which expresses exactly and delightfully the feeling which inspired this protest:—

". . . Admirable and historic as are not a few of these monuments, the charm and interest of the Church as a whole are even more impressive and singular than the most venerable of its monuments, the most august of its associations. If Chelsea possessed some extraordinary beauty of architecture, some masterpiece of sculpture or painting, we might not feel within its walls, to a degree which we do not in many a famous and more imposing building, the fascination and significance of the mere record and reposition of Time—of memorial piled upon memorial, never quite incongruously, though always with a certain element of chance in the form and manner: each generation continuing the chronicle, as it were, in its own fashion, and in its own handwriting. As it is, everything in the Church still keeps its authentic accent and colour: Time has wrought and left it just as we see it to-day. Had the remains of its Gothic fabric been considerable enough for the 'restorer' to try his hand upon, it might have fared with Chelsea as it has with nearly all the London Churches which have come down

to us from mediæval times. We have at last, perhaps, come to disapprove that more primitive form of 'restoration' which removed from the Temple Church its fine series of monuments of the 16th and 17th centuries, as things unworthy of the building; and which reduced the fabric itself, in great part at least, to a frigid reproduction of what its restorers believe it originally to have been: but we still regard that dubious art with complacency when, as at St. Bartholomew's the Great, in Smithfield, it seeks to obliterate, as far as possible, all traces of the vicissitudes of the building since the Reformation; or when, as at St. Olave's, Hart Street, it sweeps away the furniture of the Church as Pepys has known it, in order to substitute tasteless modern fittings which are supposed to recall the original character of the edifice. To do that in a building whose historic associations far outweigh its value as a piece of architecture, is to rob it of the most precious qualities which time has lent to it. The continuity of its history is destroyed; and the spell which holds us fascinated at Chelsea is broken."

"That spell," as Mr. Philip Norman, recalling this passage, wrote in 1908, "is now in no little danger; that it may long continue is my earnest wish."

It is, surely, the wish of most of us, concerning Chelsea. Yet as the years pass on, and bit by bit

the old landmarks gradually—sometimes, though not always inevitably—disappear, it becomes more and more difficult to cherish hope.

There have, indeed, been other excursions and alarms than these; and one in particular (also happily averted) which seemed to threaten the studied simplicity of Wren's Chapel at Chelsea Hospital; of which Philip Norman wrote to me at the time: "I have just been visiting all Wren's Churches in the City, and there is nothing so perfect in its way, nothing so unaltered since Wren's time, as this Chapel; it is a gem."

But it is rather to emphasise the constant need of our conservative vigilance and protection than to multiply the depressing records of unnecessary or misguided zeal that these lines are written.

I remember, after "In Cheyne Walk" was published, quite a number of letters came to me from readers whose interest in the place had been so keenly awakened that they were bent on pilgrimage hither, and asked for guidance. I confess those letters a little alarmed me as to their outcome. I began to wonder doubtfully whether my affection for Chelsea had not clothed it in forms and colours which a stranger would not find there, and filled it with memories which they could not bring, and whether in consequence, they would not go away disillusioned and disappointed, cursing me for an imaginative scribbler.

So much must depend on the weather, the mood, the view-point, the expectations with which one starts on such a quest. So much of what you will find you have in reality brought along with you. So great a part of the things you will see must be seen with the second sight of reminiscence and associations and knowledge. And as time goes on and brings inevitable change, more and more will the lovers of Old Chelsea have to carry it with them as they go, or they will find it, as Miss Morris has done, but a "gilded desert."

Sometimes, when one cries out upon the unnecessary vandalisms, one is told that one is trying to bar all continuity between past and present in our old churches and buildings, and to make mere museums of them. That, I think, is quite a mistaken idea. Certainly for myself I have no such wish. I hate museums, as a genus. They are so often airless, exhausting, over-crowded, dead. They immure beautiful things apart from their proper surroundings, cased, labelled, out of reach, beyond hope of attainment. But at least they do protect them. The new things must come if they be anyway worthy, but the old need not always be destroyed or disfigured to make place for them; and it was a piece of great good luck for Chelsea that it was decided, a century ago, to build a spacious new church for the parish, instead of enlarging the old one out of all recognition, as has so often happened elsewhere.

It is delightful, to take again our own illustrations, that Chelsea Hospital should continue alive and flourishing in its original use and purpose; and that our fine old Cheyne Walk houses should be lived in and made homes of to-day. It is good that men who lived here and worked here and died here, and whom Chelsea delights to honour—men, to cite the instances of yesterday, such as Henry James and William De Morgan — though they can no longer be buried in her Old Church, should be borne in memory upon its walls in simple and seemly memorials. But even these memorials ought to be jealously regarded where space is so limited, and should surely be restricted to dwellers in Chelsea who have been known and honoured there. It is difficult to understand—taking another quite recent instance — why perhaps the most interesting window in the whole of our Old Church, the small early fourteenth century one in the north wall of the original Manor Chapel which Henry VIII. acquired from Lord Sandys in exchange for Mottisfont priory, the window through which Sir Thomas More must often have looked from his place in the choir towards the elm trees and meadow land northward, should have been handed over to be stripped and filled with rather commonplace stained glass as a memorial to some no doubt worthy people whose connection with Chelsea I have not been able to discover.

But to what end, you ask, are we harassed and perturbed by these far-off unhappy things for which we, at least, are not responsible?

To this end, if you please; that it is just by you, good reader, and the likes of you, that these unhappy things may be made impossible. And to that extent we *are*, each one of us, responsible. Those for whom pages such as these of mine have any interest are exactly the people best able —because they must have some love for old places and old things or they would not read them—to put in the protecting and protesting word, the pleading, backed by knowledge and affection, which often counts for much with those who, lacking either, have yet the momentary power to save or to destroy.

"The Devil," Antonio has assured us, "can cite Scripture for his purpose"; and I am going to cite for final witness one who could certainly not be accused of the slightest partiality to such protection as has here been pleaded for.

Sir Gilbert Scott came to Old Chelsea Church on the last Sunday of his life; and he, of all men it was who said of it: "I have built a great many new Churches and restored many old ones; but for worship I like the old Church at Chelsea."

INDEX.

Aberdeen, Cruden at, 45, 56.
Academies, *see* Chelsea, Blacklands, Kynaston.
"Acis and Galatea," 89, 267.
"Adams, Parson," 267.
Addiscombe Farm, the Carlyles at, 218.
Admonitions, Cruden's, 53, 54.
Alderley Park, Carlyles at, 223, 231.
Alpha House, 149.
Anne of Cleves, Queen, 2; at Chelsea Manor, 20; funeral, *ib.*
Apothecaries' Garden, *see* Botanic.
Apprentice absconds, 260.
Ashburton, Lord and Lady, 197, 203, 210, 224, 227, 228, 229.
Ashley, Mrs., Princess Elizabeth's governess, 10, 11.
Ashton, Mr. Harvey, episode at Ranelagh, 91.
Austin, Mrs., of the Gill, 234, 245.

Babies, Mrs. Carlyle on, 228, 240-1.
Bakewell, James, Wedgwood's painter, at Chelsea, 150, 154.
Bals Parés at Ranelagh, 99.
Barbel, a large, 269.
Barlow, Mr., 193, 248, 251.
Battersea Bridge, 275, 277; *illustration facing* 278.
Baxter, Mr., Consul at Petersburg, 153.
— Richard, quoted, 139.
Beard, John, at Ranelagh, 90, 91, 272.
Beaufort, Henry Somerset, 1st Duke of, 1.
Beaufort House, 42; *see* More.
Bells, The Five and Six, 165, 291.
Bentley, Thomas, Wedgwood's partner, at Chelsea, 147 *et seq.*; his letters lost, 148; his Chelsea house, 149, 162-3; marriage, 153; at the show-room, 160, 161; his catalogue of Russian Service, 156, 161; "Sukey" comes to, 163; leaves Chelsea, 164; death, *ib.*; portrait, *facing* 164.
Bethlehem Hospital, 59, 63, 71.
Bethnal Green Private Madhouse, Cruden confined at, 47-57 *et seq.*
Blacklands Academy, Sukey Wedgwood at, 163.
— House, 25.
"Blind Bench, The," 63.
Bloody Bridge, 270.
Body snatchers at Chelsea Hospital, 288.
Boleyn, Queen Anne, 4.
Bonner, Mr., 74.
Botanic Garden, Apothecaries, 262, 294.
Boulton and Fothergill, 167.
Bowack, John, quoted, 33, 34.
Boyce, G. P., at West House, 171.
Bradbury, Mr. Thomas, 74, 75, 76.
Braid, Betty, 242.
Bridge, *see* Battersea Bridge, Bloody Bridge.
"Briefe Declaration, A," quoted, 136.
Bristol, George Digby, 2nd Earl of, 1.
British Museum founded, 41.
Browne, Dr. Thomas, 21.
Bryan, Sir Francis, 4, 5.

Buckingham, George Villiers, 1st Duke of, 1.
Bun House, *see* Chelsea.
Buns, Chelsea, 289.
Burghley, William Cecil Lord, 1.
Burial Ground, the old, 166, 295-7.
Burney, Dr. Charles, organist of Ranelagh, 89, 90.
— Fanny, 90, 99.
"Burning Bush, The," quoted, 27.
Burslem potters at Chelsea, 145-6.
Burton, Mr. William, quoted, 151.
Butler, Rev. Weeden, 297.

Cadogan, Earl, 161.
Cadogans at Chelsea, 40.
Cæsar at Chelsea, 135.
Cambridge, Cruden at, 53.
Camden, William, foundation fellow of Chelsea College, 131.
Carlyle, Dr., 209, 212, 214, 215.
— Mrs. Jane Welsh, her temperament, 191-3; servant worries, 194; Charlotte Southam engaged, 196; at Bay House, 197-205; at Lann Hall, 205-12; a lost ring, 207, 216; furniture cleaning, 209; at Thornhill, 212-17; instructions for Carlyle's return, 214-15; writes about Charlotte, 217, 220, 221, 222, 224, 232-3, 234, 235, 236; a lost key, 225-7; Nero's death, 230; discharges Charlotte, 232; re-engages her, 235; Charlotte leaves, 238; meaning of "wae," 239; visited by Charlotte, 242; her accident, 243-4; at St. Leonards, 245; in Scotland, *ib.*; portrait *facing* 192; Charlotte's photograph, 248, 250; Carlyle at Edinburgh, 252; death, 253.
— Thomas, on Wren, 172; on the new maid, 196; in Germany, 206, 208, 212; his food, 214; "Frederick," 220, 230, 248; Fritz, 221, 241; Order of White Falcon, 224; at the Grange, 227; Nero's death, 230; left alone, 240; sells Fritz, 242; Edinburgh Address, 250-2; resting, 251; at Scotsbrig, 252; sees Charlotte's babies, 254.
Caroline, Queen, 46, 263.
Carter, Mrs., at Ranelagh, 103, 104.
Catalogue of Russian Service, 156, 161.
Cathcart, Charles, 9th Baron, 152, 154.
Catherine, Empress of Russia, 152, 154, 159.
— Queen, *see* Parr.
Cavendish, Lady Jane, *see* Cheyne.
— Lady Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, autobiography, 29; verses, 30.
Charles I, 24, 26, 135.
— II, nominates Evelyn prison Commissioner, 139; releases Evertson, 140; thanks Evelyn, 141; gives College to Royal Society, 142.
Charlotte, Queen, 90; visits Wedgwood's show-room, 160; patroness of Mrs. Ruel, 167.
Chelsea Academies, 65, 66, 68, 71, 163, 285.
— Bun House, 98, 289.
— College, its institution, 125; James I, its patron, 126; its site, 127; contributions to the building, 127; tribute, 128; foundation laid, 127; Sutcliffe's farms, 128; survey of the buildings, 129; water scheme, 130; fellows, *ib.*; appeals for funds, 128; Fuller's account, 133; objections to, 132; Featley at, 133; the Commonwealth Commission on, 129; Sir F. Kynaston offered, 134; used as a prison, 136; further appeals, 137; Darley's pamphlet, 138; Baxter pleads for, 139; Evelyn at, *ib.*; Evertson's imprisonment, 140; the plague at, 141; given to Royal Society, 142; resold to the King for a hospital, 143; referred to, 162, 259, 262, 264,

265, 267, 269, 270, 272, 273, 288; *illustration facing* 128.
Chelsea horse ferry, 258, 259.
— Hospital, founded, 144; Wren's chapel at, 302; *see also* Pensioners, Patrole, Walpole, Chelsea College, *illustration facing* 144.
"Chelsea Mystery House," 166.
Chelsea Old Church, 5, 33; Lady Cheyne's benefactions, 34; repaired, 266; *illustration facing* 298; restorations at, 298-301.
— porcelain manufactory referred to, 146, 148, 161, 167.
Chelsea's historic wealth, 168, 293.
Cheyne, Charles (*later* 1st Viscount Newhaven), 2; at Blacklands House, 25; buys Chelsea Manor, *ib.*, 30; marries Lady Jane Cavendish, *ib.*; letter to Duchess of Newcastle, 30; his cash book, 35, 36; second marriage, 37; becomes Viscount Newhaven, 39; death, *ib.*
— Lady Jane, marriage, 25; besieged at Welbeck, 27; assists her father, 29; at Chelsea Manor, 30 *et seq.*; letter to her brother, 32; ill-health and death, 33; benefactions, 34; monument, *ib.*; epitaph, 35; writings, 36; portrait, *ib.*, and *facing* 30.
— William, 2nd Viscount Newhaven, *see* Newhaven.
Cheyne House, 149, *illustration facing* 150.
— Row, De Morgan at No. 30, 170; Orange House, 172-4, 175; Carlyles at, 191 *et seq.*; *illustrations facing* 172, 224.
— Walk, 3, 40, 42; Houses, 43; gardens, *ib.*; No. 6, 276; No. 16, 42; No. 26, 43; "China Row Walk," 40, 269; *illustration facing* 6.
China, Chelsea, *see* Chelsea Porcelain, Sprimont.
China Row, 40, 269.
Chudleigh, Elizabeth, at Ranelagh, 103.
Church, New Chelsea, 266, 303.
Cipriani, Giovanni B., 103; grave, 295; *see* Ranelagh Tickets.
Clare, Rev. Thomas, of Cheyne Walk, 44.
Clarendon quoted, 26, 30.
Cleves, *see* Anne.
Coach, Chelsea Stage, robbed, 259, 265.
"College, The," *see* Chelsea College.
Collins, William, confined at Chelsea, 65.
Common, Chelsea, 260-1, 266, 274.
Commonwealth, The, Commissioners at Chelsea College, 135.
Concordance, *see* Cruden's.
"Controversy College," so named by Laud, 132; *see* Chelsea College.
"Convenience, The Public," 295-7.
Country workmen in London, 151.
Cremorne Gardens, alluded to, 96.
Cruden, Alexander, his life, 45 *et seq.*; early insanity, 45; amanuensis to Lord Derby, 46; bookseller and press corrector, *ib.*; confined at Bethnal Green, 47; ambitious, 48; lawsuit, 49; candidate for the City, 50; attempts knighthood, 51 *et seq.*; provincial visits, 53; addresses to Elizabeth Whitaker, 54, 55; philanthropic work, 55, 56; publishes "Concordance," 46, 56; death, 56; pamphlets, 57; the Bethnal Green confinement, 58 *et seq.*; escape, 61; trials, 62, 63; letter from his father, 64; the Chelsea confinement, 65 *et seq.*; a fracas, 66; ill-usage at Chelsea, 67; visits Jenny's Whim, 69; decamps, 70; demands reparation, 72, 73; trial, 73 *et seq.*; complacency, 79; portrait *facing* 48, 80; hatred of Wilkes, 81; his end, 82.
Cruden's "Concordance," 1st edition, 46; 2nd and 3rd, 56, 78.

DACRES, The, 1.
"Dame Ranelagh's Remonstrance," quoted, 117.
Danvers House, 37, 42.
— Street houses, 259; Swift's lodging in, 260; Dr. Reid's, 271.
Darley, John, quoted, 138.
Debenham's house, Mr., 189.
Demolition of Old Chelsea, 42, 292-3.
De Morgan, William, first pottery, 169; comes to Chelsea, *ib.*; takes Orange House, 170; visit to Carlyle, 171; work at Chelsea, 172-6; firing a kiln, 175; goes to Merton, 176; moves to Fulham, 177; winters in Florence, 178; extracts from letters, 180-7; Robbia ware, 181; pot-pricing, 183; tile-making, 185; his versatility, 187; close of factory, 188; his novels, 189; portrait *facing* 186; memorial, 304.
D'Eon, Chevalier, 121.
Derby, 10th Earl of, 46.
Dibdin, Charles, at Ranelagh, 90; "Chelsea Pensioners" quoted, 263.
Dinner Service, *see* Russian.
Dominiceti, Dr., 276, 277.
Don Saltero's, 275.
Duesbury, William, 167.
Duels at Chelsea, 265, 271, 274, 282, 285-7.
Duffield, Mr., 66; his house, 67.
Dury, John, quoted, 137.
Dutch Prisoners at Chelsea College, 136, 139-42.

EDINBURGH, Carlyle at, 252.
Elers, Family at Chelsea, 145; George, 91.
Elizabeth, Princess, afterwards Queen, 1; at Chelsea Manor, 4, 5, 10, 43; letter to Queen Catherine, 11; to the Lord Protector, 12; attainments, 14; revisits Chelsea, 22, 23; the Essex ring, 23; her death, 23.
Ellesmere, Rev. Sloane, 297.
Enamel, 152.
"Etna, Mount," at Ranelagh, 119, 121.
Evelyn, John, Commissioner for Chelsea College, 139; his seal, 140; his prisoners, *ib.*; their sufferings, 141-2.
Evertson, Captain, at Chelsea, 140; released, *ib.*
Eyots or Eights, 264.

FAULKNER'S "Chelsea," 143, 272.
Featley, Daniel, Provost of Chelsea College, 133-4, 138.
Ferry, *see* Chelsea Horse ferry.
Festing, Michael, conductor at Ranelagh, 88, 89.
Fielding, Justice, 267, 268, 276, 281; *see* Patrole.
Fields, Chelsea, *see* Five Fields.
Fireworks at Ranelagh, 121.
Fishermen at Chelsea, 135, 275.
Fitzgerald, Mr., at Ranelagh, 91, 92.
Fitzroy Square, De Morgan at, 169, 173.
Fitzwilliam, Captain George, 282-3.
Five Fields, The, 85, 86, 285, 289.
Fleetwood, Anne, 25.
Florence, De Morgan at, 178-87.
Flower girls at Ranelagh, 88.
Fox, Sir Stephen, re-sells Chelsea College, 143-4.
"Friedrich," Carlyle at work on, 206, 220, 225, 230, 248.
"Fritz," Carlyle's horse, 221, 241-2.
Fulham, De Morgan's factory at, *see* Sands End.
Fuller, Rev. Thomas, writes concerning Chelsea College, 128, 131, 132, 133.

GARDEN, The Manor, 43.
"Gardener's Dictionary, The," 261.
Garrick, David, epigram on Dr. John Hill, 92.
"Gentleman's Magazine, The," and Cruden, 79.
George I. at Ranelagh House, 86.

George II., King, 51; declines to knight Cruden, 53; at Chelsea Bun House, 289.
— III. patronises the Bun House, 289.
Glebe Place, part of Wedgwood's Chelsea Estate, 148, 162-3.
Gleig, Rev. Robert, quoted on Ranelagh, 96.
"Glory of Chelsey Colledge Revived, The" quoted, 138.
Gloucester, Edward Fowler, Bishop of, robbed, 257.
Gorges, Sir Arthur, 1.
Gorges House, 42.
Grange, The, Alresford, the Carlyles at, 224-9.
Great Marlborough Street showroom, 176, 178, 185.
Greek Street, Wedgwood's showroom, 159, 160, 163, 164.
Grey, Lady Jane, 1; at Chelsea Manor, 13-15; death, 16; portrait *facing* 16.
Guildford Tomb, Old Church, 19, 20, 298.

Halifax, Earl of, 55.
Hall, Dr. Joseph, Bishop of Exeter, quoted, 138.
Hamilton, Anthony, quoted, 37-8.
— James, 3rd Marquis of, 2; at Chelsea Manor, 25; builds western addition, *ib.*; executed, *ib.*
— John, 297.
— William, 2nd Duke of, 25.
Hand family, 289.
Handel at Ranelagh, 86, 89, 121.
Hanway, Jonas, 284.
Hartlib, Samuel, quoted, 137.
Haweis, Rev. H., quoted, 43.
Heidegger, John James, Master of Ceremonies at Ranelagh, 116.
Hempel and Ruel, Messrs., at Chelsea, 145, 165, 166-7.
Henry VIII., his Manor House at Chelsea, 1, 3 *et seq.*; his "Hunting Lodge," 162.
Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales, patron of Chelsea College, 126, 132; his death, 132.
Hill, Dr. John, caned at Ranelagh, 92; Garrick on, *ib.*; *illustration facing* 92.
Holderness, Lord, 50, 52.
Horne, Mr. Herbert, quoted, 300.
Horse ferry, *see* Chelsea.
"Hottentot, The," on Ranelagh, 110-16.
Houses, the great Chelsea, 293.
Howard, *see* Surrey.
— Edmund, Sir Hans Sloane's gardener, 42.
— of Effingham, Charles, 2nd Lord, 2; at Chelsea Manor, 22; visited by Queen Elizabeth, *ib.*; second marriage, 24; death, *ib.*
— of Effingham, Lady, 2; at Chelsea Manor, 22.
— Countess Margaret Stuart, Lady, 2, 24.
Huguenot Chapel, Glebe Place, 163.
Humbie Farm, the Carlyles at, 220, 222.

Inoculation at Chelsea, 271-2.
Inskip, "Tutor," 66, 67, 68.
Italian Majolica, 187.

James I. founds Chelsea College, 126; his benefactions, 127, 131.
James, Henry, memorial to, 304.
Jenny's Whim Tavern, 69; Bridge, *illustration facing* 70; 274.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, at Ranelagh, 89, 90, 116.
Jones, Lady Catherine, 86.
Jonson, Ben, 26.
"Jubilee Masquerade Balls at Ranelagh," quoted, 105.

"King's Silver," 127.
Kynaston, Sir Francis, his academy, 134.

Ladies, Mrs. Carlyle on, 210.
La Grenouillière Palace, 153.

Larkin, Mr., 198-9, 201-2, 204-5; his son, 241, 244.
Lawrence Chapel, Old Church, 298.
Leaver, Mr., Artist in Hair, 290-2.
Leighton's House, 174.
"*Le Methode et Invention de Dresser les Chevaux*," 27.
L'Estrange's "Village of Palaces," 6.
Lincoln, Henry Clinton, 2nd Earl of, 1.
Little Chelsea, 66, 282, 288.
— Cheyne Row, *see* Upper.
Littleton, Dr. Adam, funeral sermon on Lady Cheyne, 31; epitaph, 35; quoted, 28, 34.
"Livadia" panel, 173, 176.
"London Citizen Exceedingly Injured, The," 57.

Manor House, Chelsea, described, 3, 4; built by Henry VIII., 3; occupied by Queen Catherine, 7; Elizabeth at, 10; Lady Jane Grey at, 13; Duchess of Northumberland at, 19; Anne of Cleves at, 20; Duchess of Somerset at, 21; Countess of Nottingham at, 22; Elizabeth revisits, 22; Lord Howard of Effingham at, 24; Duke of Hamilton at, 25; Charles and Lady Jane Cheyne at, 25 *et seq.*; Lady Robartes, 37; Lord Newhaven at, 39; Sir Hans Sloane at, 40; demolished, 41; the Great Garden, 43.
Mansfield, Viscount, letter to, 32.
Marischal College, 45.
Maritime School, Chelsea, 283-4.
Marston Moor, Battle of, 26, 27.
Martyn, John, 295, 297.
Mary, Princess, afterwards Queen, letter to Seymour, 8, 19.
Masquerades at Ranelagh, 99-104, 108-9, 115, 116, 118.
Merton, De Morgan's works at, 176.
Meteyard, Miss, quoted, 148-9, 165.
Middlesex, Lionel Cranfield, Earl of, 1.
Military Asylum, the, 290.
Millar, Andrew, 295-6.
Miller, Philip, 262.
Minton tiles, 186.
Monmouth House, 42.
Monnet, M., on Ranelagh, 94.
Monro, Dr., 59, 62, 68, 69, 71, 74, 76, 78.
Monson, Lord, Memoir of George Elers, 91.
— of Castlemaine, Viscount, regicide, 24, 25, 133.
Montague, Mrs. Elizabeth, at Ranelagh, 104.
"Monthly Review, The," and Cruden, 79.
More, Sir Thomas, his house, 1, 3, 277; Henry VIII.'s visits to, 3; his monument, 298; in the choir, 304.
"Morning's Walk from London to Kew," quoted, 122-4.
Morris, Miss May, quoted, 174, 293.
— William, at Chelsea, 169, 170, 172, 174; at Merton, 176.
Mottisfont Abbey exchanged for Chelsea Manor, 3, 304.
Mount Etna, *see* Etna.
Mozart at Ranelagh, 89.
Museum Minervæ, 134.
Museums, 303.
Middleton, Sir Hugh's Aqueduct, 130, 138.

"Nature's Pictures Drawn by Fancies Pencil," 29.
Neat houses, 264.
"Nero," Mrs. Carlyle's dog, 198-9, 200, 202, 205, 206, 208, 213, 219; run over, 224, 228; death, 229; miniature, 255.
Newcastle, William Cavendish, 1st Duke of, at Welbeck, 26; exiled, 27; helped by wife and daughter, 28, 29; book on horsemanship, 27; verses, 29.
— Margaret, Duchess of, *see* Cavendish.
Newdegate, Francis, 21.
Newgate Prison, Cruden at, 56, 72.

Newhaven, William Cheyne, 2nd Viscount, his wives, 39; sells Chelsea Manor, 40; epitaph, 39.
Norman, Mr. Philip, quoted, 301-2.
Northam, Mrs., 74, 75.
"North Briton," 80, 81.
Northumberland, Jane, Duchess of, 2; at Chelsea Manor, 19; her children, *ib.*; funeral, 20.

"Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," 89.
Old Burial Ground, *see* Burial.
— Church, *see* Chelsea.
Oliver's Coffee House, 49.
Orange House, Cheyne Row, 170; De Morgan's works at, 173; given up, 176; *illustration facing* 172.
Oxford, Cruden at, 53.

Paradise Row, 294.
Parr, Queen Catherine, 1; at Chelsea Manor, 5, 44; marries Seymour, 6, 9; appearance, 7; motherhood, 17; illness and death, 18; will, *ib.*; her ghost, 43; portrait *facing* 16.
Passenger, Mr. F., De Morgan's painter, 172-3, 177.
Patrole, "Ranelagh Horse," 84, 87, 261; Fielding's, 268, 280, 281.
Paulets, the, 1.
Pensioners, Chelsea, 87, 108, 261, 262, 269, 289; *see also* Patrole.
Pepys, Samuel, quoted, 30, 38.
Pesthouse at Chelsea College, 134.
Phené, Dr., quoted, 163; his house, 166.
Phillips, Sir Richard, quoted, 122.
Physic Garden, *see* Botanic.
Pierrepoint, Madame Gertrude, 39.
Pigs, Chelsea Chinese, 277.
Pillory, Chelsea, 258.
Plague, the, at Chelsea, 140-1.
"Pochi" and "Molto," 183.
Porcelain, *see* Chelsea.
Pricing Pots, 183.
Prisoners at Chelsea College, 136, 139-42.
Provosts of Chelsea College, Matthew Sutcliffe, 126 *et seq.*; Daniel Featley, 133, 134, 138; Dr. Wilkinson, 137.

Queen's House, 43.

Radnor House, 39.
"Rambler, The," quoted, on Masquerades, 104.
"Ranelagh, A Poem," quoted, 83.
Ranelagh, Lord, his house, 86; his daughter, *ib.*
"Ranelagh House, A Satire," quoted, 116.
Ranelagh Rotunda and Gardens: vogue, 84; views, 85; situation and approach, 85, 86, 97; entrance, 87; description, 88; refreshments at, 88, 94; concerts at, 89, 90; fashion at, 91; episodes at, 91-3; foreign visitors, 94 *et seq.*; dancing, 96; Ridottos, Balls Parés, and Masquerades, 99; the colonade, 100; music at, 89, 90, 97, 101; characters at, 102; the Chudleigh at, 103; "The Rambler" on, 104; tracts concerning, 105-16; masks at, 104; the Hottentot on, 110; the Ranelean Religion, 110; Dr. Johnson on, 116; George Selwyn on, 116; Heidegger at, 117; Mr. Wroth on, 119; special nights at, 119; the Gardens, 120; Temple of Neptune, 120; Temple of Pan, 121; fireworks, 121; Mount Etna, 121; Sir R. Phillips on, 122; fracas at, 273.
— Shares, 289.
— Tickets, 103; *illustrations*, frontispiece, *and facing* 110, 116.
"Ranelean Religion Displayed, The," quoted, 110 *et seq.*
"Reformed Spirituall Husbandman, The," quoted, 137.
Regatta Ball at Ranelagh, 119.
Reid, Alexander, 272.
Restoration of Old Church, 266, 297-301.

Rhodes, David, Wedgwood's foreman at Chelsea, 150.
Ricardo, Mr. Halsey, De Morgan's partner, 177, 179, 189.
Ridottos at Ranelagh, 99.
Ring, The Essex, 23; Mrs. Carlyle's, 207, 216.
Robartes, John, afterwards 1st Earl of Radnor; his marriage, 37-38.
— Letitia Isabella Lady, Countess of Radnor: marries Charles Cheyne, 37; her first marriage, 38; death, 39; portrait *facing* 30.
Robberies at Chelsea, 260-1, 265, 266, 273, 274, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 285, 288.
Robbia ware, 181.
Rochester, Francis Atterbury, Bishop of, 259.
Rocque's Plan of London, 85.
Rogers, Samuel, at Ranelagh, 104; quoted, 98.
Rotunda, *see* Ranelagh; *illustrations facing* 84, 104, 122.
Royal Society, the, offered Chelsea College, 139, 142.
Ruel, James, 164, 166.
Rupert's glass house, Prince, 142-3.
Russell, Mrs., of Thornhill, 212, 217, 218, 224, 230, 231, 233, 238, 245, 249.
Russian Imperial Dinner Service, 147, 152, 153 *et seq.*; the views, 155; designs, 157; description, 158; exhibited, 159; catalogue of, 161; price of, 165.

Sands End, Fulham, De Morgan's pottery at, 177, 178-9, 188.
Sandys, Lord, 3, 304.
Scott, Sir Gilbert, quoted, 305.
Servants, Mrs. Carlyle's, 195, 218, 232, 247; Ann, 197; "tall Charlotte," 233; "old Jane," 232, 234; Sarah, 233, 236-7; Mrs. Warren, 249, 251; Jessie, 249, 251.
Seymour, Queen Jane, her marriage, 5.
— Thomas Lord, 2; marriage, 7; flirtation with Princess Elizabeth, 10; contemplated espousals, 13.
Shaftesbury House, 67.
Shrewsbury House, 42, 163.
Sloane, Sir Hans, 2; buys Chelsea Manor, 40; his death and will, 41; milk chocolate, 281; burial ground, 295.
Small-pox inoculation, 272.
Somerset, Ann, Duchess of, 2; at Chelsea Manor, 21; second marriage, *ib.*; death, *ib.*
— Edward Seymour, Duke of, the Protector, visits Chelsea, 9; letter from Elizabeth to, 12; enmity to his brother, 16, 18.
Southam, Charlotte, Mrs. Carlyle's maid, enters her service, 195; Carlyle's opinion of, 196; in sole charge, 197; letter to Mrs. Carlyle, 200; a dance, 210; good at finding, 213; cooking for Carlyle, 214; his cream, 219; at Humbie, 220; in charge of "Fritz," 221; Nero's death, 230; leaves Cheyne Row, 232; Mrs. Carlyle's regrets, 233; returns to Cheyne Row, 235-7; leaves to better herself, 238; at the Wilderness, 238; revisits Chelsea, 242; death of her "father," 245; photographs, 248; receives news of Mrs. Carlyle's death, 253; marriage, 254; mementos of Cheyne Row, 255.
Sprained angle, a, 182.
Sprimont, Nicholas, 145, 167.
Stanhope, Ann, *see* Somerset.
Stanley, Lord, attacked, 280.
Steele, Richard, at Chelsea, 261.
Sturgeon caught at Chelsea, 281.
Surrey, Henry Howard, Earl of, 21.
"Survey of Chelsea College," 1652, 129, 135.
Sutcliffe, Matthew, Dean of Exeter, initiates Chelsea College, 126; gives Devonshire farms, 128; provost, 131; death, 133.

Swan Tavern, 260.
Sweetners, Captain of the, 258.

Taylor, Jeremy, 36.
Tenducci at Ranelagh, 90.
Thame Shott, site of Chelsea College, 127, 134.
Thames, the, at Chelsea, 98, 135; *illustrations facing* 256.
Thomas, Mrs. Elizabeth, marries William Cheyne, 39.
"Three Jolly Butchers, The," 66.
"Town and Country Magazine," account of Ranelagh, 100-3.
Turner's house, 294
Turnham Green, Bentley at, 164.
Tyndall, John, 250, 252.
Tyrwhit, Lady, 17.
— Sir Robert, 11, 12.

Upper Cheyne Row, or Little Cheyne Row, 148, 150, 166, 173.

Vale, the, 177.
Venetian Fête at Ranelagh, 99, 106, 107.
Vertue, Miss, 53.
Vestry, Old Church, 299.

"War," Mrs. Carlyle defines, 239.
Wager, a Chelsea, 272.
Walpole, Horace, at Ranelagh, 85, 93, 99, 119; at Chelsea, 263; Sir Hans Sloane's Trustee, 41.
— Sir Robert, at Ranelagh, 93; his Chelsea house, 263.
Water schemes for London, 130, 132, 138.
Webb, Philip, 171.
Wedgwood's Chelsea Factory, site of, 148.
Wedgwood, Josiah, & Co., at Chelsea, 146 *et seq.*; site of factory, 148; work begun, 150; employees arrive, 150; pottery sent up, 151; decoration at, 152; Russian Service commissioned, 153; view-painting, 154-6; artists employed, 155; exhibition of service, 159; Queen Charlotte visits showroom, 160; Greek Street premises, 163; Chelsea works sold, 165.
Wedgwood, Josiah, at Chelsea, 148, 153; letters to Bentley, 149, 151, 152, 153, 155, 160; collecting views, 154-6; a royal summons, 160.
— Miss Julia, quoted, 163.
— Chelsea ware, 152, 158.
— Josiah C., quoted, 152.
Welbeck House, 26; siege of, 27, 28; memorials of Lady Jane Cheyne at, 32; portraits at, 36.
Whitaker, Mrs., "Princess Elisabetha," 49; Cruden's suit, 54, 55; toasted, 75.
"White Liars," Mrs. Carlyle on, 193.
White Stiles, 265.
Whitelocke, Bulstrode, 1.
Wightman, Robert, 57 *et seq.*; attempts to re-imprison Cruden, 62, 63; prosecuted, 63, 64.
Wild, Mrs. (Cruden's sister), 66, 70, 71, 72.
Wilkes, John, the North Briton, 80, 81; compared with Cruden, 81; "No. 45," 81.
Wilkinson, Samuel, D.D., provost of Chelsea College, 137.
Willcox, Mr. and Mrs., at Chelsea, 150, 154.
Williamson's, Dr., "Imperial Russian Dinner Service," 147, 157.
Winchester House, 25, 42.
Wines at Ranelagh, 89, 102, 123.
Withers, Philip, 297.
Woodfall, H. S., 55.
Wren, Sir Christopher, 143; Carlyle on, 172; chapel, 302.
Wroth, Mr. Warwick, 83, *note*, 119.

York, Duke of, 37, 38.
Young, Rev. William, 267.

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